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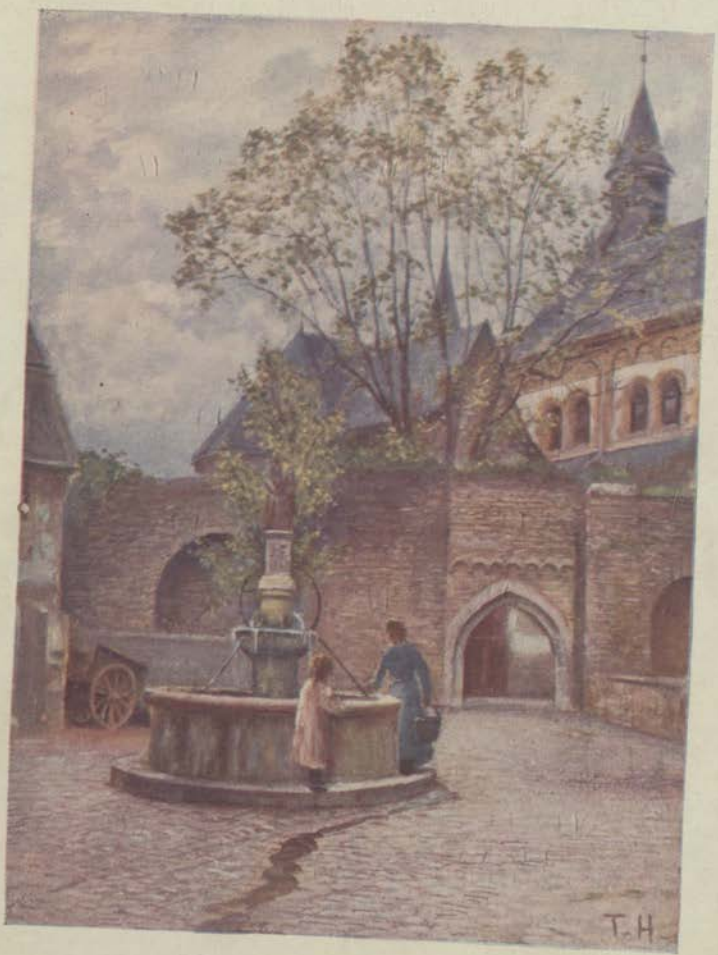
A BOOK OF
THE RHINE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS
THE DESERT OF SOUTHERN FRANCE
STRANGE SURVIVALS
SONGS OF THE WEST
A GARLAND OF COUNTRY SONG
OLD COUNTRY LIFE
YORKSHIRE ODDITIES
HISTORIC ODDITIES
OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALES
AN OLD ENGLISH HOME
THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW
FREAKS OF FANATICISM
A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

A BOOK OF BRITTANY
A BOOK OF DARTMOOR
A BOOK OF THE WEST
I. DEVON
II. CORNWALL
A BOOK OF NORTH WALES
A BOOK OF SOUTH WALES
A BOOK OF THE RIVIERA



REMAGEN

38

A BOOK OF THE RHINE

FROM CLEVE TO MAINZ

BY

S. BARING GOULD

AUTHOR OF 'A BOOK OF BRITTANY' 'A BOOK OF THE RIVIERA,' ETC.

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WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY
TREVOR HADDEN
AND FORTY-EIGHT OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

56'648

First Published in 1906

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PREFACE

FACILITIES for travelling are now so great, and travelling is made so commodious and so cheap, that every one who has a few pounds to spare considers it incumbent on him as part of his education to make a tour on the Continent, and if he goes nowhere else, he goes to the Rhine. But the Rhine, excepting only Italy and Greece, is that portion of Europe requiring a preparation and a mental equipment to see it properly.

However short may be a journey abroad, if we would enlarge our horizon and enrich our minds we must know, not only what to see, but how to see. The world does not begin and end with ourselves. Life is elevated and broadened when peopled with historic reminiscences, and historic reminiscences carry with them a clue to present conditions.

In the small space of such a volume as this, I cannot attempt to describe objects of interest that will be seen, nor give a complete history of the Rhine. *Baedeker* and *Murray* are guides for sights. Little collections of Rhine legends may be picked up at the bookstalls. But a traveller wants, or rather should want, more than an

enumeration of objects of interest, and to know something more than fantastic fables attaching to some of these. He should understand the meaning of what he sees, how things come to be as they are now seen. This is what I have attempted to supply. I have not given detailed histories of the towns and territories through which he will pass, but have picked out representative incidents in their histories sufficient to give a general idea of the past, so that, knowing something of what that past was, the visitor may be better able to appreciate the present.

A BOOK OF THE RHINE

CHAPTER I

THE HISTORY OF THE RHINE

Course of the Rhine—The Door to the West—Roman Roads—Stations—The Right Bank—The Highway of the Nations—The Celts—Expelled by the Germans—The Limes Transrhenanus—A Colony—The Franks on the Rhine—The Merovingians—Charlemagne—Failure of his scheme of Empire—The Dukes—The Freedom of the Towns—The Emperor—The Ecclesiastical Princes—The Petty Nobles—The Claim on Italy—The Papal Policy—Anarchy in Germany—The Cities—The Reformation—The Thirty and the Seven Years' Wars—Depopulation—Louis XIV.—Ruin of the Palatinate—The French Revolution—Revolutionaries at Mainz—Cession of the Left Bank to France—The Rhenish Confederacy The End of the Ecclesiastical Electorates—Fresh Partition—Recovery of Elsass.

WHEN ARNDT wrote: 'The Rhine is the River not the Frontier of Germany,' which sentence is inscribed on the base of his statue at Bonn, he expressed not only a sentiment lying deep in every German heart, but also a geographical truth. A look at a good map of the Rhine will make this clear.

That mighty stream, after leaving the Lake of Constance, flows west as far as Basel. Parallel with its course, or nearly so, in its upper waters, flows the Danube, but in an inverse direction. Over the slopes to the Lake it was easy for advancing hordes pushing westward to descend from the highway of the Danube to the highway of the Rhine. At Basel the Rhine turns abruptly north. But precisely here is the great door through

which the advancing peoples would press to the Doubs, to Belfort and Besançon, Southern Gaul and Provence. From Basel the Rhine flows between the parallel ranges of the Vosges on the west and the Black Forest on the east.

At Strassburg is the opening of a postern, through which run road, and rail, and canal to Saarburg, whence the highways branch to Nancy and to Metz. Above Strassburg is the high table-land of the Bavarian Palatinate and the Hardt. Here also a passage was practicable into Gaul by the Donnersberg, by Alzey, and by Kaiserslautern to Saarbrück and Metz. The point of departure in ancient times was from Mainz, whence the Roman road led by Alzey direct to Metz.

Mainz lies in a wide basin of fertile land, once the bed of a lake. The Main flows into the Rhine here from the east, forming a highway for the nations moving west.

Mainz, accordingly, became a fortress of paramount importance. Below Mainz, at Bingen, the Rhine enters a ravine, walled up to the skies on both sides, but mainly on the west, with no through gap at all except that forced by the tortuous Mosel, joining it at Coblenz. But the Mosel valley is no doorway through which nations could pour, owing to its narrowness and its contortions. The Romans did not attempt to carry a road along it. Instead they ran one up the steep acclivity of the Hundsrück, and carried it over that desolate plateau to Trèves.

From Bingen to Bonn there never was an opening for hordes to pour through. But from Bonn to the delta of the Rhine all was open, level land, over which advancing peoples could sweep. Now the Romans, when they resolved on making the Rhine the frontier of the Empire, established a chain of fifty forts along the course of the stream, with great settlements of soldiery at Augst—

ruined later by the Huns, and its place taken by Basel; at Argentoratum (Strassburg), at Borbetomagus (Worms), at Moguntiacum (Mainz), at Colonia Agrippina (Cologne), and at Vetera Castra (Xanten).

These were not merely military stations of consequence, but great trade centres as well.

Now all these posts except the two last had ridges of mountain behind them, cutting them off from the civilised portion of the Empire, and, what was more important, from supplies. Accordingly, Divodurum (Metz) and Augusta Treverorum (Trèves), which occupied the fertile basin of the Mosel before that river entered the ravine through which it flowed to the Rhine, were constituted great depôts of men, munitions, and provisions, from which Strassburg, Mainz, and Cologne could draw as they needed; but such supplies could only be furnished to the Rhine valley between Strassburg and Bonn through mountain passes, or over elevated and barren plateaux. If Metz and Trèves fell, the whole chain of settlements and fortresses on the Rhine from Strassburg to Bonn must collapse. Thus the Rhenish frontier was one purely artificial, and precarious. Now let us look at the right bank. From Basel to Karlsruhe stretches the Black Forest, but here is Pforzheim, the *porta* or gateway from the east, by means of which an invading host could turn the Schwarzwald and come down on the Rhine; further north is the valley of the Neckar, also affording a way. Further north again is the Main, flowing sluggishly through fertile, alluvial soil into the Rhine opposite Mainz; again another highway for the nations. The Lahn, the Sieg, the Ruhr, and the Lippe all lead out of the cold, dreary lands about the Saale, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, inviting those who shivered on these hungry soils,

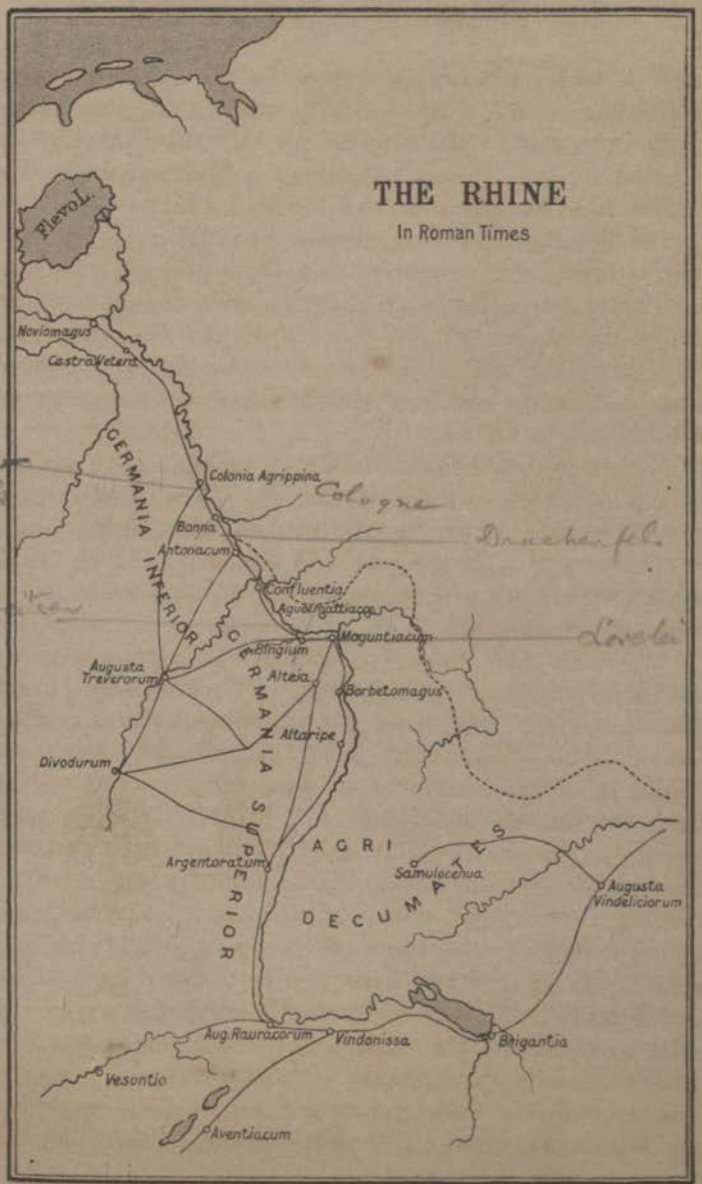
and in dreary forests, to descend to the fertile basin of the Rhine, which they could do without any orographic difficulties put in their way. In fact the Rhine basin formed a place of convergence of a number of lines of march from the north-east and from the east.

On the other hand, on the left bank, there is but the sole tributary, the Mosel, that cuts through the wall of demarcation, and that, as has been shown, was an impracticable way of passage. The Ahr, the Nahe, and the Nette are all too short, and their valleys too constricted to serve; moreover, they rise in the dorsal chain, and do not traverse it.

Nature herself has thrown up an embankment against encroachment from the west, that was disregarded, first by the Romans and then by the French, but has beckoned to the occupants of the east and north to advance to the favoured Rhine and take possession of both banks up to the wall of partition.

The first who held the Rhine basin, of whom we know anything, were the Celts. They have left many place-names behind them, though they have migrated, driven from their seats by the advancing Germans. *Magh*, *dun*, *brig*, and the termination *ac* entering into composition tell their own tale. Mainz, Moguntiacum, or Magontiacum does not take its name from the confluent Main, but from the plain in which it is situated.

The Celts were skilful miners, and exploited the metallic veins; but above all they produced the salt which was for men and beasts an essential of life. From Schönbeck to Dürkheim in the Trias lies a bed of salt that pours forth its springs. The dense forests supplied fuel, wherewith to crystallise it, and blocks of salt were conveyed by the valley gates and over the plateaux from the Rhine into Gaul. The amber of the Baltic also found


THE RHINE
In Roman Times
Flevo L.
Noviomagus
Castra Vetera
GERMANIA INFERIOR
Colonia Agrippina
Cologne
Bonna
Antonacum
Confluentia
Agrippinensium
Mogontiacum
Bingium
Augusta Treverorum
Alteia
Borbetomagus
Altaripe
GERMANIA SUPERIOR
Divodurum
Argentoratum
AGRI DECUMATES
Samulocenna
Augusta Vindeliciorum
Aug. Rauracorum
Vindonissa
Brigantia
Vesontio
Aventiacum

its way south by the same trade routes. All the places in Germany bearing the name of Hall, Halle, Hallstadt, Hallein proclaim their foundation as salt-boiling stations by the Celts, whereas Salzburg, Salzungen, Salzwedel tell of later German work in the same production. But the Celts have left other traces of themselves than names. Their tombs have been found, with their finely-wrought vessels and weapons, and coins struck by them in gold, silver, and bronze.

Already in Caesar's time, the Celts were being thrust from the Rhine, their last hold was on the Mosel and in the Eifel district.

The Roman Emperors perceived the peril to civilisation should the wild barbarians of the north and east pour into Gaul, and they resolved to make the frontier of the Rhine impregnable. But they did more than fortify the left bank; they constructed a wall of demarcation of earthworks surmounted by palisades from Rhein Brohl above Linz, the *Limes transrhenanus*, to include the lower waters of the Main, and carried it to Reginum (Regensburg) on the Danube, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, so as to enable them to take the Germans in flank; and they made of the Black Forest behind the demarcation the *Agri decumates*, which they colonised with marchers to resist invasions in that quarter. During the last few years the whole course of the embankment has been traced at the expense of the Imperial Government, which does not grudge expenditure for the elucidation of the history of the past of the country.

With the decay of the Empire, the time for advance so long desired by the barbarian had come. The hordes poured down on, and over, the Rhine; and the Franks occupied the entire basin from Mainz to the delta in which the Frisians still maintained themselves. Those

who thrust their way into Northern Gaul were distinguished as the Salic Franks, those who clung to the river were called the Ripuarian Franks. Above Mainz were the Alemanni.

The Celts had cleared the land and cultivated it, the Romans had given them protection and civilisation. A network of roads was cast over the land, facilitating intercommunication.

Chlodwig or Clovis founded the Merovingian kingdom at the close of the fifth century, the Frank dominion including the lands from the Atlantic almost to the Adriatic. But this kingdom did not long endure. The subjugated peoples asserted their independence in a series of bloody wars, and as the royal power declined, that of the nobles rose, and disintegration took place in every part.

With the new dynasty of Pepin, in 751, an attempt was made to re-establish the old order. His successor, Charles the Great (768-814), took up the tradition, and, obtaining the imperial crown, sought to found a Western Empire. Immediately Charles devoted special attention to the Rhineland as the heart of the new monarchy. On it were the domains of the dynasty, and here lay the strength of political position, from which he could rule at once France and Germany. He encouraged agriculture and the culture of the vine. In the Rhenish cities and monasteries art and science were nurtured. With iron perseverance the monks tilled even the bleak plateau of the Eifel. Charles filled the Empire with vigorous spiritual and material life; and it became the first civilised realm in the west after the fall of the Roman Empire. For the maintenance of the Empire, Charles required all free men to bear arms and to be prepared to be called out at need. His officers, governors of

provinces and of the marches, were summoned to annual diets, in which the needs of the Empire were discussed and measures adopted for its welfare.

But the magnificent dream of Charles proved to be but transient; it faded under his feeble successors. The Empire was broken up at the great battle of Andernach in 876, and in the division of the Empire in 888, France became a separate kingdom, as did also Germany, which included Lotharingia.

Then ensued the period of the great duchies; about the Rhine were those of Upper and Lower Lotharingia, this latter included a strip of land on the right bank. Above Bingen was the Duchy of Franconia, and above that again the Suabian or Alemannic Duchy.

The Kings soon found that these dukes were overpowerful; and they endeavoured to weaken them by conferring independence on the towns and by donations to bishops and abbots whom they released from ducal control. As the endowment of the churches, according to the ideas prevalent, could only be effected by giving them lands over which to exercise sovereign rights, the prelates occupied thenceforth the position of immediate princes.

The three archbishops on the Rhine, Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne, who were also chancellors, took the foremost place among the officials of the Empire, after the fall of the ducal rule in 1180; they exercised temporal sovereignty in their several territories, and became the principal electors to the throne, when vacant.

Charters and franchises had been given with a lavish hand for the purpose of creating a multitude of minor powers to act as a counterpoise to the power of the dukes. But the remedy proved worse than the disease. The dukes, whose power rested solely on the independent

spirit of the nations over which they ruled, endangered the stability of the Empire less than did these new creations which coalesced and plotted and rebelled at pleasure.

The claims and the actual position of the Kaiser in the Middle Ages are so little understood by the generality of English people, that I may be allowed a little space in which to make this matter clear.

The monarchy was elective, not hereditary, and the power of the King over the German peoples was limited in many ways. When elected, it was customary that he should be crowned at Aachen. But since Charles the Great, who in 800, with the consent of the Romans had been crowned Emperor by Leo III., the German Kings claimed to be successors to all the rights of the old Emperors of Rome. It was held that there could be but one Emperor and one Pope. The latter wielded the sword of the spiritual, and the Kaiser that of the temporal power. The claim then of the Caesar was to universal domination, a domination not acknowledged by several nations of the West. Unable to make the claim effective in France, the Emperors were resolved that it should be so in Italy. At first they went to Rome to be crowned, and by force of arms they asserted their supremacy over the whole peninsula. The Popes were alarmed, and reasonably so; for they felt the danger menace them of becoming mere creatures of the Caesar. Thenceforth the main bent of their policy was to weaken the Imperial power. When the Papacy had sunk to the lowest state of degradation, the Emperors saved it, by nominating to the chair of S. Peter admirable men, Germans, who recovered the respect for the throne of S. Peter which was almost lost. But the fact, the sure fact, that if all Italy were controlled by a Caesar, the Pope could not do just what he liked, made the Popes determine to break the power of the Emperor.

To effect this they had recourse to the vilest means. They stirred up the episcopal electors against their sovereign, they urged sons to rebel against their fathers, they released subjects from their allegiance, they cast an interdict over a nation, depriving the poor people of the sacraments and of the rights of Christian burial, to sting them into revolt against their King and Emperor. The money derived from all available sources was poured forth in bribes to the princes to buy them to commit treason. The condition of Germany was one of civil war, often of complete anarchy, the result of this selfish policy, that was pursued for centuries, and which succeeded in the parcelling out of Germany, the breaking down of all effective power in the Kaiser; so that not only was his theoretical authority as Caesar gone, but that also as elective, constitutional King.

In the general discord, cities took one side, their bishops the other; one bishop held by the Emperor, another by the Pope; abbots marched at the head of their armed retainers. In the troubled waters the lesser nobility knew how to fish. They took to robbing merchants, stopping vessels passing down the Rhine, and unloading them. They carried on private feuds. The stewards under the electors acted as independent potentates.

At last the towns leagued together against the robber knights, stormed and destroyed their castles.

In the towns alone was to be found a free class of citizens, gathering into their hands wealth and power. But even there discord raged between the patricians who arrogated to themselves all municipal authority and the guilds that were oppressed by them.

This led to conflicts within the walls, and to much bloodshed. But they were not in vain, for by degrees

the principle of self-government by the people was developed; and it was only in the country outside the walls that the peasant was still a serf without a voice, tyrannised over by petty lords.

According to the idea formulated by Charlemagne, the Emperor was to be the chief shepherd of the nations of Christendom, and to unite the separate races. This failed, it never existed after Charlemagne save as a phantom. In the Empire, the officers of the Crown had become hereditary princes, and their support of the Emperor depended wholly on what they considered would best serve their private interests. The election of the King had formerly been in the hands of all freemen, but the right to elect had been restricted by degrees, and fell more and more into the hands of a few of the most important princes. By the Golden Bull, Charles V. further reduced the number to seven. The Electors, Churfürsten, were the Archbishop of Mainz, Archchancellor of the German Empire; the Archbishop of Trèves, as Chancellor of Burgundy; the Archbishop of Cologne, as Chancellor of Italy; the Rhenish Palatine, as Imperial Truchsess (dapifer); the Duke of Saxony as Marshal of the Empire; the Margrave of Brandenburg as Imperial Chamberlain; and the King of Bohemia as Imperial Cupbearer. These Churfürsten were to elect the Emperor at Frankfort, and he was to be crowned at Aachen.

At the time of the break-out of the Reformation the territorial princes on the Rhine were these. Above the branching of the Rhine delta below Cleve was the duchy of that name, extending up the Rhine to just below Düsseldorf. From Düsseldorf to the Seven Mountains on the right bank was the Duchy of Berg. The territories of the Archbishop-elector of Cologne were confined to the left

bank and stretched from Neuss to Andernach, where they touched those of the Archbishop-elector of Trèves. In addition the Elector of Cologne possessed an extensive territory in Westphalia. The Archbishop of Trèves had a principality on the Mosel, and Coblenz on the Rhine. Opposite was the petty Wied. But Trèves also extended to the right bank of the Rhine so as to include Ehrenbreitstein. From Coblenz to Caub territories were much broken up. The electoral principality of Mainz stretched from above Caub to a very little way above the archiepiscopal city itself, but on the further side of the Rhine extended up the Main to Frankfort, and comprised a large portion of the upper waters of that river and of the Neckar. There were numerous small counts who held independent lands scattered about the Hundsrück, the Eifel, and along the Lahn, the Ahr, and the Nahe. There were abbeys with sovereign jurisdiction—a hodge-podge of authorities and conflicting interests.

After the Thirty Years' War, the compromise was reached in the Peace of Westphalia (1648), 'Cujus regio ejus religio.' The subjects of every prince were to hold the creed of their ruler. As Frederick of Saxony said, 'It would be intolerable that the subjects should believe differently from their prince.' Accordingly this led to the expulsion of all adherents of Catholicism from the Protestant States, and the same measure was meted out to those who held with the Reform in the Catholic States. The consequences are in evidence to this day. Andernach is Catholic because it was under the Elector of Cologne, Bacharach Calvinistic because within the Palatinate. On the Hundsrück, which was much parcelled up, a little brook divides parishes and religions. The towns in the midst of principalities were in possession of independence, and whereas the country round

might be Catholic the town itself would be Calvinistic. Such is the case with Wesel.

From the point of view of art, nothing could have been more disastrous than the adoption of Calvinism in place of Lutheranism on the Rhine.

The latter religion was not iconoclastic, and although the sacred and artistic structures and ornaments might cease to have any significance for the adherents of Luther, they were left untouched. Consequently an ancient church that has fallen into the hands of the Lutherans is full of artistic treasures of mediæval times in metal, wood, or stone. What is more, it is free from the deformities of baroque that disfigure so many Roman Catholic churches. But the Calvinists devastated the sacred buildings. They not only threw down all statuary, but they crushed to pieces the superb rood-screens and altarpieces of the fifteenth century that enriched the churches, smashed all the painted glass, and whitewashed the interiors, covering up all the frescoes.

In the times of Louis XIV. the Rhine suffered grievously, the Electorates of Mainz and Trèves (Trier) were laid waste, but the worst sufferings were endured by the Palatinate, which was thrice ravaged by the French.

In 1618 the Palatinate had numbered five hundred thousand inhabitants. The devastations of Swedes and Imperialists had reduced the number in 1648 to forty-eight thousand. The fertile Rhine valley had been rendered a desert, the fields were rank with thistles and briars, and whole villages had disappeared in flames, and towns were in ruins. The solitary church of S. John by the Rhine at Niederlahnstein once stood in the midst of a town that was then destroyed.

In the Palatinate the shrewd elector, Carl Ludwig,

did his best to repeople and revive the devastated land by inviting to it refugees from other quarters. The wounds were slowly healing, when broke the year 1674, that opened a period of even greater horrors, extending over the basins of Neckar and Nahe, the Rhine and the Main. Every effort made by the elector to secure neutrality failed before the resolution, the revenge and brutality of 'the most Christian King,' Louis le Grand. In 1674 the hordes of Turenne swept over it, burning, robbing, and murdering. The Peace of Nymwegen gave up to the French freebooter two of the gates of Germany, Hüningen and Freiburg in Breisgau. Soon after, by treachery, he secured Strassburg, the acquisition of which left the Rhine valley as far as Bingen open to the invader.

Luxemburg, Trèves, and Weissenburg in the midst of peace were secured and occupied treacherously.

On the death of the Palatine Charles in 1685, the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, who renounced all her rights to the Palatine electorate. But on the death of her brother, Louis XIV. laid claim to the land as the inheritance of his brother Philip, and he poured his troops into it and took possession of Worms, Speyer, Heilbronn, and Mainz. The whole of the Rhine and the mid-course of the Main and Neckar fell under the domination of the French.

When England and Holland united against Louis, he revenged himself on the Palatinate. Louis gave the advice to burn it and turn it into a waste. In January 1689 the French hosts under the bloodhounds Mélac and Montclas ravaged the left bank of the Rhine, and extended their fury to the right. Mannheim and Heidelberg, Worms and Speyer, Pforzheim and Kreuznach,

Frankenthal and Trèves were given to the flames. This hell brood rushed along the Rhineland with sword and firebrand from the Lauter to the Mosel. They blew up the glorious Castle of Heidelberg, the noblest work of the renaissance; and at Speyer tore open the graves of the German kings and emperors to cast their bones on the dunghill.

Wherever on Rhine and Mosel, Nahe and Neckar, are seen the ruins of castles, in ninety cases out of a hundred they owed their destruction to these barbarians of the west. One castle alone on the Rhine escaped destruction by them, that of the Marksburg above Bruabach; one only on the Mosel, perhaps overlooked, as buried in the depths of a green glen, Schloss Elz.

Twelve hundred villages and towns were utterly wrecked, and who can reckon up the lives of men that were sacrificed, and the tears caused to flow by this Attila of the seventeenth century!

When the French Revolution broke out, it produced some agitation among those impatient at the despotic sway of the petty princes. This was especially the case at Mainz. When the Republic declared war against Germany, Custine marched from Strassburg on Speyer and Worms, took them and descended on Mainz. No imperial army had been levied. The fortifications of Mainz, although the only remaining bulwark of Germany, were in a condition of ruin. Magazines had indeed been established on the left bank of the Rhine, but being unprotected, fell into the hands of the French. Eight hundred Austrians garrisoned Mainz, but seeing how impossible it was to hold the city against Custine, evacuated the place, and the French entered it unopposed, 1792. The Clubbists and Illuminati gave themselves

up to frantic rejoicings, the men assumed ribbons to distinguish themselves as Revolutionists, and women adopted the fashionable Greek costume of Paris, wore sashes, on which the word 'Liberty' was worked over their breasts and the word 'Equality' behind. Girt with sabres they danced frantically about Trees of Liberty and fired off pistols.

But the sober citizens declined to inscribe their names to a petition for incorporation into the Republic of France. Three members of the Convention were sent to the city to enforce this, and infuriated at the opposition they encountered vowed that they would level Mainz with the dust, and they expelled the refractory from the town. Although, on March 17, 1793, only three hundred and seventy subscriptions could be obtained by threats, a Germano-Rhenish National Convention was opened at Mainz, which at once voted for union with the new Republic of France.

The Prussians, who had been at Luxemburg, now advanced to the Rhine, took Coblenz, which Custine had neglected to garrison, and advancing on Mainz forced it to capitulate. Custine retreated to French soil, was called to account by the Convention at Paris and was guillotined.

The German Jacobins had fled with the French troops of Custine, and also went to Paris, where nearly all of them ended their days on the scaffold, for the Revolution devoured its own children. One of the very few to escape death under the knife was Schlaberndorf, who had been sentenced to the guillotine, but not being able to get on his boots quickly enough, his execution was postponed till the morrow. During the night Robespierre fell, and his life was saved.

In 1794 Jourdan and Hoche advanced on the Rhine;

the Austrians and Prussians were either defeated or deemed it prudent to withdraw, and the whole left bank of the Rhine, Luxemburg and Mainz alone excepted, was again in the hands of the French.

By the Peace of Lunéville in 1801, this bank was ceded formally to the French Republic, and the three spiritual electorates of Mainz, Trèves and Cologne came to an end, their territories on the left bank becoming French.

On July 12, 1806, was formed the Rhenish Confederacy, perhaps the most disgraceful page in German history, hardly less shameful than the humiliation of Henry IV. at Canossa. Sixteen princes of Western Germany, under Napoleon's direction, concluded a treaty, whereby they severed themselves from the German Empire and placed their necks under the foot of the Emperor of the French. They, or rather their people, had to pay dearly for this submission, for the manhood of these principalities was drained away to serve in the armies of Napoleon in Spain and in Russia.

With the fall of Napoleon a new partition of the states took place. The ecclesiastical electorates and the great Church properties were gone for ever. Prussia regained Cleve and was given nearly the whole of the Lower Rhine from Mainz to Aachen; but Mainz itself became Hessian, the Rhenish Palatinate fell to Bavaria, and that on the Main with Mannheim and Heidelberg went to Hesse. Finally, the war of 1870-1 has restored Elsass to Germany, so that the whole Rhine now from Hüningen below Basel to a few miles below Cleve is incorporated in the new German Empire; and so may it ever remain 'the River and not the Frontier of Fatherland.'

CHAPTER II

CLEVE

The Last Smile of the Rhineland—The River changes its bed—Cleve resembles Pau in Situation—The Church—The County of Cleve—Under the Romans—The Frank Monarchy—Balderic of Uplade—Rütger first Count of Cleve—The Story of the Knight of the Swan—Its origin—Henry VIII. and Anne of Cleve—The false Anne—John William, the last Duke—Jacobea and Sibylla—The War of Succession—Anacharsis Cloots.

AT Cleve (Cleves) the beautiful Rhineland breaks into a parting smile as the aged stream slopes to its end. A chain of hills stretches in a north-westerly direction from Xanten, by Cleve to Nymwegen, to honour the venerable Rhine during the final portion of its course through German territory. Opposite Cleve rises the Eltenberg. This forms one jamb, as Cleve does the other, of the door through which the river passes into the Netherlands.

But with the capriciousness and captiousness of old age, the Rhine has retreated from the belt of hill and cliff that formed its natural and was its original left bank to maunder away among flats.

Tokens of decrepitude manifest themselves in Father Rhine at Wesel. From this point he loses himself, shifts his course aimlessly, wanders, finally forgets his own name, and dribbles away among the mud-flats of Holland, as the Yssel, the Leek, the Morwe, the Waal, and M. Reclus only knows how many streams beside.

The course or courses of the Rhine have shifted re-

CLEVE

peatedly, in historic times. Formerly the river branched into two arms at Wesel. The northern arm hugged the elevated land from Wesel to Elten, and flowed away at Old Zevenaar. The southern branch washed the hill of Birten by Xanten, then glided under the wooded ridge past Calcar and Cleve, and, still washing the cliffs, reached Nymwegen.

In the year B.C. 13 Drusus cut a new channel for this southern branch, from Cleve to Elten, to divert it into the main current and make that the more serviceable as a barrier against the formidable Batavians. But now both branches are silted up, and the Rhine saunters along by a new course it has chosen for itself.

One would draw a veil over the dotage of an ancient river, as over the senility of a great hero.

Cleve takes its name from the cliff, cleve (*clivus*), on which the castle stands. It is a remarkably lovely place, and the situation curiously resembles that of Pau in the Basses Pyrénées. I say 'situation,' not the prospect from it. The castle, were it complete, would rival that of Pau. It has the long bank of the park on the right hand, and the town at the back and sliding down the hill on the left to the flat land where once flowed the Rhine. The place would be lovelier still were the river there now ; but the old bed is partly built over, and partly turned into a breeding place for mosquitoes.

But there is a difference between Cleve and Pau to its disadvantage. In the latter, the park adjoins the castle and town and is at once accessible ; but at Cleve, hotels and private residences have taken possession of the wooded steep, and one has to trudge a mile before reaching the woods that are public property. At present Cleve is without tramcars. But Cleve has the advantage over Pau that instead of being provided with one park it

has two. Moreover it can be reached in little over fourteen hours from London, and a return ticket may be had for under two pounds.

The castle occupies a rocky height. It formerly possessed four towers. Two have been allowed to tumble down; this has also been the fate of the stately frontage

THE CASTLE, CLEVE, IN 1758

of the grand quadrangle as well; yet what remains is eminently picturesque.

Behind the castle is a dip, formerly a deep-cleft moat, then a rise to the Pfarr-Kirche with its twin spires, of red brick and grey tufa, a church characteristic of the Gothic of the Nether Rhine. The western towers are capped with spires. Between is a deeply splayed window surmounted by a richly traceried gable. The choir ending in an apse was completed in 1356, the nave and towers in 1426. Near the high altar, plastered against the wall, are the monuments of the Counts of Cleve who erected the

church. The high altarpiece is modern and well-intended. In the south chapel is one of oak carved and gilt, with wings, the work of Jacob Dericks, finished in 1516. He was engaged on it for six years. It contains seventy-three figures in five compartments, representative of a Jesse-tree. The statue of the Virgin and Child surmounting it is of earlier work, and dates from 1341. In the north chapel is another retable, of the sixteenth century, containing representations of the Cross-bearing, the Crucifixion, and the Entombment.

The castle, of which little more than one-third remains, has a lofty 'Swan Tower,' erected in 1439, also a Rittersaal, and a chapel.

The old county of Cleve comprises a portion of the plain watered by the Lower Rhine through its many arms. In history it appears first after the Romans had conquered Gaul, and sought to form of the Rhine a frontier against the inroads of the barbarians. The picture Tacitus paints of the country is far from flattering. And, when we consider that, notwithstanding the labours of nearly two thousand years in rooting out forests, tilling, dressing, draining, embanking, there are still dreary tracts of morass and moor, we can well conceive how uninviting the country must have appeared to the Romans, covered as it then was with gloomy forest, miles of rushes, and unfathomable swamps. They settled here, not because they deemed that it would repay them in mineral wealth or in corn harvests, or that money could be expressed from the skin-clothed natives who shivered ague-stricken in its marshes, but to form a barrier against the barbarians, who, wave after wave, were rolling westward and southward, threatening to overwhelm culture, the arts, literature, organised government, as then understood. They fought against the inevitable. 'A new-

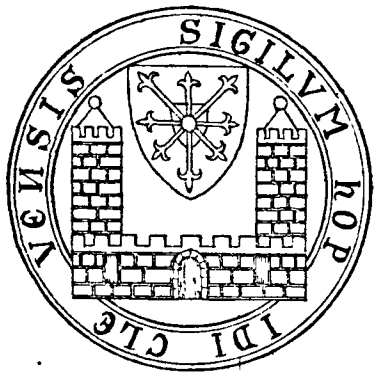
created world' would 'spring up at God's command,' a world fresher, healthier, with nobler ideals, a finer culture, a richer art, more vigorous in every department of life, and with a truer sense of government. The Romans saw the danger to themselves, and strove as best they might to avert it. For this purpose they constructed a chain of forts along the left bank, of which traces remain to this day. Moreover, Drusus formed a harbour for ships at Schenkenschanz, on the new arm of the Rhine that he had made. There were peaceful settlers about the forts, but most of these, if not all, were dispersed in the Batavian war of A.D. 69. When peace was restored, these settlements were re-established, grew and became prosperous. But in 406, Vandals, Alans, Franks, Burgundians, crossed the Rhine, then denuded of its defenders, destroyed all that they came across, and making their way into Gaul, overran it, and carried their arms into Spain, even into Northern Africa.

When the Frank monarchy was established, the district of Cleve, under the name of the Attuarian Gau (province), was governed by prefects acting under commission from the King, holding office for life only, or at his discretion. At the beginning of the eleventh century, the governor was one Gottfried. He died in 1010, and his mentally incapable son was appointed Vogt or prefect. This brought about a quarrel between Count Wichmann of Westphalia and Balderic, Count of Uplade by Elten, each claiming the government of the district as regent for the imbecile son of Gottfried. The Archbishop of Utrecht endeavoured to settle the difference, and did finally effect a reconciliation; in token of which Baldwin invited Wichmann to a banquet at Uplade, which he accepted. Balderic's wife, Adela, was an ambitious and unscrupulous woman, and she sent her own servants to

assassinate Wichmann as he was returning from the feast. In consequence of this, the Emperor Henry II. had the castle of Uplade levelled with the dust. Balderic fled to the Eifel district, where he died in 1020. After this, Henry II. sent Rütger of Flanders to undertake the prefecture, and gave him not only the Attuarian Gau, but also much of the land of Balderic; and he created him the first hereditary Count of Cleve. Rütger was the ancestor of this important house, which did not become extinct till 1609. All this is certain history. But such simple facts did not satisfy the vanity of the counts, and flattering chroniclers completely altered them. According to one who wrote shortly after 1392, the race sprang from Troy.* In A.D. 711 the Count of Cleve was Theodoric, married to Beatrix, daughter and heiress of the Count of Teisterbant. They had an only child, a daughter, named after her mother. On the death of Theodoric, the younger Beatrix was hard pressed by ambitious neighbours.

As she was one day walking on the terrace of her castle at Nymwegen, she saw a white swan swimming up the Rhine, drawing after him a little skiff by a golden chain; and in this skiff stood a knight holding a golden sword, wearing a hunting horn slung about his shoulders, having a precious ring on his fingers, and bearing a shield of gold, on which was figured a smaller shield of silver, with an emerald in the centre, from which radiated eight sceptres ending in fleurs-de-lys. The knight landed, called himself Helias Grail, but would give no account of his origin or whence he came. Only he declared that he had been commissioned by God to offer his services to Beatrix. These she gladly accepted. He further proposed to marry her, on one condition, that she should never inquire curiously as to his origin or whence he came.

They lived together happily for twenty-one years, and became the parents of three sons. But at the end of that time, Beatrix pressed him to reveal something concerning his country and family.



SEAL OF THE TOWN OF CLEVE

Then the swan reappeared on the Rhine, drawing after it the empty boat, and in spite of the entreaties of wife and sons, Helias entered the skiff, and was borne in it down the stream and out of sight. But before he departed, he gave to his eldest son Dietrich his golden shield and sword. This son ruled over the counties of Cleve and Teisterbant, and these continued under his descendants, to the death of Count Baldwin in 822, when Eberhardt and Robert, his sons, divided the inheritance, and Eberhardt secured Cleve.

All this is pure fiction, and contradicts history. The first hereditary count was, as we have seen, Rütger, in the first quarter of the eleventh century. The story of the Knight and the Swan was in the air earlier than the time of the Chronicler of Cleve, for it appears in Helinand, who wrote his chronicle to the year 1204, and died in 1227. His tale is as follows: 'In the Bishopric of Cologne is a world-famous, noble palace above the Rhine called Juvamen, in which many princes and great nobles were assembled, when a boat arrived, drawn by a swan, with a silver chain attached to its neck. Out of this boat stepped a strange warrior. Whereupon the swan swam

away. This knight took to himself a wife, and became the father of children. But one day, seeing the swan return with the boat, he sprang into the vessel, and was never seen again. His descendants are still with us, and in commemoration of this circumstance, a Swan-tower stands in the Castle of Cleve.' This was a much more ancient tower than that which now bears this name. But the story is still more ancient. In its primitive form it relates to the origin of the Angles, and is without the adjunct of the swan. In ancient days, when few lived in the land, there arrived a boat without sail, oar, or rudder, in the Schlei. In this boat lay a newly-born boy, naked and asleep, with his head resting on a sheaf of corn, and about him were strewn weapons and costly stuffs. As none knew whence he came, nor who he was, he was regarded with veneration, and was reared up, and became King of the Angles. He was given the name of Skiaf, from the sheaf on which his head had reposed. Skiaf ruled over what has since been called Schleswig. He left a son named Skild (shield), who extended his sway, and in his old age became the father of Beowulf, the hero of the wondrous song of that name, the most ancient relic of Angle poetry, which comes to us with some Christian interpolations of the eighth century.

The story went through a series of amplifications, and the hero later was called Lohengrin, and as such has become famous through the opera of Wagner. An English version, *The Hystory of Hilyas Knight of the Swanne*, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1482, and again by Copland, and dedicated to Edward, Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521. In this edition the duke is spoken of as 'linially dyscended' from Helias.

By intermarriages, the Cleve family inherited the

counties of Mark, Berg, and Juliers; and Adolf was created Duke of Cleve in 1417.

Henry VIII., on the death of his third wife, Jane Seymour, in 1537, resolved on marrying again; and he felt his way to alliance with one or other of the courts of Europe; but none were desirous of sending a princess to him. In vain did he seek the hand of the dowager-duchess of Milan, daughter of the King of Denmark, and niece of the Emperor Charles V. Then he turned to the court of France, but the Dowager-duchess of Longueville, a Guise, was already affianced to the King of Scotland; and Marie de Bourbon would not suit him, as she had been refused by the Scottish King. He proposed to the King of France an interview at Calais, to which should be brought the most beautiful women of his court; but Francis replied that French ladies were not to be put on show like horses in a fair, and galloped up and down to exhibit their paces. Then Cromwell advised his royal master to seek alliance with one of the Protestant princely families of Germany, and suggested to him Anne, daughter of John III., Duke of Cleve, Juliers, and Berg. She had been born in 1515. A portrait of the princess, painted by Holbein, was shown to Henry, and so pleased him that he at once applied for her hand. The prospect of an alliance with so powerful a monarch pleased Duke William, who had just succeeded his father, and he consented without more ado. The princess, a big, lusty woman, was very keen to be married. Preliminaries having been arranged, Anne was despatched to England. On December 31, 1539 she disembarked at Dover, and reached Rochester on January 1, 1540, where the King, amorous and impatient, was awaiting her. He had brought with him 'a little present,' a gift of some value to conciliate the lovely being. But before

seeing her himself, he sent in Sir Anthony Brown to announce his coming, have a first peep at her face, and report what he thought of it. Sir Anthony afterwards described his sensations. He said 'that he was never more dismayed in his life, lamenting in his heart to see the lady so unlike that she was reported.'

Anne was, in fact, fat, florid, big-boned, hard-featured, and uncouth in her movements and manners. She could speak only Dutch, and did not even understand French when it was spoken.

Sir Anthony gathered up his presence of mind to request that the King might be graciously accorded an interview, which request was readily granted. The King entered. His heart sank; dismay mottled his fat cheeks with purple spots; his presence of mind forsook him; he forgot his 'little present,' even his good manners. He did not stay in the room 'to speak twenty words,' and bounced forth in a rage, swearing that his councillors were mating him to a great Flanders mare.

His wrath was specially kindled against Cromwell. He ordered him to find some excuse that would enable him to evade the obligation of marrying Anne. But the divorce of Catharine and the execution of Anne Boleyn had created much scandal in Europe, and at this juncture it would have been imprudent to pass an affront upon the Germans. This was represented to Henry. 'Well, then,' said he sulkily, 'I must needs, against my will, put my neck into this yoke. If it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do that I must do this day, for none earthly thing.'

The marriage was solemnised by Cranmer; but Cromwell's fate was sealed. With his wonted duplicity, Henry began to load him with honours. He conferred on him the Order of the Garter, and created him Earl of

Essex. His fall was precipitated by the effect of a banquet given by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, at which the Duke of Norfolk presented to the King his niece, Catharine Howard, a small-built, pretty, dapper creature. The heart of Henry was at once captivated, and he gave the duke orders to arrest Cromwell under a charge of high treason. A bill of condemnation was voted by both houses, and his head fell on Tower Hill, July 28.

In the meantime the Queen had been dismissed to Richmond; and thither the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Southampton, and Thomas Wriothesley were sent to inform her that the King was labouring under scruples of conscience, having learned that she had been previously promised to the Duke of Lorraine, and that to ease his conscience he purposed divorcing her. Anne, notwithstanding her Dutch phlegm, fainted, but desired that the case should be decided by the Church. The matter was referred to Parliament and to Convocation. Cranmer, who had married Anne to the King in January, at once, in July, put his name to the sentence of divorce.

The palace of Richmond was assigned as a residence for the Queen, with an annual income of £3000. She declined to face the humiliation of a return to Germany, and she remained in England to her death on July 16, 1557.

The sad story of poor Anne had a humorous sequel. Eighteen months after her death a strange lady appeared in Thuringia, and sent a letter to the Elector John Frederick of Saxony to announce that his aunt, Anne of Cleve, was not dead; she had managed to escape from England in company with herself, Anne, Duchess of Aybelen, widow of Duke Henry of Shypre in Ireland; that Queen Anne had carried off with her the royal crown of England, the sceptre and the globe, twenty-five

tons of gold coins, and charters and privileges of the highest value. All these articles had been deposited in safety, and when the Elector should visit his aunt, she would make all over to him. There was no *Debrett*, no *Almanach de Gotha*, in those days; but nevertheless one would scarcely have supposed an Elector of Saxony to have been so ignorant as to accept the statement that there was a Duchy of Shypre in Ireland. Moreover, the story was incredible on other grounds, for the lady informed him that she and the Queen had succeeded in escaping from prison in London only by letting themselves down from a window by a rope. If so, how could they have carried away with them twenty tons of gold?

However, the Duke of Saxony was satisfied, and sent his secretary to confer with the lady, who showed this man a gold seal bearing the arms of Cleve, the well-known emerald with the radiating sceptres.

The report being favourable, the Elector ordered that the Castle of Grimmenstein should be placed at the lady's disposal; and he himself visited her there. Then she announced that she was herself Queen Anne. The duke thereupon wrote to his brother John William, who was at Paris, to inform him of the arrival of the Queen reported dead, but as far as he could judge in robust health. He added that he was greatly struck by her resemblance to a portrait of his aunt that was in his possession. Moreover, she had a scar on her forehead, which, he remembered to have heard from his mother had been caused by one of her sisters who had thrown a large pair of scissors at Anne's head.

The pretended Anne now entreated the Elector to recover for her five tons of gold that had been left under the charge of the municipality of Nürnberg. Accordingly he sent to them a demand for the money. The reply

came that the municipality knew nothing about this consignment. The duke was somewhat staggered at this. His doubts were increased when he received a letter from his brother, who had communicated with the court of Cleve, and had received a reply that the story was a fiction from beginning to end, and that the lady posturing as Anne of Cleve was 'a servant formerly attached to the household of the sister of their dear mother.' The Duke of Juliers-Cleve now formally demanded the extradition of the impostor. To this the Elector was not prepared to consent, but he had her removed to the Castle of Tenneberg, where she was questioned by Clodius, the ducal councillor.

. Now she changed her story, and pretended that she was a Countess of East Friesland, and had been married to the Count of Manderscheid, who had been assassinated when on his way to England.

The results of this interrogation were communicated to the Duke of Cleve, who was able promptly to show that these statements also were false.

The lady was now questioned again, and said that she was the illegitimate daughter of John, Duke of Cleve, by a nun of Essen, and that she had been in the service of Queen Anne in England. Put to torture she again altered her tale. Her father was, indeed, the late Duke, John of Cleve, but her mother was the Countess Elizabeth of Erfurt. She had received from her father a dowry of 16,000 florins, and had been married to an English gentleman, named Zieritz.

To this statement she adhered, and the judges, considering that she had already been severely dealt with, and that 'after all she was a daughter, natural it was true, of the house of Cleve,' ordered her to be removed from the rack. She implored to be allowed salve for her

wounds, as hot irons had been applied to her sides, and a surgeon to attend to her. When the confession was sent to the Duke of Juliers and Cleve, he refused to admit that there was truth in it. His father, he allowed, did something smack, and had had two illegitimate daughters, one of whom was dead, but the other was alive and in a convent; moreover, no trace could be found in the accounts of a disbursement of 16,000 florins. He requested that the woman might be again subjected to torture so as to extract the real truth from her.

To this, however, the Elector was too humane to consent. He had made himself supremely ridiculous, and he desired to hush up the whole story.

The woman remained confined at Tenneberg, where she was kept on short commons, except on Sundays, when she was permitted roast-meat and wine. What became of her eventually is not known. She either died in the castle, or was quietly allowed to escape. As far as can be judged, she really was an illegitimate child of the late Duke of Cleve. The strong family likeness showed this. She had been in the service of Queen Anne. This the duke admitted. She had purloined the gold seal from her mistress, that bore the arms of the house; and she had been married to a fellow called Zieritz, who had deserted her; he, however, was not an Englishman.

William, Duke of Cleve and Juliers, died insane in 1592, and was succeeded by his son, John William, as the eldest son had died in 1575.

John William was born in 1562, and as an infant had been made Provost of Xanten and Canon of Cologne. At the age of *ten* he was appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Münster, and at the age of *twelve*, full bishop of that see; that is to say, he had minor orders conferred

on him, and ruled it territorially, exercising no ecclesiastical function, but pocketing the revenues.

He was imbecile. After the death of his brother, he was relieved of his vows by the Pope.[1] It was deemed advisable to fit the poor fool with a wife, and the lady selected was Jacobea, daughter of Philibert, Margrave of Baden. She was already engaged to the Count of Manderscheid when the envoy of Cleve arrived at the Bavarian court where she was being educated. A rude sacrifice was demanded of the poor girl, when she was required to surrender the hand of the man she loved to marry the idiotic hereditary prince of Cleve.

The marriage took place on July 16, 1585; and when Jacobea arrived at Cleve she was encountered by her sister-in-law, Sibylla, sister of John William, with a malignant eye. Henceforth this spiteful and remorseless woman was ever watching her and plotting her fall.

Jacobea found that the court into which she was introduced was in a very unhappy condition. The reigning duke was crazy, subject to paroxysms of the utmost violence, alternating with lucid intervals. Sibylla had assumed control, not only over the household, but over the affairs of the duchy, and she had no intention of voluntarily letting go her hold. Quarrels ensued. Jacobea attempted to assert her rights. Sibylla met her with studied defiance. Jacobea had come to Cleve without a friend, Sibylla had a strong party behind her. Matters need not have proceeded to extremities had not religious faction used these two women as rival figureheads. Jacobea was a Catholic, but it was hoped or supposed that she had inclinations to favour the Reformed; consequently all who were for the upsetting of the ancient

[1] But he still held the Bishopric of Münster till 1586, a year after his marriage.

faith rallied about her; and accordingly Sibylla was taken to represent the Catholic party. Jacobea may not have acted with discretion; she loved display, she was light-hearted. She overstepped the limits of etiquette and committed harmless imprudences. She did not always pay becoming respect to her crazy father-in-law, nor to her imbecile husband.

The confidants of Sibylla were Waldenfels, grand marshal of the court of Berg, and the Chancellor Broell. Every effort was made by means of poisoned rumours, scattered broadcast, to rouse public prejudice against the duchess, as Jacobea became on the death of the old duke in 1592. Then, Sibylla lodged a complaint against her before the diet in 1595, and succeeded in obtaining from the Estates a command that Jacobea should be debarred from taking any part in the government of the land, and that she should be removed from association with her husband. Finally, the Emperor Rudolf II. was required to appoint a commission to investigate the conduct of the duchess, and to pronounce sentence upon her. A whole series of accusations was made. She was charged with having with her own hands put the court fool into a bath, and scrubbed him, when he was dirty; with having made her silly husband dance when he desired to be left in quiet; with having on one occasion dressed up one of her male servants in female attire, and persuaded the duke to dance a minuet with him. She was accused of mixing philtres so as to undermine her husband's health; and of having been merry and having amused herself regardless of the sad mental condition in which he was. There were graver charges of misconduct, but no evidence was forthcoming to substantiate them. Sibylla, in her eagerness to find something to lay hold of against her sister-in-law, had bored gimlet-holes through the wall so

as to spy on her when Jacobea supposed that she was alone and unobserved. Sibylla may have entertained fears lest the imperial commission should demand the proofs she was unable to produce, and therefore through the grand marshal approached the court physician to induce him to poison her sister-in-law. The worthy man indignantly rejected the proposal. In a letter, still extant, he wrote: 'I would throw up my appointment and sacrifice my life rather than lend myself to such a thing, and attach disgrace to a profession I have hitherto exercised with integrity. I am not come down to be court executioner. Hitherto such practices have been regarded in Germany as infamous. God preserve us from ever seeing introduced into our midst those Italian practices which would disgrace us in the eyes of Christendom. Medicines are given by God for the healing of mortals, not for their destruction. An end has been put, thank God, to the secret sentences and executions of Westphalia; such are condemned by even pagan law.'

The doctor continued, by stating that no one knew better than himself what was the life, and what the character, of the duchess, and that he was convinced that the gross charges made against her were absolutely destitute of foundation. 'But for a long time the Princess Sibylla has been spreading evil reports relative to the Duchess Jacobea, and that princess is not a person who can forgive or forget.'

The grand marshal answered this in a sharp, angry and insulting letter; he added a caution that the physician must on no account allow to get abroad a whisper of what had been suggested.

Kaiser Rudolf regarded the matter as merely a quarrel between two envious women; he did, however, appoint a commission, that was to sit at Düsseldorf, and thither

the duchess was brought, and was placed in prison during the sitting of the commission. Düsseldorf was in Berg, of which her enemy, the factotum of Sibylla, was grand marshal.

The high commissioners proceeded with the utmost leisureliness. Possibly they may have been calculating on the flames of resentment abating with time. For two entire years did they sit without coming to any decision. But now public opinion turned in favour of the duchess. Her relatives of Baden-Baden began to move. Jacobea had appealed against the commission to be heard by the Emperor in person. Sibylla also appealed, and asked that Rudolf should issue orders for the immediate execution of Jacobea, before the commissioners had pronounced one way or the other. To this, of course, the Emperor would not consent. Voices spoke out clearly at Cleve and throughout the duchies in favour of the accused. Sibylla and her gang became alarmed. On the morning of September 3, 1597, Jacobea was found dead in her cell. She had been strangled during the night.[1]

In 1609, when the imbecile duke died, the succession was disputed by nine princes, and this led to a long war, that did not terminate till 1666. Directly the breath was out of the body of John William, the Elector, John Siegmund of Brandenburg, and the Palatine, Philip Ludwig of Neuburg, swooped down on the spoil; but came to a mutual understanding to rule Cleve, Juliers, Berg, and Mark together. This did not meet the views of the Emperor Rudolf II., who claimed, on the extinction of a ducal house, that its possessions reverted to the crown.

[1] Stieve (F.): *Zur Geschichte d. Herzogin Jakobe v. Jülich*, 1877. *Original-Denkwürdigkeiten eines Zeitgenossen am Hofe Johann Wilhelm. Nebst e. Anhange Original-Briefen betr. d. Prozess d. Herzogin Jakobe.* Düsseldorf, 1834.

War broke out, involving Germany, France, Holland, and Spain. The Evangelical Union resolved on furthering the claims of the house of Brandenburg, and obtained the support of France, which was jealous of Austria and Spain.

The war raged intermittently for fifty-seven years, now the Spaniards, then the French, now Dutchmen and then German Imperialists, occupying the towns and ravaging the country. Finally, in 1666, the Duchy of Cleve, along with Mark, fell to Brandenburg, and Juliers and Berg to the Palatinate. But in the end, after the Napoleonic wars Prussia laid her hand on the whole.

Among the statues that adorn the public squares of Cleve is one that represents Otto the Cross-Bowman. The story is this :—

The Landgrave Henry of Hesse had two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, it was assumed, would succeed his father, and the junior, Otto, was sent to a monastic school to be trained for the ecclesiastical profession. But Otto did not relish the prospect. He bought a pair of good horses, took a crossbow, and left his native land in quest of adventures. In the course of his rambles he arrived at Cleve, where he said nothing of his origin, being afraid of his father reclaiming him and having him shorn.

As he was a good bowman, the count took him into his service and thoroughly trusted him.

The eldest son of the landgrave died whilst Otto was at Cleve, and the Duke of Brunswick who had married the daughter looked confidently to succeed, as nothing had been heard of Otto, and he was presumedly dead. Hesse was in affliction, for the Duke of Brunswick was much disliked. Meanwhile Otto, who knew nothing of the change of affairs at home, had lost his heart to

Elizabeth, daughter of the count, and she to him; but both supposed that their passion was hopeless. One day a Hessian knight chanced to be at Cleve. He had gone on pilgrimage to Aachen, and had diverged thence to Cleve to visit the count, whom he had known of old.

As he entered the courtyard of the castle, he encountered Otto, recognised him immediately, and saluted him as his master.

The count, who was at a window, saw this, and was much astonished. Then the truth was divulged; and Otto now able to ask for the hand of Elizabeth was not slack in so doing. The count gladly gave his consent and that of Elizabeth was already assured.

Otto returned home to Marburg, whereupon his father associated him with himself in the government of Hesse, in 1340. Otto had married Elizabeth the previous year. He died in December 1366, Elizabeth not till 1382. They left no issue, and the land of Hesse passed to another branch of the family.

If any trust can be put in the date assigned to the birth of Otto, he was a mere boy when he went to Cleve, and was only sixteen when he married Elizabeth. But the date must be incorrect.

Cleve has no reason to be proud of having produced Anacharsis Cloots, and she has not honoured him with a statue. Cloots was born there on June 24, 1755, and was accordingly given the name of John Baptist. He was a baron, and was educated in Paris, where he read ancient law, and conceived that it was his vocation to purify the springs of equity and justice. He assumed the name of Anacharsis, and travelled through Italy, Germany, and England, hoping to inspire the people with democratic ideas. He devoted his fortune to the propagation of his opinions. The Revolution recalled him to Paris, where

he assumed the title of 'Orateur du genre humain.' In 1790 he presented himself before the Assembly at the head of a deputation of foreigners, whom he had theatrically dressed in various national costumes, and read an address against despots. His object was to effect the union of entire humanity, and the abolition of nationality. According to his scheme, the French were to receive a new name, that of 'Universal.' He preached to the Convention: 'I have struggled during the whole of my existence'—he was then aged thirty-five—'against the powers of Heaven and Earth. There is but one God, Nature, and but one sovereign, Mankind, the People united with me in one universal republic. Religion is the last obstacle we have to encounter, but the time has arrived for its utter destruction. 'J'occupe la tribune de l'univers. Je le répète, le genre humain est Dieu, le peuple Dieu. Quiconque a la débilité de croire en Dieu ne saurait avoir la sagesse de connaître le genre humain, le souverain unique.'

He subscribed himself the 'personal enemy of Jesus of Nazareth.' But he who falls on that stone is broken. On whom it falls, he is ground to powder. This proved to be the case with Cloots. His style was extravagant. 'You know the value of the heads of philosophers,' he said. 'It remains for us to put a price on those of tyrants.' And he offered a reward for the assassination of the King of Prussia.

In September, 1792, he was chosen deputy for the department of Oise.

He made a gift of 12,000 livres to the nation to found a Prussian Republican legion. He demanded that the assassination of kings should be recognised as a virtuous act. But the Jacobins cast him out of their club, saying that a man who had an income of two million francs

must be a bad citizen. Saint-Just denounced him as a spy for Prussia, and he was sent to death. On his way to the scaffold he harangued from the tumbril against religion, against God, and received the fatal blow in a condition of fanatical exaltation, March 24, 1795; and so met his God against whom he had railed so long and so loud.

CHAPTER III

XANTEN

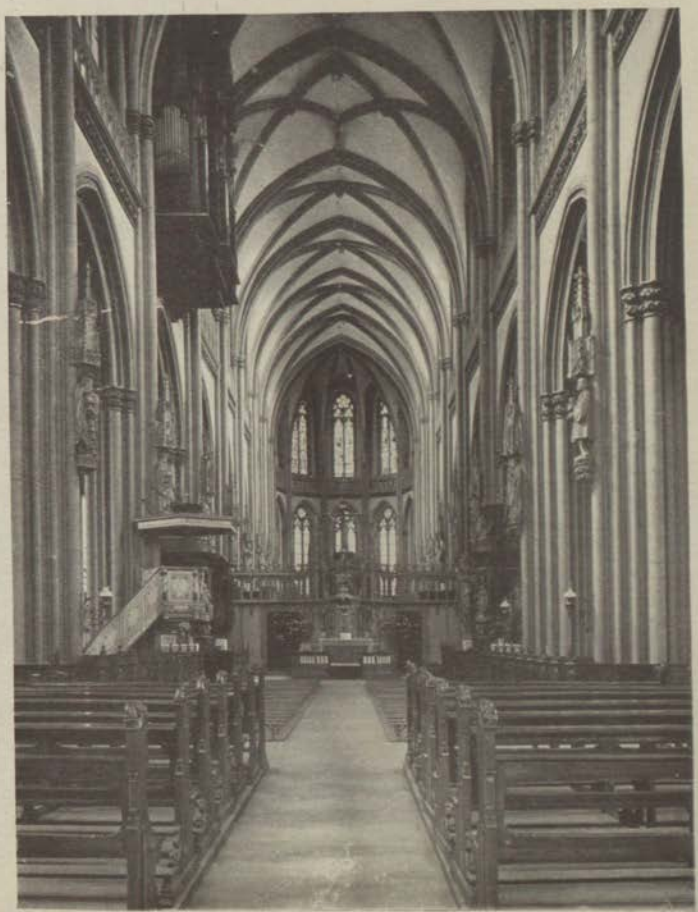
Colonia Trajana—Castra Vetera—Civilis—The Batavian Revolt—First Siege by Civilis—Second Siege by Cerealis—Battle in the Water—S. Victor—The Church of Xanten—Its Art Relics—Calcar and its Altarpieces—The Calcar School—John of Calcar—Siegfried—The Nibelungen Lied.

XANTEN, the Roman Colonia Trajana, was founded by the Emperor Trajan, near Castra Vetera, the most ancient of the fortresses on the Rhine. This latter is at Birten, where is a hill. The river formerly washed this as it did Xanten; now it touches neither. Birten has yielded a great number of inscribed stones, coins, and other Roman relics, establishing without a shadow of doubt that here was the site of Castra Vetera.

The fortress had been planned by Augustus to hold two legions, and by degrees a town (municipium) had formed about it, and it was furnished with an amphitheatre, of wood it is true, but of which the substructure may still be traced.

Castra Vetera is indissolubly associated with the memory of a notable siege by Civilis. The story is too interesting to be passed over. It affords, moreover, a picture of the condition of disintegration that had begun in the Empire, and which opened the way to the Germans to cross the Rhine and overflow the lands up to the Atlantic.

The Batavians were an offshoot of the Chatti—represented by the modern Hessians; and they occupied the



S. VICTOR, XANTEN

great island then formed between the Meuse and the Rhine, the former of which at that period passed directly into the sea. They had been subdued by the Romans, who had drawn from them levies that had been sent to fight and lay their bones in Britain. Recently they had suffered from intolerable oppression and insolence. Civilis and Paulus were brothers, of the royal Batavian family. On a false charge of treason, Nero's legate had put Paulus to death, and had sent Civilis in chains to Rome, where he was heard and acquitted by Galba. On the way back to his dreary Batavian marshes, he had formed a resolve to rouse his countrymen to shake off the Roman yoke. The time seemed to be propitious. The great Julian family had been extinguished in blood, and the people was the prey to adventurers. Vitellius had been proclaimed by the legions on the Rhine, but Vespasian by those in Asia. A clash between the candidates was inevitable, and a house divided must fall sooner or later. Moreover Vitellius had drawn to his assistance in Italy the cream of the forces that had been stationed on the Rhine.

Civilis was a man of no ordinary ability. He had lost an eye, but so had Hannibal who had shaken Rome to its foundations. The legates in Germany favoured Vespasian, whereas the soldiers held firmly to Vitellius. Civilis was urged by the legate of Upper Germany, Hordeoneus Flaccus, to prevent the sending of the Batavian troops to the assistance of Vitellius, and this could best be affected by encouraging them to revolt. He accepted the invitation readily, but dissembled his real purpose. At his call, the Batavians and other German tribes whetted their swords and came forth. A Batavian legion was then actually on its way from the Rhine to Italy. Civilis sent messengers to the soldiery, bidding them return. He had

work for them to do in their own land. They obeyed with alacrity, and marched through Bonn over the bodies of the garrison which attempted to restrain and send them back.

Then Civilis approached Castra Vetera. He had already secured the Roman fleet stationed on the Rhine below Cleve, and this now headed upstream and dropped anchor below the fortress.

Civilis summoned the garrison to come forth and take the oath to Vespasian. He endeavoured to overawe it by deploying his forces in the plain; the Batavians, who had served in the Roman Army, displaying their eagles, the Germans marching under the figures of beasts, the totems of their several tribes.

The garrison of Vetera consisted at the time of but 5000 men, too few to hold so large a camp. Nevertheless, they replied haughtily that they would not transfer their allegiance at the demand of a traitor and a barbarian.

Had Civilis attacked at once he would probably have succeeded in capturing Vetera, but for some unexplained reason he delayed, giving time to the commanders, Mummius Lupercus and Numisius Rufus, to prepare for defence. This they did by levelling all the buildings of the adjacent town, and by throwing up fresh defences, at which the besieged laboured night and day.

The Germans occupied both sides of the Rhine. The fleet was stationed within sight of the camp. Civilis at length ordered a general attack. Under cover of a flight of arrows, that did little harm, the Batavians and their allies rushed to the walls, and planted scaling ladders. But the Roman soldiery beat in the skulls of those who mounted with the rims of their shields, or transfixed them with their pikes. Not a man succeeded in reaching

the battlements, and finally the besiegers were compelled to withdraw in discomfiture.

Civilis now constructed a machine on wheels, like a tower, overtopping the walls, and having a bridge that could be let down on the parapet. This tower was rolled forward, crowded with assailants, waiting for the lowering of the bridge, to pour over it into the fortress. At the foot were men under cover attempting to undermine the wall. The Romans were prepared for this. With huge balks that were thrust forward, they prevented the near approach of the machine, and they rammed it with poles, and hurled firebrands into it. The tower was not sufficiently strong in its construction, and under the strokes from without and the weight of the men in it, the whole machine collapsed, and crushed those below, whilst those above broke arms and legs and necks in their fall.

This disaster damped the fury of the assailants; and Civilis was obliged to content himself with cutting off supplies from the beleaguered fortress, in which he knew settlers and the dwellers in the ruined settlement had taken refuge, and where there was moreover but a scanty provision of food, so sudden and unexpected had been the investment.

The Legions of the Upper Rhine were under the direct command of Hordeoneus Flaccus, 'an officer far advanced in years, disabled in his limbs, without vigour of mind or authority,' as Tacitus tells us. He it was who had encouraged Civilis at the outset, as he was a partisan of Vespasian. But he now saw that the great Batavian was playing for another object than that of setting one emperor against another. Accordingly, he ordered Duillius Vocula, commander of the 18th Legion, to hasten ro the relief of Vetera.

But the soldiery were distracted. They were to a man

loyal to Vitellius, and they mistrusted their officers, whom they knew to favour Vespasian. Moreover, they had not received their pay, nor the largess that had been promised them by Vitellius. They had obtained an inkling of the dealings of Flaccus with the Batavian general, and they loudly accused him of betrayal of his trust.

Vocula marched down the Rhine, and Hordeoneus Flaccus summoned troops to his assistance from Gaul. On reaching Neuss, Vocula met Heronius Gallus who had hurried from Bonn, with the 1st Legion. But the two legions were short of provisions and of money. They remained there, afraid lest Civilis should cut their communications; and when finally they did move on, it was no further than to Gelduba, now Gelb, about four miles beyond Neuss. Hence Vocula departed with his men to ravage the neighbourhood, partly so as to amuse his soldiers, and partly to chastise the natives who, he supposed, sympathised with the rising. It so happened that at this time the Rhine was unusually low, and a corn-ship was stranded on a sandbank in mid-river. Whilst Vocula was absent, Gallus ordered his men to secure the vessel with its contents. But the Germans on the right bank waded in at the same time; a contest was waged in the shallow bed of the river, which resulted in the discomfiture of the Romans, and the capture of the lading by the Germans.

The legionaries, ashamed at their defeat, which would become known to the 18th Legion on its return from the marauding expedition, renewed their complaints against Flaccus, and murmured against the commander Gallus, attributing their want of success to his intrigues with the enemy. They went so far as to arrest him, and he was only released on the return of Vocula. This latter

decided to remain at Gelduba, and not to advance till fresh troops arrived from Gaul. In the meantime Civilis was engaged in collecting succours. Germans poured into his camp from all sides, rejoiced to have an occasion presented to them of redressing old grievances. He sent skirmishing parties up the Rhine to chastise the Ubii about Cologne, who had been thoroughly Romanised; and he engaged his Batavians in the construction of a fresh rolling tower. But he was sorely hampered by difficulty in maintaining his authority over the medley of peoples who had flocked into his ranks; for each tribe would fight only under orders from its own chief, and the chiefs did not realise the importance of submitting their opinions and wills to the directing mind of a general. The Frisians were the most troublesome of all. They persisted in demanding to be led to the attack. This Civilis allowed, against his judgment, so as to pacify them; but they met with such a bloody repulse, and lost so many of their best men, that they were fain to withdraw, angry but not humbled. Civilis led them on a second time, and strengthened the attacking force with some other German allies.

Although the Frisians had lost none of their courage, and flung themselves against the walls, they were again baffled. Civilis, who now thought it advisable at any sacrifice of life to storm the citadel, despatched wave after wave of assailants till night fell, without the barbarians having gained an appreciable advantage.

Determined to continue the attack in spite of the darkness, so as to wear out the defenders, he ordered huge fires to be lighted; and he served out wine and food to the men. Then the assault was resumed, and the Germans planted their ladders against the walls. Again he failed, for the bonfires illumined the besiegers, so that

the besieged were able to aim at the leaders, and the light assisted them rather than the assailants. The ladders were flung down, and the attacking barbarians were crushed under showers of stones, or scalded with molten pitch. If they did reach the tops of the ladders, fire-brands were thrust into their faces. Seeing that the fires failed in their effect, Civilis had them extinguished, and the attack was continued throughout the night in darkness.

Day broke without any advantage having been gained. Then, with dawn, he had the lumbering wooden tower rolled forward before one of the gates, that leading to Cologne. About this now raged the contest with redoubled fury. The Romans brought a battering-ram to bear on the structure, and with their catapults hurled fire-pots against it. Again they were successful; the flaming, molten matter discharged against the tower set it on fire, and the machine went to pieces.

Whilst this was going on at one gate, the Frisians had renewed their assault on the further side of the fortress. But the garrison encountered the attack by the use of a newly improvised machine. This consisted of beams turning on a spindle, armed at the further extremity with chains, to which hooks were fastened. When the arms were whirled about, men and ladders were caught by the claws and flung into the camp of the Romans, where they were at once despatched. The chains and crooks sweeping their ranks terrified the Frisians, and they withdrew. The besieged had been subjected to unflagging attack during two days and a night, and had been successful throughout.

Civilis saw that he could effect nothing this way, and that his sole chance lay in reducing the garrison by famine. He sent a messenger into the camp to offer

honourable terms. The garrison had done their duty. To sacrifice their lives for Vitellius would avail them nothing. If they would take the oath to Vespasian, he promised to grant them permission to leave with the honours of war. The gallant defenders rejected the terms.

Whilst these brave men were holding out with resolution, Hordeoneus Flaccus acted differently. Having heard that Vespasian was gaining the upper hand, he openly proclaimed himself in his favour. To the soldiers at Mainz he read a letter from Antonius Primus, Vespasian's general, which had been addressed to Civilis, in which Primus expressed his gratitude to the Batavian for what he had done, and recognised him as a chief of the Vespasian party in Lower Germany. Those who opposed Civilis were characterised as mutineers and rebels.

The same letter was read by Vocula to the troops at Gelb. In both places the legionaries were required to take the oath of allegiance to Vespasian. They complied with great reluctance. 'Many,' says Tacitus, 'though they repeated accurately all the words of the oath, slurred over the name of Vespasian, or dropped it out altogether.'

Vocula then despatched to Civilis a Treveran prefect of the cohorts who had witnessed the defeat of Vitellius at Cremona, to negotiate an arrangement for cessation of hostilities. Civilis received the man, whose name was Montanus, and asked him how he could endure to remain in bondage to the Romans, and to fight the battles of those who had enslaved his nation. As to the question which was emperor, Vitellius or Vespasian, that was no concern of his; he fought to emancipate the people from disgraceful thraldom.

Montanus returned to Gelb much impressed, and in-

formed Vocula of no more that had been said than that Civilis had returned an evasive answer.

The great Batavian knew that the occasion was one to be grasped promptly. The Roman legions were fermenting with disaffection. They mistrusted their commanding officers, and Montanus was among the Gallic auxiliaries, disseminating the ideas of freedom with which he had been inspired by Civilis.

The latter despatched his nephew, Victor, with the Batavian cohort and a body of Germans to fall upon the Roman legionaries of Vocula. On its way the cohort took Asberg, near Mörs, and marched with such rapidity that Vocula, who had not troubled himself to send forth scouts, was taken completely unawares. His cavalry, unable to resist, fled, spreading confusion among the infantry, and the annihilation of the legions seemed about to be complete. A body of Nervian levies deserted, and left the flank of the Romans exposed. The standards were taken; and all would have been lost, had not at that moment, most opportunely, a body of Gascons arrived, who had been summoned from Gaul by Hordeoneus, and these attacked the barbarians in rear. Victor was compelled to retreat, but carried off with him the eagles and many prisoners.

Civilis, taking advantage of this success to terrify the garrison of Vetera, produced the captured standards and exhibited the prisoners; but one of these latter shouted to the besieged not to lose courage, for the Batavians after a partial success had been repulsed. For doing this he was at once cut down.

Vocula now at length advanced, burning villages and devastating the country on his way. When within sight of Vetera and the besieging host, instead of venturing on an engagement, he planted the standards, and bade the

troops throw up earthworks and form a camp. They were, however, impatient for a fray, and clamoured to be led against the enemy. Vocula, fearing a general mutiny, was forced to yield. Civilis, who saw what was going on, suddenly swooped down on the Romans before they had been marshalled in battle array, and scattered them in all directions. The garrison of Vetera at once broke forth, took the troops of Civilis in rear, and threw them into confusion. In the fight Civilis fell from his horse, and the rumour spread that he had been killed; this produced a panic, and the barbarians retreated to the right bank of the Rhine. The Romans of Vocula were now in touch with the garrison, and were able to furnish them with provisions. Messengers were sent to Neuss for wagons of corn to be hurried up, and the first transport arrived without hindrance.

Instead of pursuing his advantage by prompt and effective action, Vocula employed his soldiers in patching up the battered walls and towers of Vetera, and left the barbarians unmolested.

Civilis, so soon as he had recovered from his fall, saw the inertness of the enemy with satisfaction. Hearing that a convoy of provisions was on its way from Neuss, he placed himself at the head of a detachment, made a circuit, and fell upon it unawares. The train of wagons was under the conduct of a few cohorts, who marched negligently as if in time of peace, their arms piled on the carts, and the men had scattered over the country pillaging. On the appearance of Civilis, they fled helter-skelter back to Gelb.

This disaster frightened Vocula, so that he abandoned Vetera, and though he had repaired the walls, depleted the garrison to strengthen his own force by carrying away from it a thousand men. He succeeded in reach-

ing Gelb, but not considering himself safe even there, retreated further, to Neuss, whither had come Hordeoneus Flaccus with two legions from Upper Germany.

News having leaked out that the long-delayed largess from Vitellius had arrived for distribution, the men clamoured to receive it, and Hordeoneus divided the money among them, but in the name of Vespasian. The soldiers then gave themselves up to revelry, and in the night broke forth into mutiny. They rushed to the lodgings of Hordeoneus, pulled him out of bed, and despatched him. They would have dealt with Vocula in like manner, had he not fled in the disguise of a slave.

Civilis, well informed of what had taken place, now approached, and the mutineers, 'as is usual with a multitude that is leaderless, rash, faint-hearted, nerveless, seized their arms, laid them down again, and took to flight.' The remainder, seasoned veterans, rallied, and put themselves under the command of Vocula; but the 5th and 15th Legions, which had come from Mainz with Hordeoneus, refused to serve under Vocula, and marched away after having thrown down the images of Vespasian.

Vocula, apparently indifferent to the fate of Vetera, now started off in pursuit of the two refractory legions, and followed them all the way to Mainz, leaving Lower Germany open to the operations of Civilis.

The gallant defenders of Vetera, reduced to little over a thousand men by the folly and selfishness of Vocula, were now again strictly enclosed on all sides by the barbarians, and were left without a prospect of relief. They still held out, however, as long as was possible, till they had eaten their horses and consumed the herbs that sprouted out of the walls. Then, seeing that the limit of endurance had been reached, they agreed to surrender, on condition that their lives were spared. To this Civilis

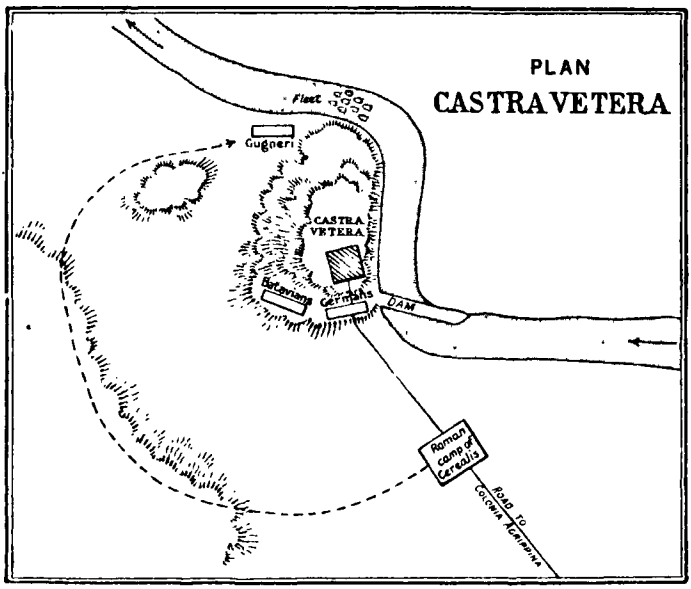
consented. The gates were thrown open, and the brave men marched forth, a gaunt and ragged remnant, and cast down their arms at the feet of the Batavian. Deprived of their weapons, without money, they departed to make their way to Gaul, but they had not gone far before some of the Germans whom Civilis could not control fell on them and massacred most of them. The remainder fled back to Vetera, pursued by the butchers, who, not content with slaughtering them, now set fire to the camp, and the last of them perished among the ashes of the fortress they had defended so well.

Now, at last, Civilis, who had sworn not to cut his hair till he had freed his people from bondage, suffered the shears to be applied to his locks. The sequel deserves to be told.

No sooner was order re-established under Vespasian than the Emperor's first care was to recover control of the Rhine, and the able general Cerealis was sent thither at the head of fresh troops. By degrees the insurgent Germans were driven from all the places they had secured on the left bank, and Civilis, knowing the importance of Castra Vetera, retired to it, resolved on defending it to the uttermost. He repaired the walls, built a dam across the Rhine, so as to flood the plain on the left bank, and collected a supply of provisions in the fortress. Cerealis arrived along the road from Cologne, and saw before him a vast sheet of water, with the hill of Vetera rising as an island out of it. When inundating the land, Civilis had taken care to reconnoitre the ground, and ascertain where were lines of shallows along which he could move his men.

The Roman legionaries, impatient to attack, without awaiting orders plunged into the water to get at the Germans, and the battle began. But the Romans floun-

dered helplessly, sank in the morasses, and fell victims to the enemy, who knew the lie of the ground, and who, moreover, were experienced swimmers. Cerealis, seeing that his men were getting the worst of it, ordered the cavalry to plunge into the water. But the horses stuck



in the adhesive mud, and their riders escaped only by swimming.

The whole day was spent in thus fighting in the water, without the Romans being able to flatter themselves that they had gained a foot.

Night came on. The Batavians and Germans entered Vetera, and lighted fires, around which they sat carousing and singing their war-songs, whereas the Romans in their camp, soaked and shivering, crouched in cold and dark-

ness and discouragement. Next day Cerealis resolved on a general attack. He formed his men into three columns. The first consisted of cavalry, with scouts preceding, to test the ground. After them came the heavy legionaries; and lastly, after an interval, the rear-guard.

Civilis perceived the plan of the general, and to meet the attack drew up a body of light-armed men, all expert swimmers. His Germans he placed on the left to hold the dam, from it to harass the flank of the enemy; and he drew up the Batavians on the right. There was, as he was aware, one spot where the flood might be circumvented, and there he planted the Gugneri, with express orders to be on the alert. As the Romans came on they were assailed by stones and arrows, and when the arrows were expended, by long pikes. As the Germans were taller men than the Romans, they were able to unhorse them and strike them down into the flood without coming within reach of the swords of their adversaries. By this means the first column was thrown into confusion. At the same time those on the dam plunged into the water and attacked the cavalry in flank. The second column hurried up to afford support, but did not effect much. At this juncture a Batavian traitor informed Cerealis of a way by which the flood might be circumvented, and he at once detached some cavalry under this fellow's guidance to make the round.

The Gugneri had taken matters easily. They were on the side of the hill opposite to that where the battle raged, and were out of sight of the operations. They had no anticipations of being attacked, and they were taken completely by surprise when the Roman cavalry galloped among them. Discomfited, supposing themselves to be enveloped, the allies broke their ranks, and turned to fly. The alarm spread; the Roman cavalry

pressed on from the rear. Then ensued a *sauve qui peut.* Some plunged into the Rhine and swam to the ships, others struggled through the mud and water to the right bank.

The day was won, and Civilis escaped to Nymwegen, which he reduced to ashes. What was the end of Civilis we know not, for the *History* of Tacitus breaks off abruptly here.

No one visiting Xanten should fail to inspect Birten; but unhappily the walls of Vetera have long served as a quarry, and when these were exhausted, the tufa of which the hill is built up was dug away extensively. The amphitheatre still remains, and doubtless the entire hill, if excavated, would afford numberless relics of ancient Vetera.

Xanten was founded by Trajan as a colony; but it takes its name from some saints who hallowed it with their blood. Colonia Trajana Sanctorum has been crumpled up into Sancten or Xanten.

The martyrs in question were Victor and his companions, legionaries, who refused to take the oath to the genius of the Empire and to the Emperor Maximian, before the image of Jupiter, in the year 268. He and Gereon of Cologne, and Cassius and Florentius of Bonn, are represented as members of the Theban legion which had been stationed at Agaunum (S. Maurice on the Rhone above the Lake of Geneva), where the legion was decimated for resistance to the order. It is pretended that the rest of the Theban soldiery were dispersed among the legions of the Rhine, and again required to take the oath, and, on their refusal again, were decapitated. But this is improbable. What is more likely is that some Christian soldiers in these legions on the Rhine refused the oath imposed on the army, and were

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executed accordingly. The site of the martyrdom was a marshy spot outside the town, but popular tradition points to the arena at Birten.

No certainty exists as to when the church in Xanten was founded, for the belief that it was so by Helena, mother of Constantine, is baseless. Nothing now remains of the first church. One was raised in the late Romanesque style in 1128-1165. To this period belong the west towers and the western doorway. One of the towers, however, suffered in a conflagration, and was restored at a later period. The rest of the church dates from 1263, and the sacristy from 1358.

The church is in the purest and best style of geometric, pointed architecture. It consists of a nave with two aisles on each side, and an apsidal choir. There are no transepts. It has a peculiarly beautiful south porch. Formerly a church stood between it and the town-square, but a tunnel has been bored through the church, which has been converted into a gateway to the close. Near the porch are carved groups of figures, representing the Betrayal, the Mocking before Pilate—here one of the scoffers holding a purse is a portrait of Luther, another represents Calvin—the Agony in the Garden, the Crucifixion, the Entombment, and the Resurrection. All belong to the sixteenth century, and are spirited pieces of sculpture that have escaped mutilation. The great glory of the church, however, consists in its metal rood-screen, and in its painted and carved altar-pieces. That above the high altar was executed at Cologne in 1533, and represents the legends of S. Victor, S. Helena, and the Finding of the Cross. In the choir, moreover, are two winged paintings by John of Calcar. The paintings of this artist are characterised by disproportion of the arms, hands, legs, and feet. Faces are full of expres-

sion, the colouring is fine, and the drapery is superbly executed.

In addition to the high altar, the church is cumbered with as many as twenty-three side-altars. Several of these have baroque retables of no merit; others, however, have beautiful altar-pieces of the old German school of the sixteenth century. One, fourteen feet high, represents a Jesse-tree; another, of a later date, and inferior, is over the altar of S. Matthias.

But whoever would see the German carved work of this description in its full glory should visit Calcar, between Xanten and Cleve. Here the church is extremely rich in altar-pieces, and their beauty is marvellous. That for the altar of S. George is the only piece with gold and colour. It is the earliest of all, dating from 1455. Another represents the Seven Sorrows of Mary, and a third the Seven Joys, a fourth, the Death of the Virgin; a fifth is that over the high altar representing the Passion. It is crowded with figures, overcrowded as it is viewed from a distance, and so loses its effect. It was a work engaging several artists between 1498 and 1500. On the wings are paintings by John of Calcar. The altar-piece of S. John the Baptist dates from 1540, that of SS. Crispin and Crispinian is a patchwork of fragments.

I suppose that every English parson receives during the year half-a-dozen catalogues of ecclesiastical furniture from dealers in these commodities. Such catalogues contain designs for altar-pieces in wood, Caen stone, and alabaster, and all are objectionable. Unhappily when a parson is restoring his church, or when a rich layman desires to make a present to it, these horrible catalogues are pulled out and pored over, and perhaps 'a pretty reredos' is selected. These are carved by machinery,

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and are destitute of feeling, and without an artistic idea animating them. How many of our churches are disfigured with these abominations! And there is not much better hope if we apply to an architect for a design. He has no old examples in England to which to go for guidance, except such immense and sumptuous structures as those of Winchester, S. Albans, and Southwark; consequently he draws a bit of wall-arcade and stuffs groups of figures into the niches. But the German decorators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to my mind, solved the difficulty of how to enrich and glorify the eastern end of a chancel. These carved wooden structures may be simple yet good, and there is no limit to the richness of tracery, spire-work, and figure-sculpture admissible in them. It would be well if our church architects would make a study of these great works of art, and then we should be freed from too many inanities.

Calcar was a flourishing town at the close of the Middle Ages, before the Rhine deserted it. At that time art flourished—luxuriated in it. There were in it at one time sixteen sculptors. Whether the Calcar wood-carvers distinguished their work from that of other masters in other parts of the Fatherland by any characteristic features is an open question. Apparently the prosperity of the town between 1480 and 1560 drew to it, among others, artists in wood and stone and with the brush, who had received orders in the town or neighbourhood. Some of these were probably strangers, and they settled down at Calcar and founded permanent workshops. To masters pertained apprentices, schools of carving indeed, but not necessarily developing a special school with peculiarities in style and technique.

It is well to remember what immense encouragement

was given to art at the time when the skeleton frame of a church was erected; thought was then engaged in quest how to vivify the bare masses within and without with statuary, representing the Gospel story, the Saints and their legends. Churches were not merely houses of prayer, they were monumental records of sacred history. They were museums open all day long to every one, galleries to which additions were made from year to year. Every landed family, every trade guild, desired to put up a picture, an altar-piece, or to possess a chapel. Even family portraiture found its place there, not on the sepulchral monuments only, but in the pictures, where father and mother and children, the donors, are represented kneeling at the side.

Of this superabundance of decoration, this lavish expenditure of art, Calcar is a good example. From the vaulting depends an enormous structure of carved wood gilt, representing the Virgin and Child surrounded by rays of glory. It really serves no practical purpose; it was an enrichment, nothing more.

John of Calcar, of whose work there are several examples in his native town as well as at Xanten, was born at Calcar in 1500. Nothing is known of his early youth. He studied in Venice in 1536 and was considered one of Titian's best pupils. From Venice he went to Naples, where he died in 1546. It is apparent therefore that the works of his brush at Xanten and Calcar are all very early productions, painted before he was thirty-six, and when he was under the influence of the old German or Flemish school. One of his finest pictures is the Mater Dolorosa in the Pinacothek, Munich. A Nativity by him was so much valued by Rubens that he always carried it about with him. This picture is now in the Belvedere, Vienna. In this gallery as well are

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masterly models in wood representing anatomical studies that John of Calcar prepared for the physician Vesalius's work, *De humani corporis fabrica*, Basel, 1543. These show that he had learned a good deal of the structure and proportions of the human frame after he left Calcar.

Outside the gate at Xanten, leading into the close, walled in, one on each side, are two curious figures that came from the now destroyed royal Frank palace. Both stand above five and a half feet high, and represent knights in armour, each resting one hand on a shield and the other holding a lance. Under the feet of one is a dragon, and this latter figure is popularly supposed to represent Siegfried. Some, however, take it to be a S. George. If it be Siegfried, then it is the sole representation of him at Xanten, which, according to the Nibelungen Lied, was his birthplace.

> In Netherland did ripen, a gallant, royal child,
> His father Siegemund was, his mother Sig'lind mild,
> All in a mighty castle of wide, extended fame,
> Upon the Rhine stream looking, and Santen was its name.

The Nibelungen Lied is assuredly one of the very noblest epics in literature.

'It belongs,' says Mr. Ludlow, 'to the beginning of the thirteenth century (1210). It is almost incredible to think that, heathen in fact as is the substance of it under a thin drapery of Christianity, in its finished state it preceded but by little more than half a century the birth of Dante, the greatest Christian poet of the Middle Ages, and it is only about a century older than that marvellous work of his, which is, as it were, the summing up of mediæval Christianity (the *Divina Commedia*); since it is certainly not too much to say that the spirit of the Nibelungen Lied was as far removed from that of Dante, as is the latter from that of our own times.'

Now the fact is, that the Nibelungen story is a modification of genuinely pagan ballads, common to the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples, which we have in lay and saga in Icelandic in all its untempered barbarity. When these early legends were put into the crucible, the product brought forth and burnished was chivalrous and Christian indeed compared with the rank paganism and ruthless ferocity of the original story. There is as much difference in spirit between the Eddaic lays of Siegfried (Sigurd) and the Nibelungen Lied as there is between the latter and the *Divina Commedia.*

But oh! the tragic beauty of the story! Would that Wagner, instead of mixing up the really entirely distinct elements of the tale of the dragon-slayer and that of the gods of Valhalla, had been content to take the myth of Siegfried as it stands in the Nibelungen lay, or, if he preferred it, in the Eddaic ballads, and had dramatised that. It would have given us a simple, lucid, intensely moving plot, and we should not be wearied to death with the prosing of Old Wotan, nor have to restrain our laughter over the killing of the dragon and the transformation of Alberich.

CHAPTER IV

WESEL

A Dull Town—The Fortifications—The Berliner Thor—S. Willibrord—Radbod—Church of Wesel—Religious Changes in Wesel—Birth of Peregrine Bertie—Refugees—The Municipality becomes Calvinistic—Iconoclasm at Wesel—At Duisburg—Persecution of the Lutherans—The Evangelical Church of 1817.

WESEL—its arms are three weasels—rejoices in being entitled—to be more exact, entitling itself—*Vesalia hospitalis*, with what justice we shall see by and by.

At present none are likely to solicit an extension of its hospitality but such as are driven to it *pravâ necessitate*, for a more dreary, unattractive town in an unengaging neighbourhood can hardly be found on the Rhine. But even the Rhine has recoiled from it. The Lippe, however, slides sleepily past to lose itself in the sluggish Rhine. The country around is level, and the soil poor and sandy.

For centuries the town was constricted within its fortifications, but these were purchased of the Prussian Government by the municipality in 1891, and have been in part planted to form a boulevard, but the major portion has been levelled and built over; only the Berliner Thor has been retained as monstrosities are preserved in anatomical museums. Yet Pöllnitz in his *Mémoires*, 1732, thought it the special adornment of the town: 'Ce qui mérite dans cette ville l'attention d'un

voyageur, c'est la porte de Berlin, dont M. Bodt a donné les dessins. Je n'ai rien vu ailleurs de plus beau et de plus parfait en ce genre.' So tastes change as centuries pass; and it is well that this heavy structure should be retained as a monument of the bad taste of our forefathers. But alas! the fortifications that have been levelled had cost the destruction of two beautiful relics of the Middle Ages; for the abbey church of Heisterbach, a gem of late Romanesque architecture, and the towers of the Premonstratensian monastery on the Fürstenberg (Castra Vetera) were destroyed to furnish material for these defences.

Close to the Berliner Thor is the new post office, a specimen of the admirable work that is being produced by a young, small, but rising school of German architects, steeped in the spirit of the best old models.

Wesel was a baptismal station of S. Willibrord, the Anglo-Saxon apostle of the Netherlands, if we may describe him as Anglo-Saxon when he was actually a Northumbrian. He had been educated at Ripon and in Ireland. He sailed with twelve companions to Friesland to labour at the conversion of the barbarous people dwelling in that dreary land of mud and morass. He was heartily welcomed by Pepin of Herstal who had lately been successful in war against Radbod, the native Frisian king, and an energetic supporter of paganism.

Beginning his labours in that portion of the Netherlands which Pepin had wrested from his adversary, Willibrord showed such an aptitude for the work of organisation that Pepin sent him to Rome to receive episcopal ordination from Pope Sergius. He was consecrated in 696. Willibrord established himself at Utrecht, and succeeded in bringing the population of Frankish Frisia into the fold of the Church.

In the following year he resolved on sailing to Denmark, to plant there the Christian faith, but was driven by storms to the shores of Heligoland, then of greater extent than at present; and the island was held to be sacred to Forsette, the son of Balder the Beautiful. So sacred was it accounted that it was esteemed unlawful to molest any living being therein. Willibrord, however, having to wait some time for a favourable wind, killed several of the sacred cattle to provide food for the crew. The natives, horror-struck at his audacity, drew him before their chief, Radbod, on the mainland, and he ordered in expiation that lots should be cast and that he of the party of Willibrord on whom the lot fell should be sacrificed. The sentence was carried into execution, but Radbod, fearing the vengeance of Pepin, contrived that the victim should not be one of the clergy.

When the bishop was in Walcheren, undeterred by the disastrous consequences of his interference with popular superstition in Heligoland, he threw down an idol that was held in great veneration, and chopped it in pieces. The priest of the idol aimed a blow at Willibrord with his sword, and struck him on the head, but with the flat of the blade, so that he remained unwounded. Fear of Pepin prevented the pagans from proceeding to extremities.

After some persuasion and not a little coercion, Radbod was induced to submit to baptism. But as he stood with one foot in the water he asked, 'Where are the greater number, in heaven or in hell?' 'It is to be feared in the latter place,' was the answer. 'In that case,' said Radbod, drawing his foot from the water, 'I will go with the majority.'

There is another version of the tale. According to it, he asked where were the souls of his ancestors; and

when told that as heathen they were in hell, he replied: 'Then I will not desert my forebears'; and he died an impenitent pagan. Willibrord departed this life in 739.

The existing minster of S. Willibrord is according to Baedeker, 'the finest late Gothic church on the Rhine.' It is, however, displeasing in its proportions. Viewed from the east it bears a resemblance to a squatting goose, with its rear protruding into and crowding the market-place, and with its long neck erect staring in the direction of the retreated Rhine. But this is not the fault of the architect, Master Kawelen, who was instructed by the town council to design a church consisting of a nave with side aisles and one western tower.

This was proceeded with 1424-1500. Then the council decided to enlarge the church considerably by adding an extra aisle on each side, also transepts. This was done, 1501-1540, by Master Gerwin. Consequently the tower is thrown out of proportion to the broad body of the main building. The details are indeed beautiful, especially the tracery of the transept gables, and the exquisite south porch; but this is like filigree decoration on an obese female, beautiful only in itself.

The church fell into the hands of the Calvinists, who wrecked it, destroying all the altar-pieces and screens, the stained glass and the statuary, leaving nothing but tombstones as an adornment to the church, and these remain as its embellishment to the present day. One of these, of 1696, bears a quaint inscription that may be thus rendered:—

> Leave running and racing; once running gave pleasure.
> Now time for that over, I rest and have leisure.

Contrasted with the Victor Church at Xanten this is like a plucked fowl compared with a peacock in its pride.

Moreover, it is constructed of tufa blocks, that have been scraped and sand-papered, removing the mellowness of age, and giving it the complexion of dead poultry. The church has gone through a restoration of the old bones and frame-work, but Ichabod! its glory is departed. Into the niches from which the Virgin and Child, and S. Willibrord had been pulled down, have been intruded statues of the Great Elector and of King William of Prussia. The Reformers scowl down on the passers-by from the niches of the western doorway, and above them, in unconscious sarcasm, have been represented the Fine Arts winged to take their flight from a town which had made havoc of every existing work of art. The interior of the church is fine; especially to be noted is the varied and beautiful groining in the several compartments of the side aisles, where were the chapels of the various guilds and corporations, which the Reformers could not deface without bringing the stones down upon their heads. These chapels had been enriched with superb screen-work, altar-pieces either carved or enclosing oil-paintings; for Wesel, like Calcar, in the early sixteenth century possessed a school of artists. All their works are gone, the thought, the labour of years. Not a sample is left of the great Wesel painter, John Jodocus, whose masterpiece is the picture over the high altar at Werden, which being in Lutheran hands is respected. After having gutted the church, one aisle was delivered over to be turned into a rope-walk.

Another church in the town is the Mathena Kirche with a noble tower, its windows under deeply recessed arches in the Lower Rhenish style. This church is now in a condition of dilapidation.

At the time of the Reformation, the burgomaster and town council adopted Lutheranism, and refused rights

of citizenship to such as would not sign the Confession of Augsburg.

When the Marian persecution broke out in England many noble refugees escaped to the Low Countries. Some of these came to Wesel and entreated to be given hospitality. Among them were Lord Willoughby Bertie and his lady. Vesalia hospitalis refused it them, not, as Murray says, 'as vagabonds of evil repute,' but because they were suspected of cherishing Calvinistic or Zwinglian ideas. The unfortunate lady, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy, was reluctantly allowed to lodge in the open porch, and there she bore a son, to whom was given the name of Peregrine, as he was born during the wanderings of his parents, on October 12, 1555.

'The Augsburg Confession was made the rule of faith to all Protestants in Wesel, which must be accepted by all in the town who were not Catholics, and it was imposed on every stranger who sought to take up his abode in the town, before he could acquire any rights of citizenship in it. Many refugees from England came to the place, and entreated to be given shelter there. But they were not Lutherans, they had not accepted the Augsburg Confession, they clung instead to the tenets of Calvin and Zwingli. It was only with the utmost difficulty that consent was obtained for them to shelter there, and then only because they had been brought to subscribe in the Rathhaus to a Confession of Faith which seemed to agree with that of Augsburg. Then, and then only, were they suffered to lodge in the town.'[1]

Indeed in the preceding month of August, the magistrates had issued an edict ordering Zwinglians, Calvinists, Anabaptists and other sectarians to quit the town.

[1] *Ruckblick auf die Geschichte Cleve, von F. H. W.*: Wesel, 1830, pp. 45-6.

'However, the Netherlands were hard by, and there Calvinism prevailed. It was not possible for the magistracy to prevent the infiltration into the town of the doctrines and prejudices of Calvin. Indeed, they themselves began speedily to modify their opinions, and in 1568, a new Confession of Faith was promulgated at Wesel, to which every citizen was required to adhere or to forfeit his rights. This was but a step towards a further change. On account of the persecution of Alva, a great many Walloons and Flemings escaped over the frontier, and pleaded to be sheltered in Wesel. These were either well-to-do people or skilled weavers and mechanics. The magistracy saw a chance by their skill of establishing manufactures to the advantage of the town. They accordingly, after some demur, put their prejudices in their pockets and consented to admit them. These new arrivals, some of whom settled permanently there, were not slow to propagate their opinions and to preach Predestination, to declare themselves to be the very elect, and to denounce the half measures of Lutheran reform. By degrees they obtained a preponderating influence, and even converted the Lutheran pastor to their views. On February 5, 1612, the Lord's Supper was administered after the Calvinistic fashion. This was followed by a carnival of iconoclasm. Headed by the Pastor Acronius, during the night, the mob smashed everything artistic in the great church, and then went on to wreck that of S. Anthony. Those who still clung to Lutheranism were denied the use of a single church and obliged to have their religious meetings in a private house. Next the Calvinist minister instituted a house-to-house visitation to discover who were in favour of the Reform, and who were against it or half-hearted. He forbade those whom he could control to attend the

preachings of the Lutherans, and these latter were threatened with penalties if they ventured to hold meetings even in private. In seventy years the convictions of the town of Wesel had turned a somersault.

Pastor Acronius in the Willibrord church thundered against the Augsburg Confession, and exhorted the people of Wesel by force to expel the Lutherans out of the town.

In Duisburg, a chance provoked the outburst of iconoclasm. At 3 A.M. on June 8, 1613, a storm passed over the town, and the lightning struck the tower of the Church of S. Salvator. This electrical storm was a prelude to one of another description. The Reformed preacher Scriverius and the doctor of theology Heiderius proclaimed that the tempest was sent by Almighty God as a manifestation of His wrath against the town, for suffering the Catholics to hold their idolatrous worship within its walls, and they exhorted their adherents to sweep out of all the churches everything that savoured of the ancient faith.

At the head of a mob they rushed through the streets, broke into the Salvator Church at 9 P.M., destroyed all the altars and the statuary. Next day was Sunday, so these pious creatures 'kept the Sabbath' by doing no more mischief till sunset, when, considering that they were released from their obligation to rest, they went again into the Salvator Church, and broke up the choir-stalls and whatever had not been destroyed the day before. On Monday the preachers and their tail went to the Liebfrau Kirche to wreck it, but were prevented by a magistrate who guarded it with sixty men. However, the mob succeeded in effecting their purpose on the 13th. In this church they destroyed every bit of carving and painting, and did not spare the high altar-piece, which was regarded

at the time as a masterpiece, the richest and most beautiful on the Lower Rhine. In the evening of the same day Scriverius and his horde invaded the Franciscan church, and wrecked that also. On the ensuing Sunday they desecrated the Church of the Minorites in the same manner. In the midst of the choir was a figure of the Madonna and Child suspended by chains from the roof, like that at Calcar. This they pulled down and hacked to splinters. They tore the organ to pieces and crushed the pipes. Every painting was mutilated, and even the graves were not left undesecrated.

The iconoclastic riots went on unabated till the 19th, after which there was nothing of artistic beauty left in Duisburg to destroy, nothing left for a visitor in after-times to look at.

During the War of Succession for the Duchies of Cleve, Juliers, and Berg, Wesel had much to endure, at one time from French troops, at another from Spaniards. In 1637, under the Elector George William, the Calvinists thought themselves strong enough to drive out the Lutherans from the duchies. In Emmerich they denied them the use of a church, although there was in the place one that had been abandoned for many years. When a Lutheran community had lost its pastor by death, the Reformed magistracy forced on it a Calvinist preacher. Under a municipal body of the straitest opinions, at Hiessfeld, when the Lutheran minister died, the congregation was forced by the magistrates to accept a drunken dragoon who had studied theology, till they were able to make it worth his while to vacate the pulpit and they were able to pass into it a thorough-paced Calvinist. The congregation sullenly declined to attend his ministrations, and were driven to the church like a flock of sheep, by the magistrates and their guards with

pikes. Midwives were forbidden to allow children to be baptized by Lutheran ministers, and the rights of citizenship were denied to such as accepted the Confession of Augsburg, and their pastors were taken off and enrolled and made to serve in the city watch.

At length, in the same year, 1637, the Lutherans, oppressed and insulted beyond endurance, appealed for protection to the Elector; and he issued an edict forbidding their being subjected to further maltreatment and vexations.

In the course of years the old Shibboleths lost their effect. The dogmas, so furiously contested between the sects, Predestination and Free Justification, were exploded cartridges. Pastors and their flocks cared nothing for them, had their opinions, hardly convictions. In 1817, by a stroke of his pen Frederick William III. put an end to the Lutheran and Reformed sects throughout his realm, and created in their place an 'Evangelical Church' in which both might become one body on the platform of a creedless Christianity without fixed formularies. The scheme met with general approval. Nothing could be conceived more representative of undenominationalism than the Evangelical Church, from whose teaching none could dissent, as it taught nothing. Two sluggish streams had united and blended to form one, without perceptible increase of momentum.

It is perhaps hardly matter of surprise that in Wesel the Roman Catholics have captured two out of the four parish churches, and that while the Mathena church of the Reformed is falling into ragged ruin, they should be about to rebuild the church of S. Martin, finding it too small for their growing numbers.

CHAPTER V

DÜSSELDORF

Duchy of Berg—Death of Engelbert of Cologne—Union of Berg with Cleve and Juliers—Napoleon's Duchy of Berg—The Electors Palatine at Düsseldorf—Elector John William—Migration from the Palatinate—Kindly Reception in England—The School of Painting Altenberg—Neuss—Its Church—The Siege of Neuss.

THE county, afterwards duchy, of Berg, extended along the right bank of the Rhine from the Ruhr to beyond the Sieg, and included the Seven Mountains, though portions, snippets out of it, notably Siegburg, had been parted with. To the north lay the county of Mark; on the opposite side of the Rhine, the territory of the Archbishop of Cologne, that lay in a long strip between the river and the county of Juliers. Down the Rhine it touched the county of Cleve. Eventually, the counties of Berg, Mark, Cleve, and Juliers were united by marriage, and came into the hands of Cleve, which was elevated into a duchy of Cleve and Juliers.

The elder line of the Counts of Berg came to an end in a tragic manner. The last was Engelbert, Archbishop of Cologne, whose praises have been sung by the minnesinger Walter von der Vogelweide. He was a vigorous and worthy prelate, who resolutely put down the malpractices of the robber knights and petty nobles, and thereby drew upon himself their implacable hatred. When elected to the see, he found that his predecessor had not paid his fees to Rome for receiving the pall,

and these amounted to the enormous sum of 16,000 marks. Pope Honorius III. positively refused to give him recognition till he had cleared off all arrears.

Among the turbulent troublers of the public peace was Count Frederick of Isenburg, a kinsman. Frederick was protector (Schirm-vogt) of the Convent of Essen, and took advantage of his position and the helplessness of the nuns to plunder their territory and maltreat their tenants.

The abbess appealed to Engelbert, who at once ordered the count to respect the property of the nunnery.

Frederick of Isenburg, thinking, perhaps, that his relationship would secure him from punishment, disregarded the orders, and continued his depredations. Archbishop Engelbert, to avoid the appearance of partisanship one way or the other, placed the matter before a diet of Westphalian bishops at Soest, and the Count of Isenburg was summoned to appear in person. He did so, and was required to make good to the nunnery that of which he had plundered it; and the archbishop threatened him with the ban of the empire if he disobeyed. Frederick was exasperated to the last degree. He met other Westphalian counts at Soest, who had also been hindered in their course of robbery by the archbishop, and a conspiracy was formed against him. Engelbert was warned of this, but as he did not for an instant suppose that that they would dare to proceed to assassination, he gave no heed to their machinations. Frederick disguised the rage which consumed his heart, and promised to appear before the diet of Nürnberg, and compose his differences with the Convent of Essen. Then he joined the retinue of the archbishop, and accompanied him as far as Westhofen, where he excused himself, and withdrew, on the plea of having to visit his castle of

Nienbrüge. Archbishop Engelbert had received the Blessed Sacrament from the Bishop of Münster before he left Soest, but was then without suspicion. The departure of the Count of Isenburg caused him alarm, and he ordered his armed retainers to remain behind at the bridge over the Ruhr to prevent the passage of the count with his troopers.

Frederick, however, crossed the river at another point during the night, with some other conspirators and fifty-two men-at-arms, hastened in advance of the archbishop, and remained concealed on the Gevelsberg, four miles from Schwelm.

The archbishop came on with a few clergy, two noble pages, and two armed retainers, and fell into the ambush. Frederick of Isenburg and his men suddenly burst out of the thicket upon him and surrounded his party. Engelbert could offer no resistance. The clerks fled, the pages and the retainers were speedily flung from their horses and cudgelled, and the archbishop was left alone in the hands of his murderers. His horse was wounded at the outset, but he spurred it forward, and might have escaped, had not Herbert of Rückenrode, a bitter enemy, caught the bridle. He flung the archbishop down; but Engelbert sprang to his feet, and attempted to run for his life. Then Frederick of Isenburg bade his men-at-arms cut him down. The archbishop defended himself with desperate courage. He was already wounded in the head, and one hand was cut off; but still he maintained his defence. Then a servant of Frederick's cut open his head, and Rückenrode ran a sword through his body. The other murderers fell on him and drove their weapons into him, or hacked at him with their axes. He bled to death from forty-seven wounds. Rückenrode, not content, would have smitten off his head, but Frederick

cried out, 'Let be, we have done too much already!' He then violently wrested the corpse from the murderer, who would have mutilated it further, and fled.

The pages came to themselves. One raised the head of the dying man and laid it on his own breast, till he breathed his last. Then they placed the body on a cart that they obtained from a peasant who was passing by, and brought it to Schwelm.

The people assembled in crowds, with loud lamentations. The murder was accomplished on November 7, 1225. The body was brought to Cologne; and on the 15th November the chapter elected Henry of Mohlenmark as their new archbishop. He boiled down his predecessor, till the bones were left clean, and then, having wired the joints together, clothed the skeleton in the bloody garments in which Engelbert had fallen, and went to the diet at Nürnberg, taking the skeleton with him. He exposed it before the assembled princes, and appealed for vengeance on the murderers.

The ban of the Empire was proclaimed on Frederick of Isenburg and the other conspirators. He was surrendered to the new archbishop for a bribe of two thousand marks, was brought to Cologne, and there broken on the wheel.

One of the most shocking features of the murder was that it was connived at by Dietrich, Bishop of Münster, and Engelbert, Bishop of Osnabrück, the two brothers of Count Frederick. The archbishop spoke to them at Soest of the conspiracy, and they laboured to persuade him that he had nothing to fear. The Bishop of Münster gave him the Communion and then sent him to his death. Both the bishops were deposed, and Dietrich died within eight months, but the Bishop of Osnabrück recovered his episcopal throne in 1239.

Engelbert is described as being tall, possessed of a

stately carriage, a noble and beautiful countenance. His recumbent figure on his tomb at Cologne fully justifies the description. The face is of singular beauty.

After the death of Engelbert in 1225, the elder branch of the Counts of Berg became extinct, and the county passed to another branch. This also expired, and the inheritance went to a third, which ended in an heiress Maria, who had become as well heiress of Juliers. She married William, Duke of Cleve, and became the mother of John William, whose story we have already told, and of the remorseless Sibylla. On the death of John William, in 1609, the inheritance was claimed by the Count of Neuburg, as Anna, sister of John William, had married Philip Louis of Neuburg. After the conclusion of the War of Succession in 1666, Berg and Juliers were allotted to the Palatinate, and they passed into the hands of Charles Theodore of Bavaria, Elector Palatine, and from him eventually to Max Joseph, King of Bavaria. At the Peace of Paris it became Prussian; after the brief episode of the creation of the Duchy of Berg by Napoleon in 1806, for Joachim Murat, who had married his youngest sister Caroline; and then when Murat was made King of Naples, Berg was given to Louis Napoleon by his uncle.

Düsseldorf, as its name implies, was but a village on the Düssel till it was selected as a residence by the Princes Palatine of the Rhine, from 1609 to 1716, when they removed first to Mannheim, and thence to Munich.

The Castle of Heidelberg, which had been the residence of the Palatines, had been blown up by the French in 1689; the year before that, Mannheim had been treated in the same way. So the Elector John William settled down to amuse himself at Düsseldorf. He had married as his second wife a daughter of the Grand Duke of Florence; and at Florence acquired his taste for beautiful

pictures. He it was who formed the gallery at Düsseldorf, afterwards removed to Munich.

The Duchess of Orleans wrote in 1695 from Fontainebleau to her sister the Countess Louise: 'It seems to me that the Elector Palatine would do better to spend his money on the poor, degraded people of the Palatinate, than in carnivals and diversions.' And again in 1702: 'Between ourselves, the Elector would have done better to have employed on the restoration of the Castle of Heidelberg, the 20,000 dollars he has squandered on his opera,'

Blainville, who had been secretary to the States-General at the Court of Spain, was present at Düsseldorf in 1705, and he gives a lengthy account of the court of the Elector and his spouse.

'Since the French destroyed the Elector's palace at Heidelberg, he holds his court at Düsseldorf, in an old building in the Gothic taste, on the bank of the Rhine, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect. The rooms are irregular, but are richly furnished. Not long ago this place was a village, now it is a town of some size, but with, for the most part, badly built houses, and with the streets wretchedly paved. Of operas, comedies, concerts, balls, and all sorts of amusements there is no lack. They follow one another with indescribable rapidity, and they draw to the place a great number of persons of condition from all parts of Germany, who crowd the inns.

'The Elector is aged about six-and-thirty, and is of middle size, strongly built, has a very large mouth with a thick, upturned lower lip. He is very friendly and loquacious, and nothing is easier than for any rascal to persuade him to anything, more especially in such matters as tend to display and magnify himself; for he is ambitious to extravagance.

'The Electress is slim and pleasantly shaped, and has a good complexion for an Italian; her mouth is small, her lips a little too thick. Her teeth are like ivory, but her voice is too masculine, and she laughs noisily. She is now aged about thirty-seven, and has had no family. She is said here to be vastly jealous of her husband, and this leads too often to shameful outbreaks, especially when she has stolen out at night into the street disguised in a long cloak, and has caught him at some of his love pranks.'

Blainville goes on to describe the luxury and extravagance of the court.

All the while the unfortunate Palatinate was bleeding from the wounds made by the French in their ruthless devastation of it. But the Elector John William cared for none of these things. Nothing was done to rebuild the ruined villages, to supply the miserable peasants with grain and with tools. Then came the terrible winter of 1709, when the birds and the wild game were frozen, and men starved. An immense migration took place from the estates of the Palatine Elector to England and Carolina. In the middle of July 6544 persons arrived in the Thames. Here is the list:—

Men with families,	1278
Married women,	1238
Widows,	89
Youths,	384
Young women,	106
Boys over 14,	379
Girls over 14,	374
Boys under 14,	1387
Girls under 14,	1309

They were received with the utmost kindness. Tents and huts were erected for them on Blackheath; the

Queen, Anne, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dukes of Newcastle, Devonshire, Somerset, Ormond, Bedford, Buckingham and Queensberry, and the Earl of Pembroke, with many others, formed a commission to see that they were fed and maintained in good condition. Collections were made for them throughout England. Then came over a second swarm of 2300 more. The Queen granted £160 *per diem* towards their support. Crowds went out from London to Blackheath to see them, and to give them garments, money, and food. Means were then provided for their further disposal. Some were sent to settle on the confines of Scotland, a large number were conveyed to Ireland, principally linen weavers, and were settled in Limerick, where they formed a colony of 'Palatines'; many of the young men took service in the English army, others in the navy, and the rest were sent on to Carolina, where they desired to settle. But the Elector John William cared for none of these things.

His principal adviser was a fellow named Wiser or Wiesser, who had been ennobled by the Emperor Leopold I. in 1690, and raised to be a count in 1702, 'but who,' writes the Duchess of Orleans, 'looks like a Jew, and whose business it is to suck the blood out of the poor Palatines in the most scandalous manner.' The countly family of the Wiessers still flourishes in Baden.

John William died in 1716 without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Charles Philip, who also died childless in 1742, and then the Palatinate passed to another branch of the family, and Charles Theodore succeeded.

The statue of the Elector John William figures on a pedestal in the square before the Rathhaus at Düsseldorf. According to an inscription on it, the statue was erected to his honour by his grateful and admiring

subjects, citizens of the town. That is not accurate. Subscriptions came in so laggingly, that the Elector paid for the monument himself.

With Charles Theodore we need not concern ourselves, as he transferred the electoral court to Mannheim.

There is not much to be seen in Düsseldorf, except the picture gallery of modern painters. It is a great school of artists; it was at one time noted for pretty sentimental religious pictures. At present, unlikely to last long, a school is to the fore that carries impressionism to the extreme. The paintings represent landscapes, groups, and portraits as they appear to eyes afflicted with ophthalmia.

The churches in Düsseldorf are of no interest; nor are any of the public buildings fine. But there are good, *Anlagen*, pleasant walks; and a few interesting excursions may be made from it, as to Altenberg and to Neuss. Altenberg is a beautiful church formerly belonging to the Cistercian Order, much like Cologne Cathedral in plan. but earlier in style. The abbey lies buried in beechwoods, The choir was built in 1265 and the rest in 1379. There is old glass in the windows, remains of frescoes are on the walls, and some rich carved and gilt work may be seen as altarpieces. Moreover, here have been buried since its foundation the Counts of Berg and Altena, and later the Dukes of Berg.

In 1128, at a diet at Aachen, the Emperor Lothar deprived Duke Gottfried of his duchy of Brabant and gave it to Wolfram, Count of Limburg, in fief. But Gottfried had no notion of accepting the decision. He collected a force, gained allies and fought for his inheritance. The Count of Limburg was assisted by two brothers, Eberhardt, Count of Altena, on the Lenne, and Adolf, Count of Berg. In a bloody battle several

thousand men fell; Eberhardt was severely wounded, and was conveyed back to Altena. Conscience troubled him, because he had caused the death, unprovoked, of so many brave men, and assuming a pilgrim's habit, when he recovered, he went to Rome and thence to Compostella. On his way back he offered himself as a lay brother in the Cistercian house of Morimont, near Langres, without giving his name or title. He was accepted and set to act as swineherd.

After some years, people on pilgrimage from Berg recognised him, and then the abbot bade him return to his land and do something there for the advancement of the Order. He accordingly went back to his native land, and there so earnestly spoke to his brother Adolf, that he induced him to give up the ancestral castle of Berg to become a Cistercian monastery. Adolf not only did this but he also entered it as a monk himself, and the new house was peopled by brothers sent thither for the purpose from Morimont. Eberhardt, however, returned to the abbey where he had acted as swineherd: but he seems to have ended his days at his brother's foundation in 1152, and Adolf died in the same year. The son of the latter, Adolf, who succeeded him built a new castle on the Wupper, after which the old castle acquired the name of Altenberg. But twelve years after the foundation, which took place in 1145, the monks abandoned the hill and moved the monastery to the valley. The remains of the castle may still be seen. It was never rebuilt.

The conventual buildings were constructed about 1214, and remained occupied by the monks till 1804, when the Bavarian-Berg government sequestrated the buildings and property, and sold all to a tradesman in Cologne. The monastic library had, however, been

removed to Düsseldorf. Soon after, Berg was transferred to Napoleon, and Altenberg dropped out of notice. However, a manufactory of Prussian blue was started in the monastic buildings. On a November night, 1815, fire broke out, and consumed all, and greatly damaged the church, externally.

In August 1817, the crown prince, Frederick William, visited the church, where so many of his ancestors were buried, through whom came to him the Cleve-Berg territories.

In October 1821, a portion of the vaulting of the choir fell on the graves of the princes of Berg, and the beautiful building was abandoned as a ruin. Happily in 1833 the crown prince Frederick William revisited Altenberg, when, distressed to see it in such neglect and desolation, he gave orders for its restoration. This was begun the same year, but the works were not completed till after the death of Frederick William III.

I have given the story of Altenberg here, although it is best reached from Cologne by Burscheid.

Neuss on the left bank has been deserted by the fickle river in favour of Düsseldorf, to which it has carried all the advantages belonging to its proximity. Neuss was the Novesium of the Romans, of which something has been already said in the account of the siege of Castra Vetera. It was destroyed by Civilis, but though rebuilt it did not rise to any importance till after the founding of the minster—a monastery for women—in the first half of the ninth century.

The present extant noble church was not built till the thirteenth century. The foundation-stone was laid in 1209 by the Abbess Sophia, and it took fourteen years in building. It is a church of very peculiar interest, as it exhibits the transition from the Romanesque to the

pointed style, and the hesitation of the architect, Master Wolbero, over the change from the round arch to the pointed. It differs also in type from the Romanesque churches of the Rhine, in that it has a huge western tower, and not as with most of them a pair. The windows of clerestory and aisles are fan-shaped. Neuss has won for itself undying fame through its gallant defence against Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The story of the siege is so illustrative of the condition of affairs on the Rhine in the fifteenth century that it deserves to be told.

On the death of Dietrich of Mörs, Archbishop and Elector of Cologne in 1463, Rupert, Palatine Count, son of the Elector Palatine William, was chosen as successor. He was a small man, with the strut and temper of a bantam cock. His predecessor had been so deeply and repeatedly engaged in wars that he had pawned nearly every castle and due of the see, and had so oppressed his subjects, that the estates of the Electorate had formed a Rhenish Union. They had drawn up a capitulation which they insisted on Rupert swearing to observe, before they would do him homage. The principal terms of this capitulation were these. 'The archbishop was to leave the nobility and towns in undisturbed possession of their rights and privileges, and he was not further to pawn the estates of the see. He was to have a perpetual council comprising clerics and laymen to advise him. He was not to incur debts without the consent of the chapter. He was not to engage in war without the consent of the estates.'

To observe this, he accordingly swore. But when he entered on the Electorate he found, to use his own words, 'that there was not a single castle, not a single town, not a single toll that had not been mortgaged, with the sole exception of Poppelsdorf.'

He was a man who loved display. He was very impatient when he discovered his situation, and he demanded of the clergy and the towns to find the money to clear off the mortgages. They replied that they had all been so reduced by the wars of his predecessor that they could not undertake this, and that if he found his income small, he must reduce his expenditure; in a word, cut his coat according to his cloth. Rupert was very angry and appealed to his brother, the Palatine Frederick, to lend him troops to forcibly recover the estates and castles that had been pawned. This Frederick did, and the troops he sent were nicknamed the goats. They speedily captured a number of towns and castles. The rest combined and raised an army, nicknamed the wolves, and war blazed out again in the unhappy archdiocese. The towns leagued against the Elector, and appealed for help to the Duke of Cleve. Rupert on his side invited the Duke of Guelders to come to his aid. As he was sending some of his men-at-arms to join the latter, the citizens of Neuss shut their gates against them. This made Rupert furious, and he despatched private emissaries into the town to stir up a revolt among the people against the magistrates. One of the emissaries divulged the plot, and when, shortly after, the archbishop sent two more along with a letter encouraging to revolt, the burgomaster and council arrested and executed them.

The high-handed proceedings of Rupert, and his flagrant breach of oaths, so exasperated the estates of the Electorate, that they met and unanimously withdrew their allegiance from him, and elected Hermann of Hesse, Dean of S. Gereon, to be administrator of the see. This was in 1473.

As the archbishop was bringing up an army for the chastisement of Neuss, Hermann threw himself into

the town, and collected men, arms, and provisions for a siege.

The Emperor Frederick III. now intervened. He came to Cologne and endavoured to bring the archbishop to terms with his revolted subjects. But Rupert would hear of no accommodation, and declared that he had appealed to Charles, Duke of Burgundy, the most powerful prince of the time, to maintain his cause, and to place him in possession of all the towns and castles of the Electorate. The agreement with Charles was signed on March 17, 1474.

The Emperor Frederick withdrew. He had no desire to be drawn into a contest with Charles the Bold, for he was intending to obtain Mary, the heiress of Burgundy, for his son Maximilian. However, the people of Neuss affixed the Imperial and Papal arms to the gates of the town, in token that they placed themselves under the protection of the Emperor and of the Pope.

The garrison of Neuss consisted of three thousand men-at-arms and three hundred horsemen. Charles marched against the town with a force variously stated as numbering sixty thousand or eighty thousand men. The host was drawn up in four columns. The first consisted of French, the second of English, furnished by Edward IV. of England; the third of Germans and men from the Netherlands; and the fourth of Italians.

The siege began on July 19, 1474. It is not my intention to describe the heroic conduct of the citizens, nor to give details of the siege. The city of Cologne sent a detachment to the further side of the Rhine to prevent attacks from the islands in the river, but they made no attempt to come to close quarters with the host of Charles.

The city was reduced to the utmost extremity as the

siege spun out, all the horses and cattle were eaten, save three cows, preserved to furnish milk for the children. The last bit of meat eaten was on Christmas Day. On May 1, 1475, the Cologne contingent fired three shells into the town; two, however, fell into the Rhine, but one landed in the grass of a marsh. Hermann of Hesse at once sent men to recover this. It was brought to him, and when opened was found to contain a message, 'Neuss, be of good cheer. Help is at hand.'

In fact the Emperor Frederick III. was approaching leisurely. He reached Cologne on May 1, but tarried there to carry on negotiations with Charles which were fruitless. After wasting much precious time, he advanced to Mülheim, where he halted again, again entering into negotiations that dragged on throughout the month, whilst the brave citizens of Neuss were fighting and starving. At Mülheim he was joined by the Landgrave of Hesse, the Bishop of Münster, at the head of the Westphalian levies, and the Margrave of Baden. Now at length, on June 6, he advanced to the relief of Neuss, and Charles, exhausted, baffled, beaten, had to retreat on June 13, after that the siege had lasted *forty-six* weeks.

Neuss was relieved, but it was in a pitiable condition; it had lost seven hundred men; seventeen towers had been battered down, and three hundred houses burned.

In memory of its relief, the magistrates of Neuss ordered that a yearly commemoration should take place on the Friday before Whitsunday, and this was observed up to the French occupation. A statue also was erected to Frederick III. in the market-place, but this the French broke to pieces. Charles the Bold had learned before Neuss what was the power of the German citizens. He was next to learn on the fields of Granson and Murten

what was that of a free peasantry. He fell on January 12, 1477, in the battle of Nancy.

Rupert was deposed from the archbishopric, and allowed a pension; but he would not accept his humiliation, and with the aid of his brother continued a vexatious and cruel war of ravage and robbery, till 1477, when, by an agreement of the estates with the Duke of Cleve, he was restrained to dwell in two castles. He died an angry, embittered man in 1480; and the brave and noble Hermann of Hesse, who had defended Neuss so gallantly, was elected unanimously to the throne of Cologne, where by his mild and excellent government he healed the wounds of war, and acquired the honourable title of 'the Peaceable.'[1]

[1] For the history of the siege in detail, see Löhren, *Geschichte d. Stadt Neuss*, Neuss, 1840.

COLOGNE

CHAPTER VI

COLOGNE

Cologne in the Eighteenth Century—The Ubii—Anno, Archbishop—Henry IV. carried off—Insurrection against Anno—His Cruelty—Conrad of Hochstaden—Frederick II. excommunicated—Henry Raspe—William of Holland—Siege of Cologne—Richard of Cornwall—Building of the Cathedral—French in Style—Galleries in Churches on the Rhine—St. Maria in Capitol—Plectrudis—Hermann Joseph—S. Ursula—Early Cemetery—The Eleven Thousand Virgins—The Three Kings—Engelbert of Falkenberg—Von Gryn and the Lion—The Chapter of Cologne—The Archbishops non-resident for over Five Hundred Years.

WHO, knowing Cologne as it is at present—busy, thriving, with handsome houses and stately public buildings, with a row of motor-cabs drawn up for hire before the Cathedral, and with electric trams whirling by—can suppose that it is the same place as that described by Baron Riesbeck in the eighteenth century?

'Cologne, brother, is in every respect the ugliest town in all Germany. There is not a single building worth seeing within its walls, which are nine miles in circumference. Most of the houses are falling to the ground; a great part of them stand empty. In the streets dung lies piled before the houses on every side. You may walk there for an hour without seeing a single human creature. A third part of the inhabitants consist of privileged beggars, who form a regular corporation. Another third is ecclesiastics. There are thirty-nine nunneries in this place, about twenty convents for men and over twelve hospitals.

'The lack of proper supervision is the cause of the unlimited freedom enjoyed by the ecclesiastics of this place. They live in utter anarchy; for although they are properly subject to the control of the archbishop, yet the magistracy of the place is so jealous of his authority that it will suffer none of his orders relative to discipline to be carried out in it.

'The last third of the inhabitants consists of some patrician families, and of merchants and mechanics, on whom the two other parts live.'

At the present time the division of the population would be different, as thus: 1. Those who sit in the cafés sipping beer or coffee and eating sponge-cakes. 2. The kellners waiting on them, together with a supplement of hotel-touts that frequent the railway station. 3. The merchants and mechanics as before.

" Is it not astounding that Riesbeck should not have noticed the Cathedral, incomplete in his time, yet a magnificent fragment, S. Gereon's, the Apostel Kirche, the Rathhaus, and Gürzenich? 'There is not a single building,' says he, 'worth seeing within its walls.' So also Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She was in Cologne in 1716, and wrote: 'I have had spirits to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for there is nothing else worth seeing.' She also does not allude to the Cathedral; the only church she notices is that of the Jesuits, at the façade of which to-day no one would cast a second glance. That was the way in which men looked out of their eyes in the eighteenth century.

Soon after Caesar's campaign on the Rhine, the Ubii, a German people that had occupied the present ex-duchy of Nassau, were driven from their seats by the pressure from the East which was become irresistible,

and Agricola gave them permission to settle on the left bank of the Rhine. In their midst was planted a cōlony that took its name (Colonia Agrippina) from the mother of Nero. The Ubii were faithful to the Romans when Civilis raised the standard of revolt. I mention the Ubii to explain why the outer ring of thoroughfare that circumvents the city, now whisked through by electric trams, bears the name of the Ubian Ring.

On the death of Hermann II., Archbishop of Cologne, Anno, son of a count of Pfüllingen, was given the see by the Emperor Henry III. He was consecrated in March 1056.

Later on in the same year the Emperor died, leaving an infant son, Henry, to the care of his wife, Agnes. Conscious that she needed advice and assistance in the midst of the storms that threatened, she called to her aid Henry, Bishop of Augsburg, a proud and masterful man. She was a pious, cultivated woman, but deficient in the energy befitting her station. Under the two last Emperors, who had ruled with a firm hand, the turbulent spirits of the great nobles had been kept under control, and now they considered that the time had arrived for asserting themselves. One aim of the policy of Agnes was to keep the haughty archbishops in check by means of the lay princes, and she endeavoured to unite the dukes to the young king by binding them with favours. Anno of Cologne and Siegfried of Mainz, with Eckbert, Margrave of Meissen, and Otto, Count of Nordheim, determined if possible to wrest the government from the hands of Agnes. The two archbishops were jealous of the Bishop of Augsburg, a pious man, but proud, and indisposed to bribe them. They trumped up a vile report of criminal attachment between the Empress and the bishop, and agitated men's minds with suspicion, to

prepare them for the execution of the bold stroke which they contemplated.

Agnes was celebrating the feast of Pentecost at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. The conspirators were also there. After the banquet, when the young prince was in high spirits, the Archbishop of Cologne invited him to inspect the new and beautiful ship that had brought him down the river. The boy was easily persuaded to enter the ship, when, at a signal, the vessel was cut adrift, and the rowers bowed over their oars, the sail was spread, and the boat shot up the river. The young King, fearing an attempt on his life, sprang overboard, but was saved by Count Eckbert and brought back into the vessel. The confederates endeavoured to pacify him with flattery and assurances, and brought him safely to Cologne. In the meantime those on the island, seeing the archbishop's vessel breasting the stream, ran to the shore and shouted wrathfully against the confederates, bitterly inveighing against their treachery. The news spread like wild-fire, and the whole of Germany was in agitation. Many nobles demanded of Archbishop Anno that he should restore the King to his mother; the Bishops of Freisingen and Halberstadt loudly and indignantly complained; the people murmured, and Anno saw his former popularity changed into hatred. But he was not disposed to relinquish his hold of the goose that laid golden eggs, and he used his power to bribe those loudest in their complaints into acquiescence in his plans. He made the Bishop of Freisingen Archbishop of Magdeburg, and he gave the Archbishopric of Salzburg to the Bishop of Halberstadt. To the Bishop of Bamberg, who, after having been loaded with gifts by the Empress Agnes, had turned against her, he restored thirty-six estates of which he had been deprived by the Emperor

Henry III. He stopped the mouth of the Duke of Saxony with lands that belonged to the crown.

But the most disgraceful incident in the whole nefarious proceeding was the revengeful murder of the Bishop of Augsburg, whom Anno and the Archbishop of Mainz condemned on notoriously false charges to a terrible and revolting torture, under which he died. The broken-hearted Empress, bereft of her son, resigned the regency, and retired into a convent, 1064.

However, Anno soon found that King Henry hated both him and Siegfried of Mainz, and as he was constrained to make a journey into Italy, he resigned his self-imposed charge to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen; but not before he had made good use of his power to enrich and advance his relations and friends. In defiance of the right of election belonging to the chapters, he appointed his brother to the Archbishopric of Magdeburg, a nephew to the Bishopric of Hildesheim, and two intimates to the Bishoprics of Minden and Utrecht. In time the rapacity of the Archbishop of Bremen stirred up against him many enemies, and a conspiracy was formed against him by Anno of Cologne, who had returned from Rome, Siegfried of Mainz, and the Dukes of Suabia, Bavaria, and Lotharingia; and the young King was wrested from the control of Adalbert. The fall of this prelate reinstated Anno, who now appointed another nephew to the see of Trèves.

Anno next committed the grave mistake of forcing on the young prince a wife whom he detested. Bertha, daughter of an Italian margrave of Susa, a noble-spirited woman, lacked only beauty to supplant the mistresses of the young King. Anno insisted on the marriage, and Henry, so soon as the ceremony was over, deserted Bertha, and refused to live with her. Ever after, he entertained

a bitter resentment against Anno. We have seen something of the political conduct of Archbishop Anno; let us see how he treated his own subjects.

In 1074, Archbishop Anno celebrated Easter at Cologne, and Bishop Frederick of Münster was his guest. On the day of the bishop's departure, Anno sent his servants to the Rhine to prepare a vessel for the accommodation of the bishop. The servants took the ship of a rich merchant, and ordered the sailors to unlade it of all the wares. The sailors refused, and the merchant's son, a bold young man, much esteemed in Cologne for his excellent qualities, called his friends together and drove off the archbishop's servants and the town constable, who had been summoned to their assistance. The constable called out the mercenaries, and there would have been a bloody skirmish had not the archbishop threatened with his ban whoever broke the peace. Anno was far too haughty to bear with equanimity the refusal of the vessel to his servants. Next feast of S. George he ascended the pulpit and rebuked in most violent terms the audacity of the city in refusing him the vessel. The merchant's son, who was present during the sermon, was highly incensed. He hurried to his friends and stirred up the people. Many young men, apprentices and sons of merchants, joined him, and attacked the archbishop's palace, where, at the moment, Anno was banqueting with the Bishop of Münster and his friends. The mob broke the windows, penetrated into the courtyard, and threw stones into the hall. The servants of the archbishop were killed or driven back.

Whilst the Cologne mob was storming the palace, the servants of the bishops conveyed the two prelates by a secret passage into the cathedral, and locked and barricaded the doors. A moment after, the mob burst into

the palace, and sacked it from the attics to the cellars. Some stove in the barrels and let the rich wine flow away; others carried off all the costly goods they could lay hands on. Such an abundance of wine was let out, that the cellar was flooded, and several men were drowned in it.

When it was discovered that the archbishop had taken refuge in the cathedral, the people streamed towards it, surrounded it, and threatened to employ fire unless the obnoxious prelate were surrendered. But Anno took advantage of the darkness to disguise himself and fly from the cathedral and escape over the city walls. Then, when the townsmen found that he had escaped, they sent a deputation to King Henry IV. to entreat him to take possession of Cologne.

Anno, having reached his Castle of Siegburg, mustered an army, and marched against his capital. The citizens, alarmed at the power of the prelate, sent an embassy to him, asking pardon, and promising amendment. The archbishop answered that he would not withhold forgiveness. He sang a High Mass at S. Gereon's, which was then outside the city walls, and after it ordered as a preliminary that all those who had taken part in the insurrection should be put to penance. They accordingly appeared before him barefoot, in white sheets, and he had the greatest difficulty to restrain the peasants from falling upon them. He then commanded all to appear the next day in S. Peter's church, and hear his ultimate decision. The night he spent in prayer in S. Gereon's church.

The citizens of Cologne were not at ease, for clemency was not a distinguishing feature in his saintly character, and during the night six hundred of the wealthiest burghers fled for protection to the Emperor. In the

meantime the servants of Anno entered the city, and pillaged the houses and murdered the citizens who resisted them; but this was without Anno's knowledge; he was busy praying among the bones of the Theban martyrs, and knew nothing of what was taking place among his living subjects.

Anno's final judgment was that the young merchant and many of his companions should have their eyes plucked out, that many others should be publicly whipped, and that others again should be expelled the city. All who remained in the town were to take oath of allegiance to the archbishop.

Although the people of Cologne were certainly guilty of insurrection, yet unquestionably Anno was to blame in forcing them to it, and his savage reprisals led to most disastrous results. The city, which, like Mainz, had been one of the most populous and wealthy of the German cities, was suddenly reduced to desolation. The streets were empty, the houses fell into ruin, and the markets were deserted.

It is hardly credible, but it is a fact, that this Anno has been inserted in the Roman martyrology as a saint.

If these things were done in a green tree, what were done in the dry? If such a rapacious and cruel monster could be regarded as a saint, what by comparison with him must the other archbishops have been?

We will now deal with Conrad of Hochstaden, the founder of the present cathedral. But to understand his story, we must enter into some preliminary matter.

Frederick II. was King of Germany and Sicily. He had not yet been crowned by the Pope. Gregory IX. occupied the chair of S. Peter, a resolute man, determined to ruin Frederick, and unscrupulous as to the means he employed to reach his ends. He had proclaimed a

crusade, and Frederick had undertaken to lead it. But the host was decimated by the plague. Frederick himself fell ill on board ship, and was compelled to return, without having accomplished his undertaking. Gregory seized the occasion to excommunicate him. So soon as he had collected a fresh army of crusaders, Frederick again started. Now the Pope turned round and interdicted the expedition. Frederick was in a dilemma. He had vowed to go to Jerusalem; when incapacitated by illness from going, Gregory had excommunicated him for turning back; now that he was ready to go Gregory damned the expedition and forbade it. Disregarding the Papal commands, he went on, and achieved that which other Crusaders under Papal benediction had failed to effect. He recovered Jerusalem, and concluded a favourable treaty with the Sultan. He was crowned Emperor in Jerusalem, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On his return, Gregory was furious at his success, and in his wrath preached a holy war against the Emperor, proclaimed him dethroned, and released his subjects from their allegiance. No religious question lay at the bottom of this quarrel, whatever pretence Gregory might put forward. His sole though unavowed object was to destroy the Emperor, and release the Holy See from its position of danger, with the kingdom of Germany on one side, controlling Lombardy, and the kingdom of Sicily, comprising Southern Italy, on the other. 'Christendom had eagerly rushed into a crusade against the unbelievers,' says Milman; 'it had not ventured to disapprove a crusade against the heretics of Languedoc; but a crusade (for under this name Gregory IX. levied the war) against the Emperor, and that Emperor the restorer of the kingdom of Jerusalem, was encountered with sullen repugnance or frank opposition. The disapprobation of silent disobedience,

at best of sluggish and tardy sympathy, if not of rude disavowal and condemnation, could not escape the all-watchful ear of Rome.'[1]

To Gregory succeeded, after a brief space, Innocent IV., a man as determined and as unscrupulous as himself. At the Council of Lyons in 1245, Innocent pronounced sentence of deposition against Frederick. 'The sentence of God must precede our sentences: We declare Frederick excommunicated of God and deposed from the dignity of the Empire and from the Kingdom of Naples. We add our sentence to that of God.' The Council sat panic-struck, the Imperial ambassadors groaned. Innocent was hurling a firebrand into the midst of Germany, full, as he well knew, of combustible materials. 'No feigned penitence shall deceive us,' he continued; 'so that, when cast down from his Imperial and royal dignity, he shall by any chance be restored to his throne. This sentence is declared to be irrevocable. He is for ever condemned His viper progeny is included under the eternal and immutable proscription. Whosoever loves justice should rejoice that vengeance is pronounced, and wash his hands in the blood of the transgressors.' So wrote and spoke the Vicar of Christ.

Germany was at once divided into two parties, ready at the Pope's call to wash their hands in each other's blood. All who loved their country, all who hoped for peace, all who clung to the idea of empire rallied about Frederick. The greedy, the selfish, the ambitious, the unprincipled were on the side of the Pope.

Conrad of Hochstaden was Archbishop of Cologne. He was a fighting prelate, who had already warred with the Count of Berg and the Duke of Brabant. When Pope Innocent proclaimed a holy war against Frederick II.,

[1] *Latin Christianity*, 1867, vi. p. 143.

the town of Cologne, the Dukes of Brabant and Limburg, the Counts of Juliers and Berg and Hammerstein stood firm in their loyalty. So also did the Archbishop of Trèves for a while. But the Archbishop of Cologne took up arms against his sovereign. A battle was fought between the archbishop and the loyalists in the spring of 1242, and the Electorate was overrun; towns and villages were burned. In a second battle at Brühl he was taken prisoner, and only released on the payment of a large sum, and the undertaking to erect no fortresses against the adherents of the Empire.

In May 1246, Conrad was ordered by the Pope to set up a fresh Emperor. The man selected by Innocent was Henry Raspe, Landgrave of Thuringia, who had expelled his sister-in-law, the saintly Elizabeth, with her child, from Marburg, and had forced her to go from door to door begging her bread. Then, after having obtained the control of his nephew, he poisoned him so as to secure for himself the landgraviate. The Papal party had recourse to every kind of means to stir up disaffection. Poppo, provost of Münster, pretended that the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles had manifested themselves to him, and sent down ivory statuettes of themselves from heaven, to encourage those who were in rebellion; and he succeeded in overawing Otto of Bavaria, and inducing him to fall away from his allegiance. Innocent had required the electors to choose Henry Raspe unanimously. He employed more powerful arguments. The vast wealth which he still drew, more especially from England, was devoted to this end. The sum is variously stated at 25,000 and 50,000 marks, which was disbursed in bribes to the electors. On Ascension Day, 1246, the Archbishops of Cologne, Trèves, who had deserted, Mainz and Bremen, the Bishops of Metz, Speyer, and Strass-

burg anointed Henry Raspe to be king of Germany at Hochem, near Würzburg. The people shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and nicknamed Henry 'der Pfaffen-König'—the Parsons' King. Conrad, son of Frederick, was defeated in a battle near Frankfort. But the cities, Cologne included, stood firm in their loyalty. They defied, in some cases expelled, their bishops. Henry found that he could make no real headway, and after being worsted near Ulm he fled to his castle of Wartburg, and died of vexation, February 17, 1247.

Frederick was still in the ascendant. Undismayed at the failure of his favourite, the murderer Henry, the indefatigable Innocent sought throughout Europe for a candidate for the throne he had declared to be vacant. He even summoned Hacon, King of Norway, to assume the title of Emperor and King of Germany. At last William of Holland, a youth of twenty years, listened to the tempting offer. But Aachen refused to admit him within its walls. It stood a siege of some length, but was finally starved into submission.

Then Conrad, Archbishop of Cologne, crowned the young prince in the minster. In that same year, 1248, on August 15, Archbishop Conrad laid the foundations of the present cathedral. The plan had been shown to Innocent. He is said to have approved of it. But actually he cared nothing about art and church-building; his aim in life was to pull down and destroy. The old Romanesque cathedral was retained for service, and the new choir was built to the east of it. As the work progressed, the earlier building was cast down bit by bit.

Soon after the foundation-stone laying, the archbishop had to lay siege to Cologne itself. The town claimed to be a free Imperial city with self-government; but in 1249 Conrad announced to the magistracy that all their rights

were abolished, and that he was resolved to constitute himself their temporal, as well as spiritual, sovereign. The citizens rose. They were supported by Juliers, Berg, and Lotharingia. The archbishop collected an army and a fleet, and attacked Cologne. He planted huge catapults in Deutz, which hurled stones into the town. He sent fire-ships among the merchant vessels drawn up at the quay. At length, baffled, he was forced to come to terms with the city. Ten years later he was again in conflict with the burgesses, and a bloody battle was fought at Frechen, in which neither side could claim the victory.

In 1256, William of Holland was killed by the Frisians, whom he was endeavouring to deprive of their political rights; and again there was a vacancy of the throne of Germany.

In 1257 Conrad of Cologne went to London to offer the crown to Richard of Cornwall, the second son of King John. He induced him on this occasion to contribute 12,000 marks of silver to be spent on the building of the Cathedral at Cologne. Richard accepted the offer, and was crowned by the Archbishop at Aachen on May 17. Richard went on to Cologne, where he tarried over Pentecost, but in the following year he returned to England, and never again revisited Germany.

In 1261 died Conrad of Hochstaden. The founding of Cologne Cathedral is the only good act recorded of him. No man in Germany did more than he to bring the Imperial name into dishonour, and to rend the kingdom of Germany to pieces. It never really recovered, for the transfer of the centre of empire to Austria resulted in finally weakening it to death. But good ever springs out of evil, though it takes a long time germinating and developing. The wrong done by the Papacy when it

contrived to get the imperial crown placed on the head of a Hapsburg, 1273, was redressed in 1871 at Versailles, when the crown was accorded to William I. of Prussia.

The building of Cologne Cathedral was pushed on with vigour and zeal in spite of the discord that prevailed; but it was not till September 25, 1322, that the Archbishop, Henry of Virneburg, consecrated the choir. In 1447 the southern tower was raised to a sufficient height for the bells to be hung in it. Then efforts were relaxed, and the building remained stationary till the work was resumed by King Frederick William IV. of Prussia in 1842, and the last stone on the south tower was laid in position in August 1880.

Wonderful does it seem that this beautiful cathedral, its choir the most beautiful in Germany, perhaps in the world, should have been erected to the glory of the God of peace, begun and continued in the midst of strife and bitterness, and by men estranged from the first principles of the Gospel.

May it not be taken as a parable?

Let any visitor to Cologne go to the Dom for the Volksmesse at 11 A.M. He will find it crowded from end to end, mainly with men—for the women have been to church at an earlier hour—singing the praises of God in the German tongue, devout and hushed at the Consecration, and every church in the city is just as full. Does not this show that, notwithstanding the passions of men, the wickedness of rulers, the quiet building up of the Church of God and of the Christian faith goes steadily on, unrecorded but continuous?

The Cathedral of Cologne is French in its architecture. The Middle Pointed, Geometric style was no discovery of German artists. Look at S. Cunibert, finished in 1248,

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

the year in which the cathedral was founded on the lines that have been faithfully pursued since. This will convince any one that there was no movement in Germany in the direction taken by architecture elsewhere, in France, and in England. A feeble-hearted groping after tracery may be noticed at S. Gereon's, where two pointed lights have a clumsy trefoil inserted above. The cradle of Gothic architecture as contrasted with Romanesque was the Isle of France. Thence it radiated into England, but was slow in entering Germany, where the solid, stately Romanesque-Lombardic style held its ground for long after it had been superseded elsewhere. Of the First Pointed, such as we see in Coutances and in Salisbury, there is none on the Rhine. The architects built on in their traditional style, and then, all at once, abandoned it for the new Gothic.

An admirable example of Romanesque which derived its inspiration from Lombardy is the Apostles' Church in Cologne. S. Gereon, the octagon of which was finished thirty-five years before the cathedral was designed, shows a faltering in the hand of the architect, and consciousness in his mind that the style in which he was building was doomed.

A curious feature in the Rhenish churches is the gallery in the aisles, vaulted over above, and vaulted beneath, necessitating a double range of windows. This may be seen at S. Columba's, S. Ursula's, at the Liebfrauenkirche, Coblenz, at Andernach, Linz, and Sinzig.

S. Maria in Capitol deserves a visit. 'Externally in the same style with the Church of the Apostles; internally, resembling a Greek Church still more, and, in fact, a counterpart of one existing among the ruins of Seleucia, since round its semicircular absides and east end run internally semicircular rows of columns supporting round

arches.' So wrote Mr. Hope in his *Historical Essay on Architecture.*

The Frank Kings had a palace hard by, to which, in 696, Plectrudis, the wife of Pepin of Herstal, retired, when the amorous king's heart was won by Alpais, who became the mother of Charles Martel. She built a church and nunnery here in 700, and an early but not contemporary effigy of her may be seen in the crypt. This crypt is very rude, with its quadrangular piers studded with wart-like excrescences.

A feature to be observed in this church is the superb black and white marble renaissance rood-screen now removed to the west end.

In S. Maria also is a Madonna with Child, concerning which a story is told of the early days of Hermann Joseph. As a child he was praying in this church, and in his little heart he longed to make an offering to the Holy Child. But all he had with him of his own was an apple, so he put that into the hand of the Child Jesus. An addition has been made to the story, that the hand closed upon the apple. Hermann Joseph became later a Premonstratensian monk, and unhappily an arch-liar. Of his 'visions' concerning the Eleven Thousand Virgins I shall have something to say presently.

The Church of S. Ursula stands outside the walls of the Roman Colonia Agrippina, on the site of the cemetery of the Romano-Ubian inhabitants. Many interesting tombs have been found there. One was a *columbarium*, in the niches of which were the urns containing the ashes of the dead members of the family. Apparently one of them had been a Christian, and although the relatives cremated the body, yet to mark the creed of the defunct, beside the urn was placed a glass vessel with gold enamelled groups on it representing

Scriptural subjects. This vessel is now in the British Museum. Many of the tombs with their contents are in the Cologne Municipal Museum.

In this church, on the right side of the chancel, is a slab bearing an inscription that states in obscure florid Latin: 'By divine flaming visions often warned, and through the great majesty of the martyr-sites of the heavenly Virgins, who urged him with threats, coming from the East, Clematius, according to oath—he a man of consular rank—out of his own means, on his own estate, rebuilt this basilica from the ground, in consequence of a vow. Should any one lay the body of any one here, other than the Virgins, on account of the great majesty of the basilica, let him know that he will be punished with eternal fires.'

Out of this inscription the earliest form of the fable of the Eleven Thousand Virgins has been evolved—a very small egg for such a brood.

This stone was set up after the first destruction of Cologne in 355, and before its final destruction by the Franks in 406.

Two facts emerge from this turgid piece of Latinity. 1. That there had been Virgin-Martyrs honoured at Cologne, who suffered, we may suppose, in the persecution of Diocletian. 2. That they had a church over their remains, which had fallen into ruin and was rebuilt between 355 and 406.

Now this Clematius is perhaps the man so called, the friend of Libanius, the rhetorician, who left Antioch in the winter of 355-6, and conveyed a letter to Barbutio in command on the Rhine at the time.

Wealthy Romans had estates scattered over the Empire, and it is conceivable that Clematius who came to the Rhine in 356 did so in order that he might visit

his landed property there. It is, therefore, possible enough that the Clematius 'coming from the East' is this identical Clematius from Antioch.

No names of the Virgin Martyrs are given, nor is their number specified.

A legend gradually shaped itself about these martyrs. The earliest form appeared in a sermon written before 834. In that the preacher candidly admits that there existed no written records relative to these saints, that nothing was known of their history previous to their arrival at Cologne, that all told about them was vague and doubtful, and that a great deal of it was mere conjecture. He adds that the names of hardly any of them were known, save that of Pinnosa, the leader of the band. Then he says that, according to one account, they arrived attended by men and women, married and widows, from Britain, driven thence by the persecution of Diocletian. But the story could not rest there. As time went on, two contradictory legends circulated, one given by Geoffrey of Monmouth in 1147, according to which eleven thousand damsels went husband-hunting and sailed to Brittany, but were driven by contrary winds to the Batavian coast, where they were martyred about the year 386. About the same time that Geoffrey wrote appeared a Cologne version of the story, according to which the Virgins under Ursula came up the Rhine in pilgrimage to Rome; and on their way back were massacred by Attila and his Huns returning from their defeat on the Catalaunian Plain, in 451.

The Roman martyrology formerly adopted Geoffrey of Monmouth's story, but at its last revision took the Cologne legend. But one is as fabulous as the other. Three dates are given for the martyrdom: under Diocletian, A.D. 303; under Maximus, 383; by the Huns,

451. As to the Huns, they never came to Cologne at all.

The name of Ursula does not occur before the end of the ninth century.

The sole reliable authority for the Martyr Virgins at Cologne is the stone of Clematius.

As it was the custom with Christians to be buried round the tombs of martyrs, a great many were laid to rest round the basilica of Clematius. In 1105 the walls of Cologne were extended and carried over the old burial ground. It was at once assumed that all the bodies dug up belonged to the martyrs who suffered with S. Ursula; and Hermann Joseph pretended to have visions by means of which he was able to give a very precise and personal account of every one of those exhumed, with their names, their social position, etc.

Hundreds of relics were distributed through Christendom, and hundreds more remain at S. Ursula, and more are ranged about the north transept of the Dom. But these bones pertain to the early Christian inhabitants of Cologne before its destruction by the Franks in 406.

But *the* relics for which Cologne was long most notable, and of which she was proud as the possessor, were the three skulls of the Wise Men of the East, brought from Milan by Archbishop Rainald in 1164, after Frederick II. had destroyed Milan and sown it with salt. These relics had been brought to Milan from Constantinople; but from whence they had come to Byzantium cannot be told. As nobody knows what was the country in the East whence the Wise Men travelled, nor whither they went after having offered their gifts, nor where they died, the only certain thing about these skulls is that they never sat on the shoulders of the Wise Men. Probably no sensible man in Cologne now believes in their genuineness.

Conrad of Hochstaden, who had founded the cathedral, was succeeded in 1261 by his nephew, Engelbert of Falkenberg. Under him the townspeople revolted, got him made prisoner, and he was held in durance for three years and a half, and not let go till he had sworn to recognise the liberties of the city. But he at once got the Pope to release him of his vow, and was as troublesome as before. It became clear that he was a man who could be bound by no oath. He was the last archbishop to live in Cologne. All the rest down to the final occupant of the Electoral seat, Max Francis, who died of over-eating himself in 1801, made Bonn their residence.

Outside the Rathhaus may be seen some quaint carvings representing a man fighting with a lion. The story explanatory of this concerns Engelbert of Falkenberg. Von Gryn was burgomaster of Cologne, and he took a very decided line against the archbishop. Engelbert had a lion in a cage. He was determined to chastise the obstructive magistrate. So he sent two of the canons to invite him to a banquet of reconciliation. Von Gryn was not a little surprised at the courtesy, but accepted against the advice of his friends. The feast passed off harmoniously, and when concluded the archbishop volunteered to show his guest the treasures and curiosities contained in the palace. After perambulating several apartments, the prelate opened a door, thrust Von Gryn through it, and barred it on him. The burgomaster found that he had been put into the den of a lion. When the beast made a spring at him, he pierced it to the heart with his sword. Meanwhile his friends, apprehensive for his safety, had communicated their fears to the town. The alarm bell pealed, the citizens poured out, and invaded the palace, clamouring for their burgomaster. Having caught one

of the canons, they made him tremblingly confess the treachery, and then conduct them to the lion's den where they found Von Gryn unhurt. Two canons were hung, the archbishop fled, and lodged an appeal with the Emperor, but so also did the citizens. The Kaiser laughed, and did nothing. The archbishop raised an army to attack Cologne, but was again taken prisoner.

The story is probably untrue. But it shows what the feeling was in Cologne towards its archiepiscopal rulers. Engelbert was not the man to scruple at any crime to rid himself of an enemy. Just so much is certain.

The chapter in Cologne formerly consisted of twenty-four canons and twenty prebendaries. No man could become a canon on the foundation unless he were able to prove his gentility by showing eight noble ancestors on each side; a mere baron was ineligible; the candidate must have a seat in the Imperial Diet; and show that not a drop of common blood flowed in his veins. Of such, according to German ideas at the time, is the Kingdom of Heaven—at all events that Kingdom of Heaven which is on earth with its emoluments.

Among the canons were many pluralists. When the whole constitution was blown to bits, eight were at the same time sucking revenues from Strassburg as canons and prebendaries; one was also canon of Constance and dean of Salzburg, one was as well dean of Mainz and canon of Trèves; one was coadjutor-bishop of Breslau, and one was at the same time archbishop of Prague.

In 1803 when Napoleon rearranged the map of Europe, the Electorate of Cologne was parcelled up among five masters. France secured the left bank of the Rhine, with Bonn and Cologne; other portions fell to Darmstadt, Arenberg, Nassau and Wied.

But by the Congress of Vienna, all that portion which

had been taken by France, and that which had been given to Darmstadt and Arenberg went to Prussia. Bonn ceased to be the residence of the archbishop, who was given a modest palace near the cathedral in Cologne, and so an archbishop returned to his cathedral city, out of which the chief pastor had been kept for four hundred and twenty years.

CHAPTER VII

BONN

Different Tendencies of Bonn and Cologne—Roman Bonn—Bonn the Residence of the Archbishops—Lay Archbishops—Gebhard Truchsess—His Marriage—Becomes Calvinist—War in the Electorate—Ernest of Bavaria—Max Henry of Bavaria—First of April—Clemens Augustus—Dances out of Life—Max Frederick—Lady Mary Coke's Visit—Paternal Government—Sieges of Bonn—Coehorn—The Dom—Poppelsdorf—The Miraculous Tree—The Sacred Stairs—Siegburg—Burning of Witches—Buirmann.

ONE might have supposed that the proximity on the Rhine of two such considerable towns as Cologne and Bonn, and on the same side of the river, would have been mutually disadvantageous, that one would have sucked the marrow out of the bones of its neighbour. But such has not been the case, owing to the difference in their character and their activities. A marriage is not ill-assorted where one partner supplements the deficiencies of the other. Cologne is practical, Bonn theoretical. The energies of the former are directed towards material progress, those of the latter to intellectual development. Bonn has the beautiful scenery of the Seven Mountains at its doorstep. Cologne has not a mole-hill within a day's march. Cologne was strangled by its Electors; Bonn throve on their favours. Bonn flourished on the Electoral court which Cologne expelled from its gates.

Bonn was founded about A.D. 40, and became the great camp where were stationed the legions, when Cologne was made an industrial colony. The situation

of the old walled camp may still be traced. It lay facing the river, in the northern quarter of the town, and the position of its four gates is marked by imitations of Roman tombs. The mediæval town of Bonn occupies the site of the cemetery of the military, and great quantities of relics have been unearthed there, in laying the foundations of the houses. Further south, higher up the stream, were the villas of the well-to-do Romans, as has been proved by finds.

In 775, when Charles the Great started on his campaign against the Saxons, he crossed the Rhine at Bonn. The place did not rise to importance after the Roman occupation, till Cologne had ejected Conrad of Hochstaden, when he made Bonn his residence, and erected there a castle. In 1243 he conferred privileges on the town, out of spite against Cologne, from which he had attempted to withdraw those it had enjoyed. He surrounded Bonn with walls and towers, the material for which was taken from the Roman fortifications.

Bonn enjoyed a comparatively prosperous and untroubled career till the Reformation, when its sorrows began. Count Salentin of Isenburg was archbishop-elector from 1567 to 1577. With him began a very incongruous condition of affairs. Although Archbishop of Cologne, and simultaneously Bishop of Paderborn, he was never consecrated. Falling in love with the Countess Antonia of Aremberg, he resigned his ecclesiastical preferments, and married her. He was succeeded by the notorious Gebhard Truchsess of Waldburg. Before he could be invested, he was required to sign his adhesion to the creed of the Catholic Church, and to a capitulation, whereby he undertook that, should any cleric holding preferment abandon the Catholic religion for Calvinism, Zwinglianism, or Lutheranism, he should

be declared *ipso facto* deposed from his benefice. But hardly had he taken this oath by word of mouth and sign manual, than he showed his intention to violate his oath, and revolutionise the Church in his archdiocese in a Calvinistic direction. He invited into his diocese, and in every way encouraged, preachers to perambulate the country and turn away the people from the ancient faith. One day when walking in a procession through the streets of Bonn, held to commemorate a peace declared between the King of Spain and the Netherlands, he saw at a window the beautiful Agnes of Mansfeld, daughter of the count of that name, a canoness of Geresheim. He fell in love with her, carried her off to the castle, and made her his concubine. This was in 1579.

Gebhard had but just been ordained priest and had renewed his protestations of adhesion to the Catholic faith. He never received episcopal ordination, for he never applied for it. He had been a pluralist for years. At the age of fifteen he had been invested with a canonry at Augsburg; in addition to this, when twenty years old, he enjoyed the revenues of a canonry of Strassburg, then of one at Cologne. He was next created Dean of Strassburg and Provost of Augsburg, and finally Archbishop of Cologne—all without having received even priestly orders.

His conduct with regard to Agnes of Mansfeld created great scandal. Her brothers interfered, and forced him to betroth himself to her in the hall of the Chancery at Bonn; afterwards he was married to her, by a Calvinist preacher, in 1583, in the Rose-garden at Bonn. Then he openly declared himself a Calvinist.

A certain number of the nobility and knighthood of the archdiocese was in favour of a change of religion, thinking to get slices out of the cake of Church property,

by the sequestration of religious houses; but the towns energetically resisted. The Estates of the Electorate were called together, and declared Gebhard deposed. He had broken the vows taken when appointed, and Ernest, Duke of Bavaria, was invited to accept the electoral hat.

Instead of himself defending his cause, Gebhard called in the aid of his brother, Carl Truchsess; and after collecting all the treasure in money, gold and silver ecclesiastical vessels he could lay his hands on, he ran away, taking Agnes with him, first to John of Nassau, and then into Westphalia. Carl Truchsess got possession of Bonn at the head of a body of soldiers, and black-mailed the town. 'The *Brandschätzung*,' says Motley, 'had no name in English, but it was the well-known impost levied by every commander. A hamlet, cluster of farm houses, country district, or wealthy city, in order to escape being burned and ravaged, as the penalty of having fallen into a conqueror's hands, paid a heavy sum of ready money on the nail at command of the conqueror. The free companions of the sixteenth century drove a lucrative business in this particular branch of industry; and when to this was added the more direct profits derived from actual plunder, sack and ransoming, it was natural that a large fortune was often the result of the thrifty and persevering commander of free companies.'[1]

There is something to be said for the Truchsess Gebhard. His scheme was to transform the hermaphrodite archbishopric-electorate into a secular state under himself, to be transmitted as a hereditary principality to his issue, should he have any, by Agnes. The union of secular sovereignty with ecclesiastical jurisdiction had been monstrous, had worked for evil and not for good, and should be done away with. He had before him the

[1] Motley: *United Netherlands*, ii. p. 5.

GODESBERG

example of Albert of Brandenburg, who, as Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, had ruled East Prussia, which it had Christianised. Albert had been elected grand master in 1511; and Luther himself had suggested to him the plan of using his position there to Protestantise the country and annex it permanently to his hereditary possessions, and this was effected in 1525.

But what made the conduct of Gebhard indefensible was the fact that by so doing he was violating his solemn oaths, on the strength of which the Estates of the Electorate had elevated him to the position that he occupied.

Now that he had openly revealed his purpose, the entire Electorate became a prey to the adherents of the two parties. 'The love of Truchsess for Agnes Mansfeld had created disaster, not only to himself but for Germany. The whole electorate of Cologne had become the seat of partisan warfare, and the resort of organised bands of brigands. Villages were burned and rifled, highways infested, cities threatened, and the whole country subjected to perpetual blackmail, by the supporters of the rival bishops.

'Two pauper archbishops, without men or means of their own, were pushed forward and back, like puppets, by the contending highwaymen on either side; while robbery and murder, under the name of Protestantism or Catholicism, were for a time the only motive or result of the contest.'[1]

Archbishop Ernest secured Godesberg and Poppelsdorf. The town of Bonn, which despised Gebhard, had no desire to be compulsorily Protestantised; at last, unable longer to endure the exactions and violence of the mercenaries, the citizens rose against them, captured

[1] Motley: *United Netherlands*, i. p. 32.

the Truchsess Carl, and delivered him up to the new Elector. But the war went on. The terrible Calvinist freebooter, Martin Schenk, at the head of his Dutch ruffians, ravaged the Electorate. Ernest appealed for help against him to the Duke of Parma at Brussels. Gebhard on his side endeavoured to obtain assistance from the Prince of Orange at Delft, and sent Agnes to England to persuade Queen Elizabeth to assist him with money. But Agnes was a coquette; and becoming involved in an intrigue with the Earl of Essex, the Queen sent her back again to Holland without a penny. The war raged from 1583 to 1589.

At length Gebhard:—

> . . . Of means bereft,
> He left not faction, but of that was left,

finding his case hopeless, returned to his deanery in Strassburg with the fair Agnes, and there died of gout in 1601.

His successor, Ernest of Bavaria, followed the example of his two predecessors in being a great pluralist, and in being archbishop without receiving Holy Orders. At twelve years old he had been created Bishop of Freising; at eighteen, in addition, administrator of the diocese of Hildesheim, then also Bishop of Liége and canon of Cologne. He declined to be consecrated. 'Not I,' said he; 'I intend to enjoy life.'

So he ate the revenues of his many Church preferments, and deputed to others properly ordained the performance of his ecclesiastical functions.

The position was that on a vast scale of an English lay-rector. He held the see for twenty-seven years, and died unconsecrated.

He was succeeded by his nephew, Ferdinand of

Bavaria, who followed the same course. He held simultaneously five bishoprics; and died after holding the archdiocese of Cologne for thirty-eight years, without having been consecrated.

Next to him came Max Henry of Bavaria, who held four bishoprics simultaneously. After him followed, in 1688, Joseph Clemens of Bavaria, elected archbishop, by dispensation of the Pope, when he was seventeen years old, and he was not consecrated till seventeen years later. He was an ugly little man, pigeon-breasted and hunch-backed. He favoured France against Germany; and in the Spanish War of Succession received a French garrison into Bonn. After the battle of Blenheim, 1704, he and the Bavarian Elector fell under the ban of the Empire and he had to take refuge in France.

Like so many other members of the house of Wittelsbach, he was either excessively frivolous or a little demented. The Duc de Saint-Simon tells a story of him in his *Memoirs*. Whilst the elector archbishop was at Valenciennes in exile, he announced his intention of preaching on the following first day of April. Crowds went to the church to hear him. He mounted the pulpit, and after making the sign of the cross, shouted out—'First of April!' whereupon the trumpets brayed, and he descended from the pulpit without another word. *Voilà des plaisanteries allemandes et de prince*, is the duke's comment thereon.

To him may well be applied Dryden's description of Zimri (the Duke of Buckingham):—

> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
> But, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon:
> Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.

Clemens Augustus, the next Bavarian Archbishop of Cologne (1723-1761), also led a luxurious and disorderly life, and squandered vast sums in building. He erected a splendid hunting-lodge, Herzogsfreude—the roof of copper, and the interior lavishly adorned. This Elector maintained a hundred and fifty chamberlains, a court fool, a court dwarf, and handsome Italian singers. He was complained of to Rome on account of two of these, and had to go to the Papal court to explain matters. A portrait of one of these ladies hangs in the palace at Brühl. He was a dancer, and literally danced himself out of this world. In February 1761, he undertook a journey to Munich to be present at the accouchement of the Electress of Saxony, who was at Wittelsbach. He was not well when he started. He arrived at Ehrenbreitstein on February 5, and was received by the Elector of Trèves. The *Rheinische Antiquarius* relates what follows: 'They sat down to table at five o'clock. The illustrious guest complained that being unwell he was not able to eat anything. Accordingly, the guests rose early from table. The Elector, however, seemed to recover when the electoral band began to play; and he kept time to a minuet with his feet, as he had been a great lover of a dignified dance. The Baroness Walderdorf, sister of the Elector of Trèves, went up to him and invited his Grace to dance with her, and he took eight or nine turns with the lady, and afterwards with several other ladies that were presented to him. But the Elector was so exhausted after this that he was constrained to retire to his room, and to bed, where he spent a troubled

night. On February 6 he was bled. Those in attendance saw that he was in danger; the Trèves electoral court physician warned him of his condition, and he received the tidings with great composure. He asked to be given the last Sacraments. Shortly after he broke a blood-vessel and fell asleep, and died at five P.M., at the age of sixty years and a half.'

The last Elector but one was Max Frederick of Königseck (1761-1784). Henry Swinburne, in his *Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*, speaks of him. Swinburne visited the court at Bonn in 1780, and described the Elector as a little, dark man, friendly and readily accessible, having spent all his life in female society, and knowing women, as it was said, better than his breviary. The archbishop spent every evening at balls or assemblies or in playing cards.

Lady Mary Coke also visited him, and gives her views of his court. I shall condense her account:—

1767, August 4th.—'I got Up at seven, as they breakfasted at nine, and Mr. Cressener had told me we must set out at ten as the Palace of Bruhl was four leagues from Bonne, and the Elector Usually din'd at one O'clock. During the journey Mr. Cressener gave me a history of the Court. The Elector, he said, was very little of the Ecclesiastick, but a very fine Gentleman, and a Man of parts; that during his stay at Bruhl there were several Ladys always with him, besides those that came to dine there; that the four I shou'd find there he wou'd tell me some thing of before I saw them. Countess Walbrug[1] was the Elector's Niece, a Channoiness of the Chapitre of Cologn, handsome in her person, and very free in her manner. The Countess Fugger had been mistress to the Elector, and a Lady that he had been

[1] Waldburg.

greatly obliged to, as it was thought that her interest had been very instrumental in making him Elector, that she was neither handsome or otherwise, but very clever and agreeable, with no scruples that embarrassed her. Mr. Cressener added that she had once told him she cou'd never believe that we shou'd be punished for an affair of Gallantry; that, for her part, she was persuaded God Almighty was too much of a Gentleman to punish a little Love. This idea will give you some notion of the Character of the Lady. The third he mention'd was a Countess Salm,[1] Niece to the Elector, and yet suspected to have been his Mistress before her Marriage. He did not seem to say there was anything agreeable in this Lady, either in person or manner, and the idea of her having been her Uncle's Mistress prejudiced me much against her. The fourth was a Countess Tours and Taxis, Niece likewise to the Elector, and married about five months.[2] I had mett her two years ago at Brusselles, and thought her one of the prettiest Women I had ever seen. Since her marriage she is come to her Uncle. We arrived a little before twelve O'clock. The Palace has a Park as well as a garden, and the entrance through a large fine Wood; there is likewise a great command of water, but, according to the wretched taste in these Countrys, cut into canals which go quite round the Park and Garden. The Magnificence of the Staircase surprised me. I saw it when I came into the Hall, but the Elector being in an Apartment below stairs, we was conducted there. He is in his Person a tall, genteel Man, and in his manner extremely polite. He had on a dark blue coat with gold buttons, a silk westcoat of the same colour, imbroider'd with gold, and boots, which

[1] Frau von Hatzfeld, a grandniece, was also one of his mistresses.

[2] Turn u. Taxis, a grandniece.

I was told he always wore in the Country, and all his great Officers does the same, and as blue and gold is the Uniform that everybody wears when they are with him in the Country, they were all dress'd alike. He led me to a Chair, and set down by me. Countesse Walbrug came into the room soon after; the Elector presented her to me, telling me She was his Niece. I thought her rather handsome, but not agreeable. He next presented to me the pretty Countess Tours and Taxis. The rest the Elector did not present to me. Numbers of people came in, and among the rest a Princess whos name I cannot spell, rather advanced in Years: her Son was with her, and one of the handsomest Men I ever saw. I observed the Countess Walbrug was of that opinion. But I must not forget to tell you that the apartment I first came into was furnish'd with the finest Chintz I ever saw, and the rooms very highly finished; the door open'd into the Garden, where there were Jet d'eaus which play'd constantly. There was a bird in a very fine cage that sang delightfully, and whistled two tunes. The Elector ask'd me if I shou'd like to see some of the Apartments above; a proposition I accepted with pleasure. The staircase I have already mention'd as one of the finest I have ever seen; the rooms it leads to are as noble. The hall we din'd in I shou'd suppose to be about sixty foot long and very near a square; a Gallery round at the top finished very highly. From that Hall we went into several rooms, all furnish'd with french and Brusselles Tapestry. The ceilings of two or three of those rooms are beyond any of those the King of Prance has at Versailles: they told me they had cost the late Elector forty thousand florins each. The Chairs, etc., were all in the french taste, but extremely carved and gilt, with numbers of commodes, fine Clocks, etc.

The private apartments were in the same style of magnificence, only that the hangings of the rooms were only damask, but the finishing and gilding was the same. Soon after I return'd the dinner was served, and I sat on one side of the Elector, and the Princess on the other; we were eight and thirty at table; Musick play'd in the next room. The Count of Tours and Taxis is as handsome as his wife. He sat by her at dinner, and they left Us soon after it was over to go and fish. The Elector ask'd what game at cards I chose. I had inquired before what was most agreeable to him, and was told he play'd at quinze and brelang. I chose the latter, as it runs less deep than quinze. The Party was the Elector, the Pope's Nuncio, Madame La Marquise de Trolta, Mr. Cressener, and myself. We play'd two hours, and I lost three Louis d'ors. The Elector then said he believed it was cool enough to go out, and with great politeness gave me his Arm to lean on. We walk'd till we came to the Water, where a fine Barge waited, which he handed me into, and placed himself by me. It held about twelve, and convey'd us to a part of the Park where there is the finest Chinnesse Building I ever saw. Here we landed and ascended a fine staircase, which brought you to a Hall, scarlet and gold carved all over, and gilt in the greatest perfection; Chairs, tables, glasses, etc., all in the same taste and magnificently fine. There was a room on each side of this Hall, full as fine; those rooms led you to a Gallery, at the end of which there was a compleat apartment—drawing-room, Bed Chamber, dressing room, closet, and back stairs, all furnish'd with indian silk. The finishing and gilding of these two apartments, as fine as the first three rooms I mention'd. The bed in one of the rooms was decker [Dacca] work. All the rooms were full of ornaments of China,

etc., which I have not time to describe. There is a garden belonging to this Maison Chinoise and situated in a Wood. When I had stay'd as long as I chose, the Elector led me to a walk, where there was a very fine Vorst waiting, drawn by six spotted Horses. There were three others for the rest of the Company, but in the fine one there was two seats raised above the rest; here he had the politeness to place me and one of the other Ladys, and sat himself at our feet with his Master of the Horse, the Count of Salm, and two or three more of his great Officers. This Equipage carried Us to another of his Palaces at about two English miles from Bruhl, called Falckenlust, where the late Elector used to amuse himself with Hawking: 'tis much smaller than the others, but full as elegantly fitted up. The Elector then proposed to me to walk to a Chapel built in the Wood, which he said he hoped I shou'd think worth the seeing, and indeed it was so. The Whole inside is finished with shells, but 'tis not possible for me to convey to you the fineness of the Workmanship. There are birds, the feathers of which are so natural you wou'd take them to be living; the floor was different mosaicks of different colour'd pebbles, fine beyond description. The ceiling, the Elector told me, was the finest part of all; but it was grown so dark I cou'd not distinguish the beauties of it. We then return'd to the Palace, when, after making my Compliments to the Elector for his very great politeness and goodness, I took my leave, and return'd with Mr. Cressener to Bonne, intending to set out the next day after dinner, as I had still the Palace in the Town and another in the Country to see.'[1]

Max Frederick, like his predecessors, was a pluralist,

[1] *The Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, ii. pp. 76, 80, Edin., 1889 (privately printed).

for he held simultaneously with Cologne the bishopric of Münster.

Max Frederick founded the University of Bonn. His rule was paternal in this, that he legislated for the supposed welfare of his subjects on very small matters. Believing that coffee was prejudicial to health, he issued orders that the sale of the berry was prohibited in his dominions, and that coffee-cups and saucers and pots were to be put out of the way, or used as ornaments in cabinets only. Another of his injunctions was that none were to wear black except at funerals. Also, every subject was required twice in the year to deliver over to his officers a certain number of sparrows' heads. His predecessor, Clemens Augustus, had ruled in much the same manner. In 1747 he promulgated a law that all cats' ears should be cropped close to their heads, to prevent them from poaching, for, said the Elector, every one knows that cats detest having dew get into their ears, and to avoid this will desist from scrambling in the fields after game.

If Bonn had been fairly free from alarms and skirmishes during the Middle Ages, it made up for lost ground afterwards.

The siege by Ernest of Bavaria has been already noticed. That was from December 21, 1583 to January 28, 1584. In December 1587, the town was besieged by the terrible Martin Schenk and his Calvinists. He took it, and it was recovered only after bombardment in September 1588, by the imperial and Spanish troops. During the Thirty Years' War, Bonn held out against the Swedish general Baudessin, who laid waste with fire and sword all the country about. It stood three sieges a century later when the Elector had entered into league with Louis XIV. In 1688, fresh misfortunes befell the town, when Egon of

Fürstenberg had garrisoned the place with French troops. The united German forces invested it on July 24, 1689, and it was bombarded from a hundred and ninety cannon and almost destroyed. It held out till October 15, and then capitulated. All but twenty of the houses were in ruins. Again, in 1700, when the Elector Joseph Clemens allied himself with France, for a third time Bonn was garrisoned with French troops. Coehorn, the Dutch general, along with the imperial soldiery laid siege to Bonn, and bombarded it so furiously that not only the walls but the recently rebuilt houses were wrecked. It was said or sung :—

> Jericho's walls at the rams' horn blast
> Tottered and fell, into ruin cast.
> Nor houses nor wall might in Bonn be found
> When Coehorn had toppled it to the ground.
> Whether the rams' horn or cow horn call,
> The devil confound them and take them all.

The stately Dom was erected at different periods. Begun in the eleventh century, it was carried on through the twelfth and thirteenth, but maintains the general Rhenish-Lombardic type. It has a western as well as an eastern apse, but the former has lost its character externally by being transformed into a porch. A groundless legend attributes the foundation to Helena, mother of Constantine ; accordingly a bronze figure of her in a theatrical attitude occupies the west end. The modern mural paintings in the aisles are excellent. Many Roman tiles have been worked into the arcades of the cloisters along with blocks of tufa.

Beethoven's house is certain to be visited by the lover of music. His family derived from a Dutchman who came with Coehorn, fell in love with a Bonn girl, married

and became a citizen. In the house was born Ludwig on December 16, 1770. His grandfather had been master of the orchestra, and his father tenor singer to the Electors, in theatre and chapel.

The surpassingly ugly Poppelsdorf palace, with its pleasant park, has been converted into a museum of natural history and botanical gardens.

Above it rises the Kreuzberg, with church and monastery.

At Kirk Leatham, in Yorkshire, is a hospital founded by Sir William Turner in 1709. In its little museum is the bole of a tree, peeled of its bark, on which, deeply impressed, are a couple of hearts pierced by an arrow, and under this the inscription :—

> This Tree loving [long] Time, witness beare
> Of two lovers that did walk heare.

Some time, probably in the sixteenth century, a lover cut this in the bark of a young tree. Years passed, new bark was formed and the inscription was no longer visible. But the character remained impressed on the substance of the tree, and when it was cut down and barked for the timberyard, this inscription was revealed, after having been concealed for more than a century.

Something similar occurred on the Kreuzberg. A pious huntsman, doubtless, cut I.H.S. on a tree. Years elapsed, the tree grew, the initials disappeared ; but when the tree was felled in 1681 and stripped off its bark, lo ! there stood these characters disclosed. It made a sensation, and was supposed to be miraculous. Accordingly the archbishop built a church and monastery on the spot, and Max Henry left a considerable sum for its endowment. The monastery came into the hands of the Servites. The Elector, Clemens Augustus, erected in the

KREUZBERG

church a copy in marble of the Santa Scala, the steps from the House of Pilate, pretended to be preserved at Rome, and put a relic in each step. At the time when the French Revolutionary soldiery came to Bonn, one of the troopers, in a spirit of bravado, spurred his horse to mount the steps. The horse slipped on the polished marble, and threw the man, who was killed. Here was another miracle, sufficient to revive flagging credulity. The Holy Stairs to this day attract numerous pilgrims.

A little below Bonn, the Sieg flows into the Rhine on the right bank, and up the stream is the town of Siegburg, commanded by the white walls of its abbey. The abbot reigned as a petty prince over the town and the surrounding country for one square geographical mile. He possessed power of life and death, of taxing and taking tolls. He appointed the burgomaster and all the officials. Before 1636 charges of witchcraft came before his court, and were dealt with leniently, with fines in money, wax, and wine. But this came to an end at that date, when a low-born, brutal fellow named Buirmann appeared there as witch-finder. The time was one in which a panic dread of witchcraft swept over Europe. The abbot transferred all such cases to a special court in 1636, presided over by Buirmann and two burgomasters.

Buirmann remained in Siegburg for three years, and in these three years hung or burnt two hundred persons. Usually old women, very poor, were liable to be suspected; but in Siegburg young and rich individuals were sought out, or tortured till they confessed, when they were burnt. Their property fell to the hands of the judges whose interest it was to condemn them. All the officials shared in the plunder from the burgomaster to the porter of the Rathhaus, from the recorder to the executioner's assistant, from the dealer in firewood for the pyre to the

driver of the tumbril that conveyed the victim to the stake.

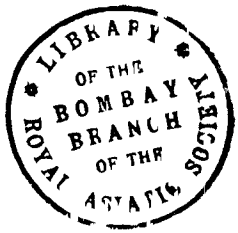
Buirmann not only sentenced, but presided at the executions, along with two town magistrates. The accounts of the town have been preserved, and show that wine and victuals were provided for the refreshment of the three, whilst they watched the agonies of those who expired in flames.

The last to perish at the stake was the executioner himself, who had been Buirmann's most useful agent. How it was that he fell out of favour is not recorded. He was, perhaps, the only one among the victims who deserved his fate. Usually two persons were burnt together, tied back to back, to economise the fuel, and the cost of this latter was defrayed out of the substance of those consumed. After Buirmann had left the town, he was once more recalled, in 1647, to try a woman, the wife of a nailer, in whose house fire had broken out which spread to the Rathhaus and the church. She was accused of incendiarism and of witchcraft. In the evidence it was clearly shown that the fire was due to the carelessness of some soldiers who had been quartered on the nail-smith; so that Buirmann had to drop the charge of incendiarism, and press only that of witchcraft. The trial lasted for five days, and he exerted all his ingenuity to extort from the woman a word that would compromise her. 'Finish with me,' cried the unhappy creature, 'that maybe I may return to my little children.'

Happily for her, a commandant of the Duke of Berg was in the town with a company of soldiers, and he attended the trial. Out of fear of this officer, Buirmann was constrained to discharge the accused. As he left the town, he was waylaid by a man whose wife he had burnt,

and was beaten so severely that his arm was broken. He was let off too easily; he ought to have been made to feel the fire himself, and with him the Abbot of Siegburg under whose authority these infamies had been committed.[1]

[1] Dornbusch: *Aus dem Leben einer alten Siegstadt*, Cologne, 1876.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CHAPTER VIII

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

The Volcanic Action in the Seven Mountains—Succession of Geological Stages—The Roderberg—The Building of Castles—The Shield-wall—The Keep—Godesberg—Pressing a Jew—Attack on the Castle—Mineral Spring—Rolandseck—Königswinter—Heisterbach—Walter de Mapes—Caesarius—His Stories—Drachenfels—Siegfried and the Dragon—Song on Rheinwein—The Castle—Quarries—The Legend of Roland—Whence derived—Nonnenwerth—The Old Nun.

NO portion of Germany presents so much of interest to the geologist in such a limited compass as does the group of the Seven Mountains. The mass consists of volcanic erupted matter, and projects as a spur from the Westerwald in a north-westerly direction. It is thrown up into domed and conical heights clothed in forest. Of its seven most conspicuous heights three lie along the right bank of the river. None are of really considerable height: the Drachenfels attains to no more than 940 feet, but the Oelberg reaches to 1400 feet in height, and the Löwenberg to 1280 feet.

At one time the sea extended to the mouth of the Lahn by Coblenz, and its waves broke against the slate rocks of the Hundsrück, and foamed along the volcanic Siebengebirge of basalt and trachyte, which had broken through the slate, and had rolled in lava streams over earlier beds of aqueous deposit. Deep bays of brackish water were formed, and at the same time there existed inland lakes of sweet water. About these the vegetation grew in luxuriance. We have preserved to us from these

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

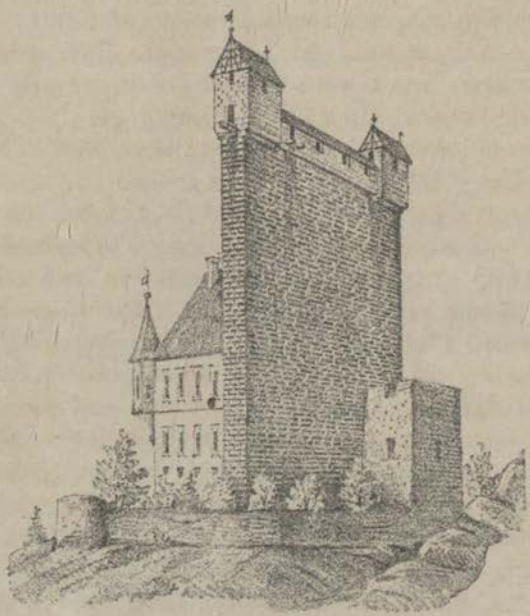
FROM ROLANDSECK

times a veritable herbarium of the plants of that age in the sandstone and quartzite beds of Wintermühlenhof, near Königswinter, and those of Muffendorf on the other side of the Rhine. The slabs can be flaked off as pages of a drawing-pad, revealing the most varied and lovely forms of vegetable life that existed at the period when these deposits were laid. The quarries at such places may be inspected with interest and profit.

This condition was not permanent. The masses of trachyte and basalt were worn by weather and water, and carried down into the sea, forming vast beds of silt, or hardened into conglomerates in the valleys. The land rose, and the Rhine sank. Then ensued the age of the great mammals, the mammoth and rhinoceros. But again volcanic action broke out; and a crater was formed above Rolandseck, which poured forth cinders and ash, and choked up the ravine of the Rhine. The river, banked back, formed a huge lake above Bingen, stretching up the valley far beyond Mainz. This did not probably last long. The water poured over the lip of lava and scoria in a notable cascade that must have been as fine as Niagara. A curious evidence that the Rhine had overflowed the hill-tops is seen in the crater of Roderberg, which is more than half filled with Rhine mud, or *Löss*. This Roderberg is the most northerly volcano of the Rhine district. The wall of the crater is being broken through by quarrymen, and the whole structure may be studied in the section. The Rhine soon sawed its way through the uncompacted mass of eruptive matter, till it reached its present level, and the Rhine valley assumed the character it now exhibits, save that man has been busy there, quarrying and building, drawing lines of houses along the banks, and crowning every projecting rock with a castle.

As we have now entered the region of castles, it will be well here to say a few words relative to their construction.

The earliest type is scarce. It consisted in building one lofty wall across the neck of rock that projected, and crowding the protected portion with wooden buildings.



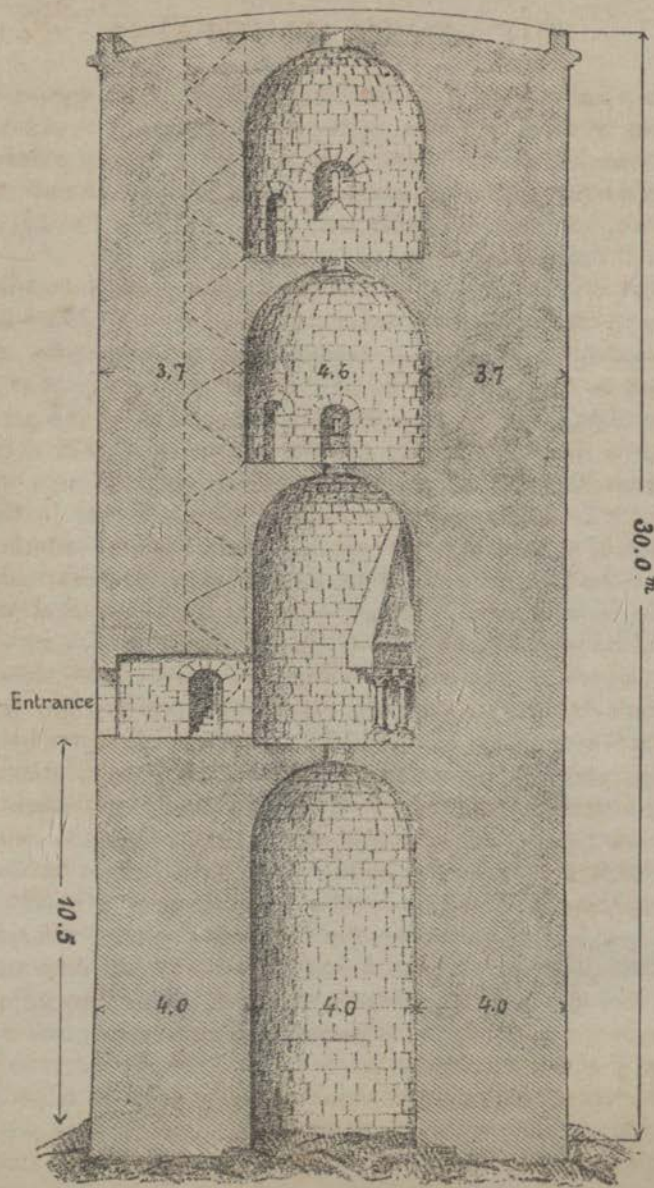
THE SCHILDMAUER, BERNEGG

The stone out of which the *Schildmauer*, or shield-wall, was constructed was taken from the rock itself, which was cut through to isolate the promontory. The moat thus formed, often very deep, was crossed by a drawbridge. A curious example of the shield-wall may be seen at Saffenburg in the Ahr valley,

where the natural rock has been utilised for the purpose, hewn to form a screen, with a moat artificially made on the outside, and the stone from this excavation employed to construct a gateway at the extreme edge of the natural screen. Another example may be seen at 'the Brothers,' above Bornhofen.

But this simple form of defence did not prove sufficient. Unless the rock were a sheer precipice, the wall could be turned by a hardy and daring man, and the cliffs are rarely so abrupt as not to be climbed somehow. It was accordingly found advisable to enclose the whole area with a ring-wall, having towers at intervals. For even greater security, a second, or outer ring-wall, was constructed. The advantage of the towers was that in the event of the enemy surmounting the walls and entering the court of the castle, those defending the towers could take them in rear. The last refuge of the besieged, when all other defences had failed, was the keep, donjon, or, as the Germans call it, the *Berg-fried*. This was either square or circular, or even oval. The entrance to the keep was high up in the wall, and was reached, not by a ladder, but by a wooden bridge or gallery from one of the domestic buildings. In the basement underneath the entrance was a chamber or cellar, reached only through a hole in the floor on the first story. It was usually vaulted, and is generally assumed to be a dungeon. Although it may occasionally have been so used, this was not its purpose. It was the storehouse for the corn and wine required by the defenders of the keep. The upper stages were employed as chambers for the owner and his family and the defenders.

If water was unattainable by wells sunk to a great depth, or the supply was small, huge reservoirs were constructed in the solid rock, and rain-water was con-



SECTION OF TOWER, BESIGHEIM Scale in Metres)

ducted into them from the steep roofs of the towers and the domestic buildings.[1]

Before visiting the Seven Mountains let us take a good look at them from Godesberg, pronounced Yodesberg, as *gut* in these parts is *yut*.

Till 1210 from a very early period a chapel in honour of S. Michael stood here on the summit of a basaltic, conical hill. In this year Archbishop Dietrich of Heimsberg began the castle, and was engaged four years in building it. To obtain the requisite money, he had a wealthy Jew of Cologne charged with usury, and squeezed till the wretch had yielded sufficient for the archbishop's purpose. As Dietrich was constrained to pull down the chapel to obtain the room he required, he built another outside the main walls to serve as parish church. The tall keep was not erected till later by Walram of Juliers, the Elector, who died in 1349. The door by which a visitor now enters the donjon is modern.

The castle remained in sound condition till the disastrous times of Gebhard Truchsess. Before he ran away from Bonn, he had garrisoned Godesberg with Dutch mercenaries. The newly-elected archbishop, Duke Ernest of Bavaria, endeavoured to reduce it. He placed cannon on the heights commanding it, and battered at its walls ineffectually. Then he undermined the outer ring-wall and gate-tower, and blew them up on December 15, 1583. The explosion flung the black marble foundation-stone, laid by Dietrich in 1210, high into the air, and it lodged on one of the gates. It is now in the Royal Museum at Munich. With the wall, part of the gate-tower fell, but the garrison continued to hold out till December 17, when the Bavarian duke succeeded in forcing his way

[1] Näher: *Die baugeschichtliche Entwicklung d. Ritterburgen in Südwest-Deutschland.*—Jahrbuch d. Vereins f. Alterth. im Rheinland. Heft 76.

in. The garrison, seventy-two in number, were put to the sword, with the exception of the commandant, whose life was spared at the intercession of the Abbot of Heisterbach, whom he had captured in a raid, and had treated well.

The poor castle, which had stood unhurt for three hundred and sixty-nine years, was not left to fall to decay. In the Thirty Years' War the Swedish General Baudessin occupied it, and patched it up, whilst he ravaged the neighbourhood; but when he quitted he set fire to the castle, and completed its destruction. The little church also having been wrecked, Joseph Clemens, the Elector, rebuilt it in 1699 in the style then prevalent.

In Godesberg is a mineral spring that was frequented in Roman times, and votive tablets to Æsculapius and his daughter Hygeia have been found there. To encourage attendance at the spring, the Archbishop Elector, Max Francis, set up a bathing establishment, theatre, and gambling rooms; and soon *la jeunesse dorée* of Bonn and Coblenz swarmed there on the plea of rickety health, practically to squander their time and their money.

There is perhaps a better view of the Seven Mountains from Rolandseck. The conspicuous arch of the castle was re-erected by Weilegrath after it had fallen. Most of the castle was pulled down, as it was feared it might fall and imperil those travelling below on the road. The castle was an outpost of the Archbishops of Cologne, and never gave name to a family. Rolandseck is a comparatively modern form, first appearing in the fourteenth century; before that it was Rulcheseck. It has no connection whatever with the paladin Roland.

A train from Bonn past Godesberg to Mehlem enables one easily to get across to the Seven Mountains by the

ferry to Königswinter. This latter place was the winter palace of the Frank King Childeric. It is a dreary, ugly town that lives by quarrying the stone of which Cologne Cathedral was built. At one time it had walls and towers and a fine church, but in the Elector Truchsess' wars it was occupied by French soldiery who set the place in flames before they quitted it. It was again ravaged in the Thirty Years' War by Swedes and Spaniards alike. There is absolutely nothing to be seen in the place itself, but from it access is best obtained to the interesting Sieben Gebrige, which we have contemplated from Godesberg. A tram line leads to Heisterbach, where once stood a notable abbey of the order of Citeaux. It is now in ruins. The old gateway remains. Over it are the arms of the abbey, a beech (Heister) by a brook (Bach); and two saints, S. Benedict and S. Bernard, stand in niches, and hold guard. The old walls enclose the devastated area, in the midst of beautiful trees. But of the monastery little remains save fragments. The church was erected betweed 1227 and 1233, and was built in the transition style, when the Romanesque was giving way to the new French tendency to soar. Outside the choir are the heavy buttress pilasters of northern French cathedrals, as Noyon, which dates from 1200. But, alas! of that church, a gem of Rhenish architecture, only the apse remains. In 1810 the French government sold it to a man who had undertaken to supply the stone for the fortifications of Wesel, and he pulled it down, leaving only the eastern end. The Brothers Boisserée of Cologne managed to save sixteen of the paintings of the high altar-piece, the work of Master Stephen, and these are now in the Pinacothek at Munich.

Heisterbach is full of associations. The witty Walter de Mapes was there once. Walter was one of the most

remarkable men at the court of our Henry II. He was a native of the borders of Wales, and was familiar with Thomas à Becket before the latter became Archbishop of Canterbury. He records conversations that he had with that man before he became a haughty and turbulent ecclesiastic. He wandered over Europe, and in 1196 was made Archdeacon of Oxford. Mapes had been an intimate friend of Giraldus Cambrensis, and he composed romances. His book *De Nugis Curialium* is full of gossiping stories written down at various times.

Walter came to Heisterbach, ill of a fever, and remained there till his recovery, sturdily resisting all the attempts of the monks to induce him to join their order. Partly on account of their ill-judged persistency then, but also to their having encroached on the glebe land of one of his many benefices, he hated monks in general and the Cistercians in particular.

A number of Latin songs have been attributed to him in favour of drink and other light matters, under the assumed name of Golias or Goliardus. But his friend Giraldus speaks in condemnation of these loose lines in the same book in which he praises Walter; and there is no better authority for regarding Mapes as the author of the Goliardic poetry than the arbitrary attribution of it to him by writers in the sixteenth century. On the strength of this attribution he has been often termed 'the jovial archdeacon,' and the Anacreon of his age.

One of the most remarkable of these songs is the confession of Golias. The hero is introduced making a mock confession of his vices, and here is a verse:—

Meum est propositum in taberna mori;
Vinum sit oppositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius hujus potatori.

Which for the sake of the unlearned I translate thus:—

In a tavern may I die!
My last sigh
Breathed o'er cups of Rhenish wine,
Drink divine!
When the angel choirs descend
At my end,
May they twitter, God will wink
At a lover of such drink.

Unless we have better evidence than the guesses of writers removed by three centuries from his time, we must not saddle poor Walter Mapes with the authorship.

Heisterbach was the home of Caesarius, master of the novices, and prior in 1228. He wrote a collection of miracles, which is a treasury of fables connected with the Rhine. Most of his stories are silly, some are funny, and a few are beautiful. He is interesting as throwing a good deal of light on the monastic life of his time. The book was much read in refectories at mealtime. On such occasions we may imagine the monks sometimes giggling, sometimes pulling long faces, when their faith was tried by the miracles he records.

He tells how a knight of Bonn came to make a retreat with the monks at Heisterbach. As he was leaving, he said to the abbot, 'I will give you a large sum for the stone against which I leaned my head in your church.' 'But why that particular stone?' 'Well,' replied the knight, 'I suffer from insomnia, but when your reverence preached, I rested my head against that stone and slept like a top.'

The same abbot found that not knights only but monks as well slumbered during his discourse. One day he was disturbed by their snores. So he paused and said, 'Now for a story about King Arthur.' At once all

of them brisked up and cocked their ears. 'Ah!' said the abbot, 'when I speak of heavenly things you go to sleep, when of earthly matters you are wide-awake.' Not for a moment did it occur to him that the fault lay in himself.

A novice received a letter from a nun, whom he had known in former days. She said that she was sick of psalm-singing, and proposed that both of them should run away, marry, and live in the world.

The prospect was alluring. The man went to bed to think it over. 'Look here, old devil!' said he. 'If you really want me, pull my leg.' And he thrust his foot from under the bedclothes. As no devil did appear to pull his leg, the man determined to decline the offer, and became a monk.

A man went to confession one day, and when the priest imposed a penance, he exclaimed, 'That will never do. I cannot possibly perform it.' So the confessor set him one that was easier. Next day the man returned: 'Cannot do it—a sheer impossibility,' said he. 'Give me something within my powers to execute.' The priest again lowered the penance. 'That won't do either. It is quite impossible for me to perform it.' 'Well then,' said the confessor impatiently, 'set yourself a penance.' The man rubbed his chin, and presently said, 'I hate garlic in every form—taste and smell and sight of it. Bid me abstain from garlic.' 'Very well, so be it.'

Now as the penitent was walking home, he passed a vegetable garden in which grew garlic. He smelt it and raised his nose over the paling. 'Not so bad a smell after all. I dare say the poor stuff is maligned. I dare say I have been unreasonably prejudiced against it. Prejudices ought to be conquered, only a weak man gives way to them. I should not be at all surprised if the

garlic were to taste better than I have supposed. I 'll hop over and get a bulb and try.'

To Caesarius is due that delightful story of the monk Felix, which Longfellow has versified in *The Golden Legend.* Felix doubted how that 'a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday' could possibly be true. Thus meditating he walked out into the beechwoods and heard a bird sing. When the song was ended, he returned to the abbey, and to his amazement found all there changed, and the porter refused to receive him. Then an aged monk recalled that a hundred years before a monk Felix had gone forth from the abbey, and had not been heard of since.

> And they knew, at last,
> That such had been the power
> Of that celestial and immortal song,
> A hundred years had passed,
> And had not seemed so long
> As a single hour !

The castle on the Drachenfels is a fragment only. The precipice immediately below it is the work of quarrymen who have hewn the cliff and brought down much of the castle with the rock. Half-way up the southern face of the Drachenfels is a cavern that is popularly supposed to have been the lair of the dragon slain by Siegfried. Siegfried knew that the monster crawled forth to take its draught of the waters of the Rhine, so he dug a pit in the track, covered this with boughs, and concealed himself in the hole. The monster reptile was capable of being pierced only in the region of the heart, and was well protected with scales on back and sides. As the creature crawled over the pit, Siegfried ran his sword into the heart from below. He then bathed in the blood, and thus so hardened his skin that no weapon would bite

on him. In one place only was he susceptible to injury, between the shoulder-blades, where a linden leaf fell and rested as he bathed, and prevented the contact of the blood. Kriemhild, fearing for his life, exhorted Hagen to protect him by holding his shield over her husband's back, and she indicated the spot by a red cross in needle-work. When Siegfried was hunting, and stooped to drink at a fountain, Hagen transfixed him with a spear through the one vulnerable spot.

This is a German version of the myth that we find elsewhere. The Greek form relates to Achilles, bathed by his mother Thetis in the Styx, rendering him incapable of being injured save only in the heel, by which she held him when dipping him. And in the heel he received his fatal wound from Paris. It is possible that a solar myth may be detected in both stories by a mythologist of penetrating acumen. The red wine grown on the sides of the mountain goes by the name of Dragon's Blood, and is fairly good.

As we are now on the threshold of the wine district, I will quote some amusing lines found in a little book of Rhine legends, written in 'English as she is spoken,' by a Herr Garnham. It has already passed through seven editions, and can be had at railway stations. It is indescribably funny. Here are some verses from his 'Rhine Wine Song':—

Ornament with Vine leaves the full goblet
And drink joyously the table round;
In Europe, whenever connoisseur topers met
Declared such rare Wine not to be found.

In German Empire everywhere it does not grow,
Many mountains to speak of, causes mirth;
As former volcanoes for wine-growth, oh no,
Such Situations for Vine-culture not worth.

DRACHENFELS

Thuring's mountains for example bring
Yieldings, with appearance of Wine.
But are not, in drinking, one cannot sing
Nor jovial, or even spiritually fine.

Vainly on distant Gascon mountains sought
Wine is nowhere to be found.
Only with silver-ore and Cobalt fraught
Is the bleakly and uninviting ground.

The Blochsmount is a renowned stronghold,
And produces only windy Lamentations,
There the Devil and Satellites is ever told,
Expectorate their weirdly incantations.

The castle on the summit of the Drachenfels was erected by the Archbishop Frederick I. (1099-1131) of Cologne, who also built the Wolkenburg and Rolandseck as defences against Henry V. Archbishop Arnold, before his death in 1151, sold the castle, then not completed, to the chapter of the church of Bonn, and they confided it to a burggrave in feoff. As in all other such cases, the count, having got the castle, considered it as his own, and as a property to be passed on to his son and son's son. He secured a hold over eight villages on the left bank, and kept a grip on Königswinter as well.

The Burggrave Claes, on account of his depredations, was expelled from Drachenfels by the Elector, and was replaced by his nephew Henry. Claes with a party of retainers settled on the Rhine bank. His nephew swept down on him, and with his own hand stabbed him to the heart, in 1493. Archbishop Hermann to avenge this crime attacked and captured the Drachenfels and hoisted his standard on its walls. In 1508, another nephew, John, was placed in charge of the castle, and took oath of allegiance to the Elector. The story is told of him, that at a great banquet, where met many knights and

nobles, they showed each other their rings set with precious stones. Then John of Drachenfels drew off his, and said: 'Mine is worth all yours put together.' In it was set a bit of the rock of the mountain. When this provoked surprise. 'Ah!' said he, 'my stone brings me in a vast yearly revenue. I sell a hundred gulden worth from the quarry to the chapter of Cologne alone.'

John died in 1530, and was buried at Heisterbach. When the old abbey was destroyed, his monument was removed to Rhöndorf, where it stands at the east end of the chapel. He was the last of his race. Then the castle passed to a family von Gudenau.

In 1803, when the electoral territories were taken by the French and parcelled up, the burggrave still retained the castle. But Joachim Murat, on becoming Grand-duke of Berg, seized on his possessions and appropriated them without offering any compensation. The rock and castle were sold to a company in Königswinter to quarry for building stone; and it worked at the rock, bringing down walls and towers, and would have destroyed the whole castle had not the Prussian government at length interfered, and rescued the extant fragment.

The Castle of Drachenfels was never very large. Far more extensive and stately was that of Wolkenburg, separated from it by a saddle of hill. That has totally disappeared under the pick and hammer of stone masons and quarrymen. The Wolkenburg, according to popular belief, is the highest of the Seven Mountains. If the quarrying goes on, eventually there will be no Wolkenburg left, and the Seven Mountains will be reduced to six.

To my mind, the view from the Drachenfels, especially on a glorious autumn day, when the woods are in gold and russet, is the most beautiful of its kind in Europe.

ROLANDSECK

Beyond the Rhine rises the ruin of Rolandseck, and below lies the green wooded isle of Nonnenwerth. Perhaps no legend of the Rhine is better known than that of Roland, who loved a fair lady; but their union was postponed till his return from the Crusade to which he was vowed. News reached her that he was dead and she resolved on assuming the veil in the convent of Nonnenwerth. Eventually he returned to learn :—

She has ta'en the veil, thy lady love;
She is Heaven's betrothed one now:
No later I ween, than fair yestreen,
She plighted the holy vow.

Then Roland built himself a castle over against Nonnenwerth.

He built him a bower by the minster-tower,
Wherein his ladye lay,
Where, half amid the lindens hid,
Looked forth the dark abbaye.

And there he waited from morning rays
Till eve fell dusk and chill;
With silent hope in his wistful gaze,
He sate alone and still.

He gazed upon the cloister near;
His anxious eye would hang
On the window of his ladye dear,
Until the lattice rang.

Till there she stood, that ladye bright—
Till that loved vision smiled,
Glancing along the river light
So calm, so angel-mild.

For many a day, for many a year,
Withouten plain or pang,
Still gazed he on the window dear,
Until the lattice rang.

And there he sate, one morning tide,
A corse so pale and chill;
But the stiff, cold gaze in its lifeless glaze
Was turned to the window still.

Schiller has transferred the scene to the Toggenburg in Switzerland. The story as attached to Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth is not very ancient; it cannot be traced back further than 1811, and then in a different form. According to that version, Roland in ignorance kills the father of his beloved one, for which reason she will not accept him, and retires into the convent of Nonnenwerth. But the story is really based on an old German ballad.

Stund ich auf hohem Berge
Und sah wohl übern Rhein,
Ein Schifflein sah ich schweben,
Drei Grafen sassen drein.

The singer is a young, beautiful, but poor maiden; she enters the boat, and the most youthful of the three counts falls in love with her, and gives her a ring. But she, feeling herself too ignoble in birth to mate with him, retires into a convent. The count departs, and forgets her, till one night in dream he sees her habited as a nun. Then he returns and demands that the girl shall be given to him. The abbess refuses, and he threatens to burn down the house; whereupon, the maiden comes forth to him in the habit of her order, to tell him that his pursuit is vain, she is vowed to Heaven. Thereupon, he sits down on a rock, and in thrice thirteen hours his heart breaks. She buries him, and her tears fall over his grave as holy water.

The convent at Nonnenwerth was founded in 1126. It was burnt down in 1773, but was rebuilt. When the

French obtained possession of the Rhine, the convent was sequestrated, but in 1804 the old nuns were granted permission to occupy it till their death. In 1823 it was converted into a public house, and much drinking and merry-making took place there. It was, however, later turned into a school conducted by sisters. Before the French occupation, there was an old nun there who was called Sister Gertrude, and whose duty it was to ring the bell for service in the chapel. She was so old that the other nuns wondered what her age could be. There was not one among them who could recall when she was not there. They inquired of her, but she did not know her age; all she could say was that she had entered the convent as a little girl, and since then the years had slid by one after another, smoothly as the Rhine glanced by the green isle, and she had not counted them. Out of curiosity, at their request, the abbess overhauled the book of admissions, and it was then discovered that she had joined the community as a girl of sixteen, and that her age must be over one hundred. The sisters incautiously told her this, and old Gertrude was troubled to think how long she had cumbered the earth. After midnight, as usual, she rose to ring the bell for mattins: the bell tolled forth, and when the sisters descended, they found old Gertrude dead with the bellrope in her hand. She had done her duty to her last breath. Would it might be so with all of us!

CHAPTER IX

THE AHR THAL

The Lateral Valleys—The Eifel—The Ahr—Floods—Vineyards—Walporzheim—Its Wine—Seven Lords in the Ahr Thal—The Count of Neuenahr—The Vision of Constantine—Sinzig—The Holy Vogt—The Golden Mile—Landskron—Besieged and Surrenders—The Three Maidens—Ahrweiler—Taken by Turenne—Calvarienberg—The Spotted Cow—Dernau—Mayschoss—Saffenburg—The Countess Katharine—Sieges of Saffenburg—The Kucklei—The Castle of Are—The Prisoners Escape—Altenahr—Hasenberg—Grapes—The German Bauer.

NO one who passes up or down the Rhine without diverging into some of the valleys through which flow its tributaries has any conception of the scenes of extraordinary beauty he has missed. A diversion at Remagen into the Ahr Thal should on no account be neglected. The scenery there is most beautiful, and the entire district is rich in interest.

Between the Rhine, Mosel, and Roer, extends an upland district, the Eifel, cleft by streams that discharge into the larger rivers. One part of the Eifel is specially characteristic. It extends for eighteen miles from the Rhine to Nürberg and Kellberg, in a straight line, broken through at points by basalt dikes thrust above the grauwacke, in black, bald points. These crests are the most elevated points of the Eifel district. The highest is called the Hohe Acht, and rises to 2400 feet above the level of the sea. This range goes by the name of the Hoch-Eifel.

The Ahr rises from the limestone at Blankenheim,

ALTENAHR

and, swelled by tributary streams, breaks through the grauwacke, which forms the core of the Hoch-Eifel, and enters the slate district above Kreuzberg. The valley contracts at Kreuzberg, and continues a ravine to Walporzheim, below which it opens out, becomes less picturesque, and finally the Ahr struggles through a dead level delta into the Rhine below Sinzig, opposite Linz.

If its course were direct, the distance from the source to the mouth would be twenty-seven miles, but owing to the many windings it is nearly double that. The stream is insignificant in summer, but is liable to swell into disastrous floods after a storm on the mountains. On Sunday, July 21, 1804, a waterspout broke on the Hoch-Eifel. A torrent rushed down the valley, and rose eight feet above the bridge at Altenahr, swept houses and farms and mills away, and rushed into Ahrweiler, filling the streets and houses with a raging flood. This town is enclosed within its old walls. Happily for it, the torrent caught up a wine-press, and flung it against the lower gate, which at the time was closed, burst it open, and so gave a means of exit to the imprisoned water. On June 23, 1844, another flood occurred, which swept away many of the vineyards laboriously built up and cultivated on the rocks above Ahrweiler, and flung them down into the valley. Again, on Easter Day, 1848, a tremendous rush of water came down the gorge above Altenahr, carried away the bridges, and wrecked the road.

The hillsides throughout resemble fortifications, so painfully have they been terraced to form vineyards. The soil is purposely strewn with slates; these become heated by the sun's rays, and give out the warmth during the night to the vine roots; they also retain the moisture in the soil by arresting evaporation.

The best of all the Ahr Thal wines is that of Walporz-

heim. An incumbent of this place had been transferred by the Archbishop of Cologne to Brühl, where this latter had a palace. After a while the archbishop, Max Francis, met the man looking moped and miserable. 'Well,' said the Elector, 'how does this new cure suit you?'

'Not at all well,' answered the priest. 'The horrible bells here—clipper clapper, apple papple—get on my nerves, and make me ill.'

'Ah ha!' laughed the Elector; 'I see what it is. You don't like the thin, sour wines of the level land, and you are sick to hear the Walporzheim bells peal out Bim bom, vinum bonum, bim bom! So back then to your Ahr wines and the cure of the thirsty souls in Walporzheim.'

The Ahr valley marks the division between the dialects of the Upper and the Lower Rhine. It was also formerly the boundary of the Ripuarian Franks. Above was Lotharingia. In the Middle Ages, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it was held by no fewer than seven different lords, although a district that could be traversed in a day. The Hochstaden estates fell to the Archdiocese of Cologne in 1246. There were counts at Blankenheim, and lords of Dollendorf and Ahremberg, and Counts of Are at Altenahr, and a Lord of Saffenburg. Landskron was the seat of a family of independent burggraves, and Sinzig became united to Juliers.

With the Reformation came troubles. The lords who held the Ahr were divided. The Count of Manderscheid, who now held the upper valley, favoured the Reform; so did the Count of Neuenahr, and both forcibly converted all their subjects to the new religion. The Reformation spread under Gebhard Truchsess, who was zealously supported by Adolf of Neuenahr. But Carl of Ahremberg

remained a staunch Catholic. The two families, whose castles stand together in the Ahr valley, as if defying one another, contested which should gain the advantage for his religion, sword to sword. But when the movement under Gebhard Truchsess collapsed, owing to the estates of the electorate deposing him, and to the feeble support afforded him by the Protestant princes, the Count of Neuenahr left his lands, entered into the military service of Holland, maintained the banner of Calvinism waving for six years longer, till he was accidentally blown up at Bonheim whilst inspecting the working of a new blasting machine. A spark fell into the powder-barrel, the roof was blown up, and the count was killed. He was the last of his family, and died childless in 1589.

The valley was frightfully ravaged by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, and by the French in the wars of Louis XIV.

From Remagen we start for the Ahr valley without troubling to look at the ugly Apollinaris chapel. This was erected by the architect Zwirner in 1836. Zwirner was engaged on the completion of Cologne Cathedral. So long as he had plans by a master designer of the Middle Ages to follow, he could not go wrong, except out of 'pure cussedness'; but when he undertook an original work, he floundered and fell into absurdities. The frescoes within are by the Düsseldorf artists of the namby-pamby school that is now dead as Herod.

Sinzig, on the further side of the delta, is traditionally held to have been the scene of the apparition of the Cross to Constantine.

Constantine was on his march from the Rhine to Rome. His rival, Maxentius, was a fanatical pagan. The fate of Constantine depended on his success. He

would be Emperor of the World, or be trampled underfoot.

Eusebius records the vision on the testimony of Constantine himself upon oath. He says that this claimant for the purple was engaged in prayer, when, about noon, a flaming cross appeared in the sky with the words about it, 'In this sign conquer.' The following night, in a dream, he saw Christ bearing the standard of the Cross. On consulting some Christian priests in the camp, Constantine resolved on adopting this sacred symbol in place of the Roman eagles, and he professed himself a convert to the Christian faith. The victory of the Milvian Bridge, October 27, 312, gave the Empire to Constantine, and Christianity became the recognised religion of the Empire. The story must not be dismissed as an invention. That Constantine did change the ensigns is certain. The *Labarum*, as the new symbol was called, was impressed on his coins. In the catacombs it never appears before his time. That he himself believed that he had seen the sign in heaven is also certain.

But what was it that he saw? Not the usual Christian symbol of the Cross, but a luminous ring with radiations from the centre. In fact, a mock sun. That such was a natural phenomenon he did not know. It exercised his mind troubled with anxiety at the tremendous issues before him, and naturally enough he dreamt about it at night, and associated with it the person of Christ. He may then in dream have thought he heard the words, 'In hoc signo vinces,' and later have supposed that he had seen them associated with the sign in the sky.

Above the circle with its radiations he affixed a little pennon, which, curling round, completed the monogram of X and P. But whether the vision happened at Sinzig

or elsewhere we cannot say, for Eusebius gives us no clue as to the locality where it took place.

The Castle of Sinzig was blown up by the French in 1689. The fine parish church is worth seeing. It is in the transition style of the beginning of the thirteenth century. The polygonal choir has each side surmounted by a gable.

In a side chapel is preserved the body of a man dried to a mummy. No one knows who he was, but he goes by the name of the Holy Vogt, or Steward. The tongue and joints are said to be still flexible. When the French occupied the place in the eighteenth century they considered this body sufficiently curious to justify their carrying it off to Paris, where it was given a place in the Jardin des Plantes.

At the conclusion of the Peace of Paris, the German government demanded its restoration. When brought back to Sinzig the population turned out, and received it with bands playing and flags flying, and it was reconveyed to the church by a procession passing under triumphal arches. The present altar-piece in the church is a rococo affair of no merit; but the original one is preserved, painted by an artist whose name is not recorded, between the years 1460 and 1480. He was, there can be no doubt from the style, a pupil of Rogier of Bruges, and belongs to the Van Eyck school. Another of the same artist's paintings is at Linz, and this bears the date 1463. That at Sinzig represents the Crucifixion. On the wings are the Resurrection and the Death of the Virgin.

The wide estuary of the Ahr, rich in deposits brought down by the river, is called 'the Golden Mile'—a German mile, equal to four of ours. To a botanist the district is interesting, as the heights, especially that of Landskron,

produce a number of rare plants, and here also may be seen about Whitsuntide the *papilio machaon*, the finest of German butterflies, and one that has become very scarce in the Rhine valley.

The Landskron hill is composed of basalt that has been protruded through the grauwacke. Fine groups of the pillars may be seen near the chapel, and the castle itself was largely constructed of these columns.

The ruins of Landskron command the valleys of the Ahr and the Rhine. Philip of Hohenstaufen was encamped at Sinzig, and rode one day to the top of this mountain, and, looking around him, exclaimed, 'This is the crown of the land.' He erected a castle on it in 1206 to keep check upon the Archbishops of Cologne. During the Thirty Years' War it was besieged by the Swedes, taken, and occupied. In 1633 the people of Cologne attacked it. The story goes that the washerwoman of the Swedish commandant was in love with one of the besiegers, and he induced her to cut the rope of the bucket that brought up water from the deep well. Down plopped the bucket, and the Swedes could get no more drinking water. Moreover, the woman was no longer troubled with the washing of the dirty linen of the garrison. The castle accordingly surrendered.

According to a tradition of long standing, a knight of Tomberg in the Eifel broke into Landskron during the temporary absence of its lord. The three daughters of the house fled, and took refuge in a basaltic cavern lower down the hillside, then the rock closed upon them, and they fell asleep. The Count of Landskron, on his return, succeeded in penetrating with his men into the castle by a subterranean passage, and the Tomberg men were put to the sword. The father was in distress at the loss of his daughters. On the third night an angel appeared to

him, and conducted him to the cave, where he found the three damsels asleep. In gratitude for their deliverance, he erected the chapel on the spot, a chapel that gleams white over the plain. The Grotto of the Three Sleepers is now used as a sacristy.

The story is of mythologic interest, for, apparently, the Three Damsels of Landskron are none other than the Three Beneficent Matrons who received a cult on the Rhine, and in whose honour numerous altars and votive tablets were erected, which have been found and deposited in museums. They are represented as seated women holding baskets of fruit in their hands, and sometimes with their heads under hoods. They were Celtic goddesses, but the accommodating Romans accepted and adopted them as the *Tria Fata.* Although *fata* is the plural of the neuter *fatum*, the Fata were regarded as female deities. Indeed, our English word fay is derived from the same. Elsewhere, the three were entitled the *Deæ Matres.*

Ahrweiler has its walls built of slate ; they are well preserved, and retain their towers and gates. In the town itself are towers connected with the residences of the old noble families that lived there. The church was built in 1269. It has the Rhenish feature of stone galleries in the aisles vaulted underneath. As the aisles are of the same height as the nave, there is no clerestory.

Ahrweiler suffered severely from Turenne and his French soldiery in 1646. The garrison had fled to Bonn, and the citizens surrendered on condition that their lives and property should be respected. When the gates were thrown open, Turenne broke his promise, and let loose his soldiery on the defenceless inhabitants, who were subjected to every description of outrage. The convent and village of Marienthal were at the same time burnt to the ground.

The people of Ahrweiler fled to the Monastery of Calvarienberg, whilst the French plundered their houses. The country and the town suffered again from the French in 1673, and again in 1689, when, on May 1, they burnt Ahrweiler before leaving it. In the third French war, of 1702, oppression was carried to an intolerable extent. The inhabitants were driven into their cellars, and horses stabled above them. Unable to endure this treatment they escaped to the woods.

The magnificent Monastery of Calvarienberg, a mile from the town, on a rock above the river, was founded in 1440, but rebuilt and enlarged in the seventeenth century when it came into the possession of the Franciscans. During the plague of 1666, which raged in the Ahr valley, the friars gained the love of the people by their unremitting attentions to the sick, and the fearlessness with which they exposed themselves to contagion.

When the Revolutionary soldiery occupied and annexed the country, the monastery was sequestrated and offered for sale. A priest bought it for a trifle, and so preserved the buildings from destruction. It was then given over to an Ursuline sisterhood, who conducted a large school therein. It has been much added to, and modern improvements and conveniences have been introduced.

The finest scenery of the Ahr valley begins above Walporzheim. The slate-rocks are jagged and assume fantastic shapes. The river writhes through a narrow cleft, coils and doubles in its efforts to force a way.

Near Walporzheim, a perpendicular rock rising above the road has a projection resembling in shape the head of a beast. It is called 'Die bunte Kuh'—the Spotted Cow. A girl is said to have laid a wager that she would ascend it, empty a bottle of wine, and change her stockings on the top. She accomplished her undertaking and won the cow.

A little further up, in a pleasant green valley among the hills, lies Marienthal, the convent in ruins and the church roofless, burnt by Turenne in 1646. This was the most ancient religious foundation in the Ahr Thal.

Dernau is a nest of blood-sucking Jews who prey on the exigences of the peasants, getting the sale of the wines into their hands, in bad times advancing money at high interest; and when once getting a grip on a farm not letting go again.

From Dernau a footpath leads over the hills to Mayschoss, a long, straggling village, commanded by the Saffenburg on the further side of the river.

SCHILDMAUER, SAFFENBURG

This is the most ancient castle on the Ahr. There was a Count Hermann of Saffenburg in the eleventh century. The count was hereditary bailiff to the see of Cologne. In 1174 the line became extinct; and after several changes the inheritance fell to Ernest von der Mark, great-grandson of the Boar of the Ardennes, commemorated in *Quentin Durward*. He held the castle during the Thirty Years' War till it was stormed by Baudessin and his Swedes in 1632; but it was recaptured by the Catholics in the following year. Count Ernest fell in love with a serving-maid in the castle. She was

of very humble birth, born in the village of Esch, and by tradition is said to have been employed in feeding the dogs. She was as good as she was beautiful; and to the disgust and wrath of his family, he married her. Her name was Catharine. She died on October 30, 1645, and the sorrowing Ernest erected a beautiful monument to her in the church of Mayschoss, now relegated to a place behind the high altar.

It is a recumbent figure, life-size, sunk among cushions on an altar tomb; all of highly-polished, black basalt. The object of sinking the body in cushions was to avoid too great projections which the material would not allow.

Catharine is represented as wearing a mantle of ermine; her gown is looped down the front with bows of ribbon. A chain of pearls is about her neck. The hair, cut short over the brow, falls in long tresses over her shoulders. The face is noble and sweet. How Ernest loved her he proclaims in the inscription:—

CATHARINE DE LA MARK

> Illustrissimus Dominus, Dominus Ernestus, Comes Marchiæ et Schleidæ, Baro de Lumay, et Seren. Dominus in Kerpen et Saffenburc, etc., advocatus hæreditarius Marchionatus Franchimontani, etc. Illustrissimæ Dominæ Comitissæ Catharinæ a Marka uxori suæ dulcissimæ et dilectissimæ pariter tam virtutis splendore quam affectione præditæ quondam, die xxx Octobris, Anno MDCXXXXV cum maximo omnium luctu mortuæ monumentum istud erigi et perfici curavit Anno salutis MDCXXXXVI.

The feet of the 'sweetest and most beloved wife,' Catharine, Countess of Mark, rest upon a dog, and this may have given rise to the supposition that she had been a dog-ward in the castle. The bust is clearly taken from

a cast made at death. At the foot of the monument is a lozenge with the Mark arms, without impalement, accorded to her.

To this day in Mayschoss the peasants speak of the tenderness with which the countess helped the poor ruined by the ravages of war.

It repays the trouble of a climb to the summit of Saffenburg, to see what elaborate pains were taken by the founders, by cutting through the neck of rock in several places, to make access to the castle by an enemy impossible. One great wall of rock was hewn into a Schild-mauer. The Ahr curls round the headland, and the view from the height is superb. But of the castle itself little remains. In the War of Succession, October 1702, a couple of French lieutenants entered the castle surreptitiously as wine merchants, and engaged the steward in the cellar, whilst a troop of eighteen men disarmed the sentinel. In 1703 General Somerfeld of the imperial army bombarded the castle during two days from the height, to which he had managed to drag up cannon; but as he was able to make no impression, he was constrained to retire. In the meantime Coehorn besieged Bonn, which was also in the possession of the French. Bonn capitulated on May 15, and Saffenburg eight days later. Then the castle was blown up with gunpowder.

The Counts of Mark remained in possession of their territories in the Ahr Thal till the extinction of the family in male descent in 1773, when the Dukes of Aremberg succeeded to them by marriage with the heiress, and they and the castle belong to them to this day. The family resides in Brussels.

The valley of the Ahr becomes even grander above Mayschoss. At Lochmühle a spit of land runs out as a

spur from the left bank, about which the river twists, whereas a way for the road has been hewn through the rock. On this spit of land rises an extraordinary fragment of horizontal slate-rock, the Kucklei, looking like a ruined castle keep.

Through the rock at the neck, which rises forty feet, a tunnel was bored by the prisoners of Saffenburg for a conduit of water from the Ahr to turn a mill-wheel. They were granted their freedom in return for their labour.

The road now approaches the crag, on the summit of which stand the ruins of the Castle of Are, the seat of the powerful Counts of Are, under the see of Cologne. Conrad of Hochstaden, who gained possession of it, would no longer grant it in fief to any single man, as the place was so important, and he knew full well, that when once it was granted in fief it was claimed as personal hereditary property. So he entrusted it to several of the citizens of Altenahr, sworn to fidelity, and it was made the residence of a steward removable at pleasure.

Conrad of Hochstaden, who laid the foundations of the Cathedral at Cologne, was, as already told, a warlike prelate, incessantly embroiled with the citizens. In a battle against them near Frechen, he took prisoner eight of the most important, among whom was Gottschalk Overstolz. To be sure of these men being kept in security, Conrad sent all eight to be interned in his castle of Are.

Conrad died in 1261, and was succeeded by Engelbert II. The prisoners hoped that under a new archbishop they might obtain release; and three of their kinsmen, Rutger Overstolz, Daniel Jude, and Kosten von Aducht, rode to Are, where at the time was the new archbishop. As he demurred to a release, they requested

that at least they might see their kinsmen in their prison. To this he consented. But no sooner were they within the dungeon, than the door was shut and fastened on them, and Engelbert had now eleven prisoners in place of eight. There they lingered some time. Now it happened that Gottschalk Overstolz as a pastime had amused himself taming a mouse, and he became vastly attached to the little creature. One day the mouse did not appear, and Gottschalk grubbed under the floor where was its hole, and found there, not indeed the mouse, but a file and a chisel. The prisoners were highly elated at the discovery, and set to work to get rid of the grating that obstructed their window. They succeeded, and one night let themselves down by their blankets, torn up and twisted into a rope. As the rocks were sharp and slippery with ice, they drew their stockings over their shoes. By this means they reached the bottom, and made their way to Adendorf, where was a monk looking after a farm belonging to his monastery. He gave them food and shelter.

In the morning came the men of the archbishop searching for the fugitives. The monk hid all eleven in a cheese-chest; and as the soldiers did not think it possible that so many men could be squeezed into so small a space, they did not trouble to open the chest. When they were gone, the monk let out the runaways, who were fainting from heat and lack of air.

The men escaped to Remagen, where a man recognised them and betrayed their presence to the chief magistrate. But this latter was humane, and had no love for the archbishop, so he managed to put them across the Rhine although the river was then encumbered with floating ice. Thus they escaped and returned to Cologne.

The particulars are recorded by a contemporary, the author of the rhymed chronicle of Cologne.

Altenahr is reached by a tunnel bored through the rock on which the castle stands. It possesses an early cruciform church with a central tower, and a pointed Gothic chancel.

From the castle, or from the Breitenlei, a ridge of rock connecting the former with the main mass of mountain on the left bank, a prospect is obtained that is wildly beautiful. The deep cliffs, the fantastic shapes of the slate rocks, the twirling river in the depths, the higher chain of mountains bounding the view are marvellous indeed.

Few places are better calculated as a summer holiday resort than Altenahr, whence an endless variety of walks and drives may be taken.

Those who do not intend to visit the upper Ahr Thal, should at least go as far as Kreuzberg with its castle, and Pützfeld with its high perched church; also ascend to the tableland of the Eifel and mount the Hasenberg to obtain an idea of the character of this district, an undulating plain, partially cultivated, intersected by ravines, and crowned by a volcanic range of hills. Near the Hasenberg is the village of Kirchsahr, containing a church with a high altar-piece of the Cologne school of 1450, that came from Münster Eifel. The botanist will find much to repay him in this district. The Breitenlei and the Teufelslei abound in a variety of beautiful wild plants, many of which are rarely found in other parts of the region of the Rhine. Nor is the country less interesting to the geologist, as the basalt breaks through the grauwacke and slate, and in places forms prismatic columns.

The flesh-grapes, those best adapted to eating, are not such as afford the best wine. For this the raisins must

be small, for the flavour is not in the pulp but in the skin.

When we consider the labour undertaken in cultivating the vines one is disposed to ask what the British working-man would say, were he transported hither and offered a job at vine culture. He would decline the task, thrust his hands into his pockets, light his pipe, and wait for town or district council to find him an easy job at good pay, with the confidence that therewith it bought his vote.

The vines, as has already been said, are on terraces up the cliffs that rise three hundred and fifty feet above the river bed. The strips are often but a few feet wide. To these the stakes have to be carried in bundles, so has the manure in baskets on the back, either up steep, shaly paths, where the foot slips at every step, or up flights of rude stone stairs.

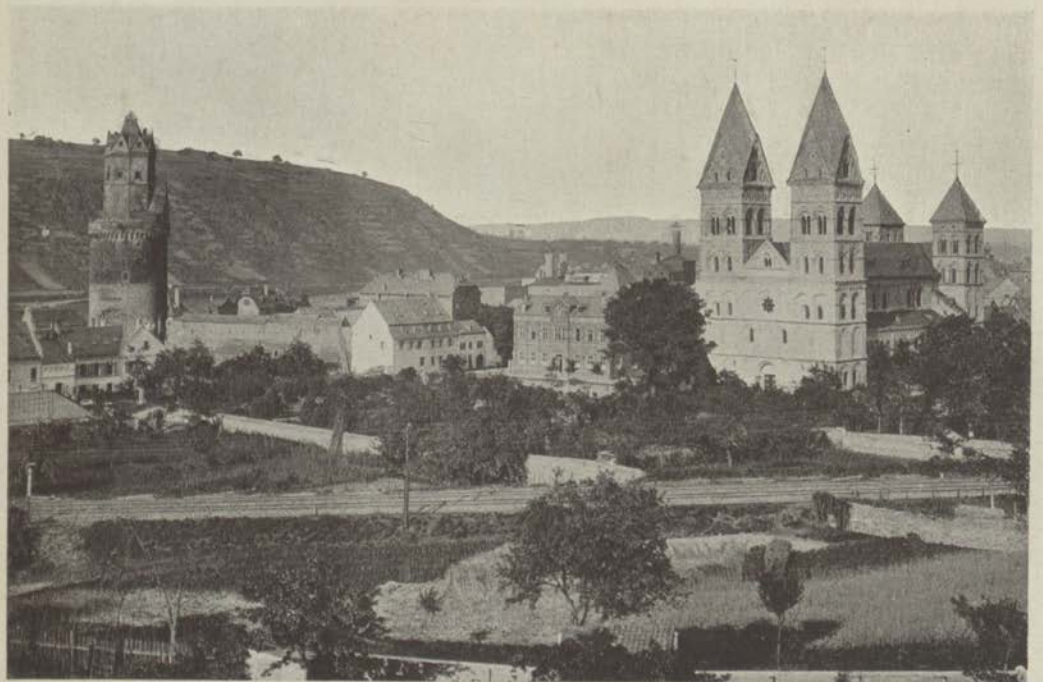
Next come the pruning of the vines, and the tying up of the stems that are left, and lastly—but that is not labour to be considered, but a joy—the glorious vintage gathered in with laughter and song.

The Ahrthalers are a hard-working race, wonderful in their endurance and perseverance. A German officer once told me that when some of the recruits come in from the farms, they require to have their hands soaked in hot water, to render them flexible, so contracted have they become through holding the plough.

A giant's daughter once went forth, the castle gate before
And played, with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gaily go,
To see, perchance, how matters went, in the little world below.
And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

A pretty plaything!' cried the child, 'I'll take thee home with me.'
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man and plough, all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm.
She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar:
'O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain ground.'
But her father looked quite seriously and shaking slow his head,
'What hast thou brought me home, my child?—this is no toy,' he said.
'Go take it quickly back again, and put it down below,
The peasant is no plaything, girl—how could'st thou think him so?
So go without a sigh,' he said, 'and do not thou repine,
For know, without the peasant, child, we'd neither corn nor wine.
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants springs;
The peasant is no plaything—child—that God to giants brings!'

CHAMISSO.



ANDERNACH

CHAPTER X

ANDERNACH

Hammerstein—The Cousins—Henry IV. in Hammerstein—Despoiled of the Regalia—Old Walls of Andernach—The Robber Knights—The Baker Boys—Wahrzeichen—Their Purport—The Nun and the Lanzknechte—The Church—The Ochsenthurm—The Maifeld—Laacher See—Volcanic Action—Lava Beds—Bimsstein—Mineral Springs—Ober Mendig—Genoveva—Pfahlbauten in the Lake—The Abbey and its Church—John Butzbach—Dissolution of the Monastery—Lowering the Lake.

IN ascending the Rhine from Remagen, one sees on the left the bold mass of rock called the Hammerstein, detached from the mountainside, crowned by the sparse remains of a castle.

Count Otto of Hammerstein had married his cousin Irmgard, without troubling himself to procure a dispensation. A thing wrong in itself must remain wrong whatever Popes might say or do, and he did not see how, if the union were not wrong in itself, any Pope could make a sin of it. Besides, dispensations cost money, and Otto had other and more useful purposes to which to apply his loose cash.

Archbishop Erkenbold of Mainz (1011-1021) took the case in hand. Matters would come to a pretty pass if every Jack might take his Jill without a dispensation, and he called on the Emperor, Henry II., to assist him with troops to bring the count to his knees, and force him to put away his wife. Henry did arrive; he combined his forces with those of the archbishop, and sat down before Hammerstein. Henry soon saw that he

had been summoned to crack a hard nut. The castle was in an impregnable position, was well garrisoned, and supplied with abundant stores. In a sally made by the garrison, Otto and Irmgard, fighting in armour side by side, were both wounded and forced to return to the castle.

When the Emperor heard of this, he said to the bishop: 'The blood that has sinned has run out, abate your wrath. There seems to be no possibility of separating the couple, so let us make the best of a bad business by your conferring on them the blessing of the Church.'

Archbishop Erkenbold saw that a protracted siege would cost him some fifty times the sum he had hoped to squeeze out of the count for a dispensation, so he consented. He gave the nuptial blessing and Henry kissed the bride. The story is in Dietmar of Merseburg, and the Annals of Quedlinburg give the date 1020.

In Hammerstein were for long preserved the regalia of the Empire. Henry IV. rebuilt the castle in 1071. His eldest son, Conrad, had been incited by Pope Urban II. to rebel against his father, but he died in 1101. Paschal II. pursued the same policy. He stirred up Henry, the second son, to revolt. In vain did the now aged Emperor appeal to his son to return to his duty. As these appeals were disregarded, he put himself at the head of his troops and marched against him. The cities, as usual, were staunch to the Emperor, but the great prelates took the side of the Pope and the rebellious son. Both armies met near Ratisbon, but the Emperor, discovering that he was betrayed by some of his followers, fled to the Rhine and took refuge in Hammerstein. Thence he despatched messengers to his son, and demanded an interview.

Henry IV. was a man of mixed character. He was generous, religious, and brave; but he was sensual, violent-tempered, headstrong, and without capacity to see and follow his best interests. He had been badly brought up by the over-strict Anno, and the over-indulgent Adalbert, and he had learnt to mistrust and despise men as self-seekers and unscrupulous so long as they could gain their own selfish ends.

The younger Henry arrived at Coblenz, and agreed to meet his father, now grown old and grey-headed. When they met, the aged Emperor, with characteristic lack of self-respect, cast himself on his knees before his rebellious son, and cried: 'My son! my son! if I be punished for my sins by God, it is well, but do not thou stain thine honour by rising up against me. It is indeed unseemly that a child should sit in judgment on a father.'

But the younger Henry was not to be moved. He had the Pope's approval of his conduct, and was not the Pope Christ's vice-gerent on earth? Finding that the unnatural son would not relent, Henry agreed to accompany him to Mainz; but on the way the younger Henry arrested the old man, and sent him as a prisoner to Bingen. Thither he was followed by the Archbishops of Mainz and Cologne to demand of him the regalia wherewith to invest his son. The fallen Emperor sent for them from Hammerstein, set the crown of Charlemagne on his head, assumed the orb and purple imperial robes, and defied the prelates to rob him of them. But they entertained no respect for the man excommunicated by the Pope. With their own hands they plucked the crown from his head, the orb from his hand, and the mantle from his shoulders. Henry IV. was sent to Ingelheim; and the unnatural son was proclaimed and crowned in his room.

Andernach is an interesting town, with much of its old

walls standing. It was one of the fifty fortresses established by Drusus, B.C. 12, for the defence of the Rhenish frontier, and was called Antunnacum, a name that at once proclaims it as having been settled by Celts. It became a flourishing Roman town and centre, whence culture streamed through the neighbourhood. Most of the relics of Roman civilisation found here have been transferred to the provincial museum at Bonn.

In the time of the Merovingians, the Frank monarchs had a palace here; and Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers (535-600), describes a visit he made to the place, the palace of the Frank King, and how he sat in his balcony, and watched the fishers catch the salmon in the river, and how he ate them in all their tender delicacy at table shortly after.

Antunnacum was a well-peopled town after the Carolingian times, as is revealed by the discovery, made in 1897, of an extensive cemetery, which dates from the days of Charlemagne. The relics there found are in the local museum, and happily have not been engulfed in that of Bonn.

In the middle of the thirteenth century Andernach had become exceedingly flourishing. It throve on the sale of mill-stones, of which it held the monopoly. In 1247 it united with other Rhenish towns in a league to put down the robberies of the petty knights and nobles, who interfered vexatiously with trade.

In nine cases out of ten, these knights, who often dubbed themselves counts, were no more than stewards to the archbishops, or to the crown, or to some priests. But they acted precisely as if they were their own masters, and disregarded the reprimands of their liege lords, who could not control them save by marching against them and storming the castles.

The towns, living on the trade upon the Rhine, were sorely hit by the depredations of these men, and in self-defence combined to put an end to them. Occasionally those gorgeous creatures, the archbishops, were inclined to co-operate, hardly out of consideration for the public good, a consideration never touching them, but solely because the robber knights pocketed tolls and did not share them with their feudal lords.

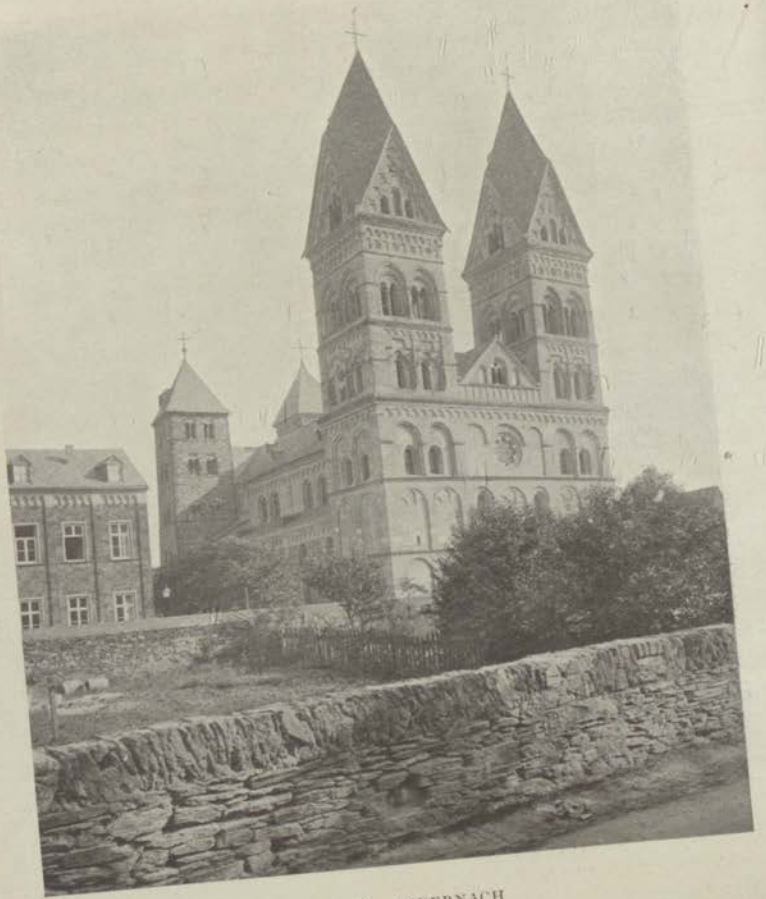
The present extant walls of Andernach, built of basalt, tufa, and slate, were erected by the town in the fifteenth century, and consisted then of an encircling belt broken by thirteen or sixteen lofty towers. The most interesting gate is that from the Rhine. It is double. The outer gate belongs to the fifteenth century, but the inner gate is one of the few fragments that remain of the walls of 1200. It is ornamented with two stone statues, larger than life, their feet resting on corbels. They go by the name of the Andernach Baker Boys.

The story goes that Andernach, being always at feud with Linz, was one night attacked by the citizens of the rival town. The watchmen were asleep, so also the townsfolk. But two baker's apprentices were engaged at the oven, when, hearing a sound outside the walls, they mounted to the parapets and saw the enemy engaged in planting ladders. Instantly they caught up and flung at them a row of bee-hives that was on the walls. The bees swarmed out, and proved such terrible Lanzknechts as to rout the Linzers and send them flying helter-skelter home. Precisely the same legend is met with in Cornwall, located at Basil, and the assailants are Cromwell's soldiers. Here, at Andernach, in commemoration of the achievement of the baker boys, their images were set up.

But in very truth, these images are *Wahrzeichen*,

whereby wandering apprentices might be checked as to the truth of the stories they told. To the best of my knowledge we had nothing like it in England. The system was this. Every town had its peculiar marks, and to these peculiar marks traditions were attached. When apprentices arrived at a town seeking work, and told whence they came, they were catechised as to the Wahrzeichen of the town from which they professed to come, and where they had learned their trade. Every town had its own tokens: here a curious head built into a wall; there a horse-shoe affixed in a conspicuous place; here a quaint fountain; there a peculiar vane. The multiplication of Wahrzeichen in the old towns, of whatever kind they might be, exercised a power at the time of the development of the trade guilds. They served as a test, often rigorously and even harshly applied to the control of the wandering apprentices by master weavers, millers, shoemakers, bakers, and butchers. The applicants for work were required before admission into the trade in a strange town to enumerate these tokens in every place in which they had served. Moreover, the tokens affected by one trade were by no means always the same as those agreed upon by another; and a master who confided to his departing apprentice the privately agreed upon Wahrzeichen in his town, gave him what served as a certificate of good conduct and of skill. If the apprentice were dismissed without this having been confided to him, he was detected at once in any other town of Germany to which he journeyed, and in which he made application for work.

A church had been erected at Andernach in the second half of the twelfth century, but it was destroyed by the Papal Emperor, Philip of Suabia, when he burnt the town to punish it for having held to the party of Otto of



CHURCH, ANDERNACH

Brunswick. An incident during that period of internecine strife occurred outside Andernach characteristic of the brutality of that time. The Archbishop of Cologne had thrown in his lot with the Papal anti-King Philip, and this party gained the upper hand on the Rhine so rapidly, that an army of Lotharingians in the pay of Otto, which was encamped before Andernach, fell away to Philip. The citizens were unwilling to open their gates to the lawless mercenaries, who remained outside, awaiting the arrival of Philip. These latter whiled away their time in sports. One day they got hold of a nun, stripped her, smeared her in honey, rolled her in feathers, mounted her astride on an old horse, and so paraded her through the camp. But they were required to pay dear for this practical joke. When Philip arrived, he had the ringleaders thrown into boiling water. Then he turned his attention to the town, which had not resisted him, but had held to Otto. He burnt it to the ground along with its new and stately church. This took place in 1198, and such was the character of the wars stirred up by the Popes through generations.

The church now standing is a fine example of Rhenish Romanesque architecture, reluctant to yield to the new spirit blowing from France, clinging tenaciously to the early type. The north-east tower is a relic of the church burnt by Philip of Suabia. The church is constructed of tufa; and, like so many others on the Rhine, has a double range of windows to light the galleries above and the aisles below.

The archiepiscopal Burg dates from 1491, and is built of black basalt. The scars which disfigure it are due to fire, for basalt, although of fiery origin, resents the after application of fire, and flakes away.

The fine 'Ochsenthurm' is the main feature of Ander-

nach. It was constructed in 1448-1452. The French in 1689 tried to blow it up, but failed, as the walls at the foundation are sixteen feet thick.

Andernach was the principal town of the Maifeld, a district comprising all the country from the Mosel and Rhine to the ridge of the Hohe Eifel. It is a fertile tableland of less elevation than the Eifel, and is watered by the Notte, Nothbach, and Elz. The Maifeld, pagus Maginensis, takes its name from the Celtic *magh*, a field, so that Maifeld is a reduplication expressive of the double origin of its population. It was civilised by the Romans, who had resort to its numerous mineral springs, and who worked the lava-beds and tufa deposits for building-stone, and the clay for potteries.

The gem of the whole district is the Laacher See. A radius of seven miles from this lake includes the volcanoes that have given a special character to the district, and have provided ten thousands of hands with work, and furnished many a family with bread, beer, and clothing. I have no doubt that the primitive inhabitants used very bad, unrecorded language when these mountains exploded and buried their habitations and pastures under thick beds of ash; but the present dwellers on the land look with gratitude to Providence for the outbreak which to-day nourishes them. The volcanic vents were forced through the Devonian slates and grauwacke, but also through the overlying tertiary beds. The deposits laid were tufa, slag, and lava. The lava streams, of which there were eleven, did not issue from the craters, but from the sides of the cones. Nor are they all of the same date. These streams of molten matter naturally flowed down into the bottoms, and their course shows that at the time of eruption the contour of the land was much the same as it is at present. But the valleys were

not then so deep as they are now, for in no case do these streams reach the bottoms at present occupied by the rivers. This shows that since the volcanoes were in full blast there has been considerable erosion.

That men lived on the surface of the soil when the eruptions occurred is proved by a series of finds of human workmanship, from the time of the reindeer, as bones split for the extraction of the marrow, and tools, lying above the tertiary deposits and under the volcanic ash. Other finds enable us to determine the date of the last outbreak of terrestrial fires with some nicety, and to fix it at two centuries before the Christian era; for beneath the latest rain of cinder and volcanic dust have been found pottery and other relics of the Celtic occupation of the land, previous to the conquest by the Romans. The small museum at Andernach, that well deserves a visit, contains specimens from these deposits. At Plaidt, moreover, may be procured impressions of plants, all of known and still flourishing species, that were buried by the falling dust.

During the final outbreak of volcanic action a strong wind must have been blowing from the west, for the falling ash and sand was carried over the Neuwied basin, up the Rhine valley to Boppard, over the heights of the Westerwald, and as far as Limburg on the Lahn.

About the Laacher See the grey tufa, composed of ash, contains fragments of trachyte, and Devonian slate, and 'bombs,' or masses that had been hurled into the air, and had fallen about the craters that had ejected them, and are scattered through their neighbourhood.

The lava-beds have been worked since Roman times; and the quarries at Ober Mendig may be visited, extending for miles underground, the roofs sustained on piers. But the product that is most extensively worked and

provides a more novel industry is the Bimsstein. This is the bed of volcanic ash deposited over the level land from Andernach to Coblenz. The traveller ascending the Rhine will notice along the whole way piles of white blocks in long ranges. These are made of Bimsstein, which is worked for about four miles in length and a mile in breadth. The material is excavated on the spot, mixed with a little lime, and after having been shaped, is left to dry in the air. It forms an admirable building material, light to handle, dry, and enduring. The same may be seen in the Neuwied plain, which is given over to factories of these concrete blocks.

But this is not all that the spitfires have done for the district. Volcanic action does not die away abruptly—it has its echo; and this echo is found in the springs of water highly charged with carbonic acid, which afford so flourishing an industry wherever one of these effervescent jets occurs, for it is bottled and distributed throughout the world.

The last volcano to erupt was the Krufter Ofen, by the Laacher See. This circular lake looks as if it certainly occupied the crater of an extinct volcano, but the appearance is delusive. It is surrounded by volcanoes, whose lava streams have intercepted the natural drainage of the land, and by this means have constituted the lake.

At Ober Mendig one of these lava streams may be examined in a series of subterranean quarries, now converted into beer-cellars owing to the temperature in them being low.

At this same place, beside the modern black basalt church, is the old twelfth-century small church, very interesting on account of its frescoes, that range in date from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century, and which

represent knights tilting, and other secular scenes as well as such as are religious.

Two miles from Nieder Mendig across the plain is seen a chapel rising out of a clump of trees. This chapel occupies the site of a Roman station, and was later regarded as the centre of the land of Pellenz, containing fourteen villages. This little land belonged to the Palatine counts, and took its name from thence (Palentia-Pellenz). Formerly the magistrates and representatives of the people assembled in the house near the church; there also was held the court for misdemeanours, and there likewise the Count Palatine resided when he visited the place.

The little church was ruined by the French, who deliberately mutilated the delicate tufa sculpture of the high altar-piece, a work of marvellous delicacy, crowded with figures, but of which now not a head is left. In 1804 church and land around were sold, and they are private property. The side aisles of the church were demolished, and the arches walled up.

This Frauenkirche occupies a site to which attaches a popular legend.

Siegfried, Count Palatine, had to wife Genoveva of Brabant. As he was called away to the wars, he entrusted the charge of his castle and his wife to his steward, Golo. This man fell passionately in love with the countess, and when she repulsed him he had her cast into a dungeon, in which she was delivered of a son, whom she named Tristram. Golo then committed her to two ruffians to convey into the forest, and there murder her and the babe. But they were moved to compassion by her beauty and tears, and left her unharmed in the forest; then, finding a hollow oak, she retired into it with the child, and lived on berries and roots. Golo,

afraid lest he should be punished, removed those who could testify to the innocence of the countess, and informed the count by letter that she had been convicted of gross infidelity, had been tried and executed.

When the count returned the same story was repeated, and confirmed by several, and he believed it, but was very unhappy, for he had dearly loved his wife. One day whilst he was hunting he roused a white fawn, and on pursuing it the beast took refuge with a haggard woman clothed in rags, and her little son, a handsome and gallant boy. A recognition and reconciliation ensued, and Golo was punished by being confined for the rest of his days in a tower of the castle at Mayen. The countess returned to the castle whence she had been driven years before, but could not accommodate her stomach to the food of civilisation. She wandered about, gathering roots, which alone she could eat, and died shortly after. The Frauenkirche stands on the spot where was Genoveva's oak, and the mutilated altar-piece was intended to record the legend. In the nave is a monument representing a knight and his lady, commonly attributed to Count Siegfried and Genoveva; but it is a work of the fourteenth century, and they lived in the eleventh and twelfth.

The story is unhistorical. The Count Palatine, Siegfried of Ballenstädt, was born in 1071, and he married Gertrude, daughter of Henry the Plump, Count of Nordheim. She survived her husband, who died of wounds he had received in battle in 1113, and she married again Otto of Rieneck, and died on the 14th May 1151. Siegfried was succeeded by his son William, by Gertrude.

No trace of the story can be found before the fifteenth century, when it occurs in the writings of a monk of Laach, probably derived from a popular ballad. The

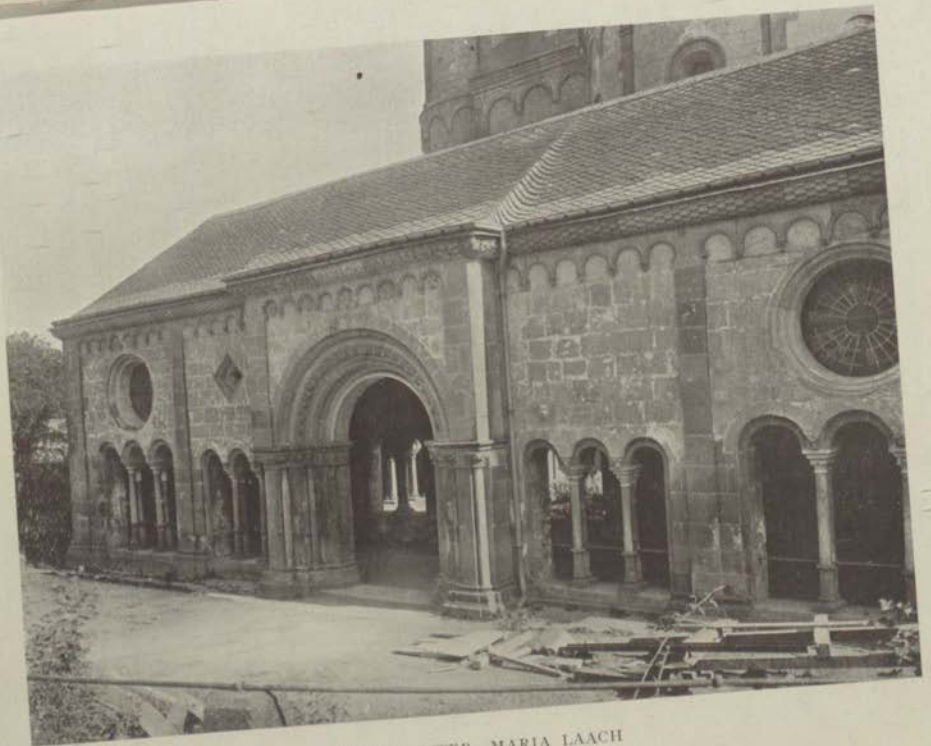
Laacher See was formed by the last volcanic outburst, two centuries before the Christian era. It is a still blue sheet in which float white water-lilies, and over which hover golden and peacock-blue dragon-flies. The lake is surrounded by lovely woods and volcanic cones and craters. The action of the volcanoes cannot have been completely over when already the lake had constituted itself and men had settled there, for *Pfahlbauten* have been found, platforms of wood built out in the lake, upon which men lived and loved and laboured, till the rain of ash descended and covered them up. But man was there at a still earlier period, before ever the lake was formed, as relics of men of the stone age have been found on the east side below the level of the lake.

A beautiful lake, where one may spend a summer, living reasonably at a very comfortable inn, and can enjoy the fishing, the scenery, and the lotos-eating life required after the strain of modern business. There is Maria Laach, the abbey with its church. This church is to me a dream of grave beauty. It was founded in 1093, and the eastern choir completed with its towers in 1095. It was founded by Henry, the first Palatine of the Rhine, who died the same year that the choir was finished and dedicated. The work was continued by Siegfried, the husband of the mythical Genoveva. Then ensued a pause in the building, for William, Siegfried's son, was not interested in it. The completed church was consecrated in 1156. Oh! what a church it is! The most solemn of all Rhenish ecclesiastical buildings. The mists rising from the lake exercise a bad effect on frescoes, consequently the church has escaped the daubing over with glaring colours that disfigures almost every church on the Rhine. It is solemn, dignified, and beautiful. The Paradise at the west end

is unsurpassed: it consists of a cloister, the arches supported on twisted pillars, the capitals elaborately carved. The whole not heavy as is usual with Romanesque work, but delicate and dainty. In the midst stood formerly Adam and Eve and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. That has disappeared, but the exquisite cloister is intact. It tells a story. It tells that the Cistercian monks had an insight into matters, and had detected the root of the evil that was filling Germany with discord, violence, and revolt, for on one of the capitals is represented a devil holding a scroll on which is inscribed 'Peccata Romæ.' As fresco will not endure by the lake, enamel and mosaic have been employed sparingly, and in good taste.

The monastery at Laach produced some notable men, among these was John Butzbach, who in his *Hodoporicon*, or Wanderer's Book, has given us delicious pictures of monastic life in the fifteenth century.

Butzbach was born in 1478, and at the age of six was sent to a school where the master treated him with such barbarity that his father listened to the proposal of a travelling dominie to take the child with him and educate him. But this man, instead of doing what he had undertaken, consumed the money that was entrusted to him, neglected the boy, beat him unmercifully, and half-starved him. At last, unable to endure the treatment, John ran away on the frontier of Bohemia, and fell into the hands of a nobleman, who made a present of him to a friend to serve as page, but he was treated as a slave. Being in Bohemia he had an opportunity of seeing the conduct of the Hussite war, and of the habits of a people still sunk in barbarism. After two years of drudgery and blows he ran away, and returned home, where he found that his father was dead; so he went to Aschaffen-



THE CLOISTER, MARIA LAACH

burg and became a tailor's apprentice. After having finished his years of apprenticeship, years of harsh treatment, he went as convent tailor to Johannisberg. But whilst sitting cross-legged on his bench, his heart swelled with longing after a nobler ideal, and with desire to acquire learning. Then, when aged twenty he made his way to Deventer where the school under Alexander Hegius numbered two thousand two hundred scholars. Although John suffered from bad health, the result of his cruel treatment and insufficiency of food when a growing boy, and although obliged to maintain himself with his needle, he succeeded in studying so hard, that in two years he had worked his way through the eight classes of the school. In 1500, the Abbot of Laach sent to Deventer for teachers for his monastic school, and John Butzbach was recommended. Now, finally, this sickly, eager, burning soul found its rest, in one of the sweetest spots in the world. He says: 'Many noble abbeys have I seen in my life, but nowhere have I seen one that can compare with this at Laach in wondrous architectural beauty. Others may be richer, but none more stately, sturdy, delectable and peaceful, may anywhere be found.'

Here, first as a novice, then as master of the novices, lastly as prior, lived John Butzbach for twenty-six years, as happy as he could be, loving the place, loving the life, and delighting in his studies. The books that exercised on him the greatest influence were those of the Rhenish learned abbot Trithemius. As he tells us himself, he devoured greedily the first of his works that fell into his hands; waking and sleeping, the author filled his mind with his glowing descriptions and his marvellous fund of knowledge. Thenceforth Trithemius was the star by which he directed the course of his reading. John Butzbach did not live to be an old

man; his health had been undermined whilst young, and he died when aged forty-eight.[1]

The monastery was dissolved in 1802, when the French Republic acquired the left bank of the Rhine. Its estates were confiscated, and church and abbey buildings brought to the hammer. All the treasures of art in the church and the valuable library were dispersed. Happily some of the churches in the neighbourhood secured scraps of its art treasures. In 1820 the Prussian government sold the abbey and its lands for about £400. In 1855 the monastic buildings were burnt down. The church and its belongings got into the hands of the Jesuits, and from Maria Laach issued the 'Stimmen,' politico-religious appeals to the German people. They retained it for eleven years. Then broke out the Franco-German war, provoked, as was believed in Germany, by Jesuit machinations. The Order was accordingly expelled. In 1892, the Benedictines acquired the abbey. A colony was sent thither from Beuren in Suabia; and already it has become a nursery of art, literature and religion. Of all the religious orders, the Benedictine, the first founded, has proved the healthiest. The members are highly cultured, and never meddle with politics. The library already consists of over forty thousand volumes. The church, like Mainz, has an apse at the west end as well as one at the east; in the western apse lies the founder under a monument. The figure representing him is of wood, painted; the Baldachino over it is supported on pillars taken from Roman ruins. This founder was, as has been already said, Henry, Count Palatine.

The lake at one time stood at a higher level than at present. In 1160, an adit was driven through the lava

[1] A German translation of his autobiography is published by D. G. Becker: *Chronica e. fahr. Schüler.* Regensburg, 1869.

wall to let off the water, which has no natural mode of exit; but as this collapsed, a fresh tunnel was made in 1843, still further reducing the superficies of the lake, but bringing into cultivation much rich land. The greatest depth of the lake is 155 feet.

I have mentioned Altenahr as a pleasant summer resort. Not less attractive is Maria Laach.

CHAPTER XI

NEUWIED

The only ugly Part of the Rhine—A Roman Town—Destruction by the Franks—The House of Wied—Prince Alexander—Invites all Sects to the Place—Sells the Houses by means of a Raffle—Frederick Charles—Deposed, but continues to Reign—His Notions on War—Odd Charges in Accounts—The Robber Bands of Wied—Matthias Fetzer—Plans to rob the Treasury—The Princes helpless—The French Governor Intervenes—Fetzer Arrested and Guillotined—Changes in Territories—The Arms of Wied—Sayn—The Engersgau—The House of Sayn Wittgenstein—Rommersdorf—The Last Abbot.

THE only tract of land on the Rhine from Bonn to Bingen that can be labelled ugly, is certainly Wied. It is the most modern and petty of all the principalities of Germany, having been created in 1784, and since then reshaped and readjusted several times. It belonged to the Counts of Wied. The family divided in the fifteenth century into two branches, Wied-Runkel and Neu-wied. As some of the estates on the left bank of the Rhine were taken from Wied at the Peace of Lunéville, it was indemnified out of the lands belonging to the Electorate of Cologne.

The extensive plain, now given over to manufactories of Bimsstein blocks, was once occupied by the Romans, and the basin was protected against incursions of the barbarians by the Pfahlgräben, earthworks and palisades with towers at intervals, here tripled. At Niederbiber was a walled town with palaces and public buildings. Villas also were scattered over the plain. The town at Niederbiber was completely destroyed by the Franks,

and that with such insensate rage that they not only burnt every building, but smashed every statue and altar therein, so that when the site was excavated, every relic was found to be mutilated, and not a single inscription was left intact. Human bones were found in abundance, traces of a massacre. In the court of the prætorium lay a skeleton, whose helmet showed that he had been a soldier of the Fifth Cohort, near him the silver plate of a standard transfixed by a German lance. By his side lay his sword-blade.

The founder of the reigning family of Wied was Frederick William, who built the town of Neuwied in 1702-1712. He died in 1737. The former seat of the family had been at Altwied, where are the ruins of the ancestral castle. This occupied a beautiful situation with fine views; but Frederick William lived at the period when the Cult of the Ugly was in full swing, and he abandoned it for the present eminently unattractive situation of Neuwied.

The son of Frederick William was Count Alexander, 1737-1791, who reigned for half a century, and was the first of the new-baked princes. He was a shrewd man and enlightened for his time. In order to people his ugly town he invited to it all the sectarians who were uncomfortable elsewhere, and thus it was that Moravians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Mennonites, Quakers, Shakers, Jumpers, Illuminati, and every one who had a psalm, a doctrine, a revelation, hurried there to spend his energies on trying to convert some other sectarian to his particular religious fad. The proceeding was at the time novel, and awoke attention. The prince built rows of houses to the value of 500-800 dollars apiece, and had them raffled for. He who won a house was required further to deposit fifty dollars and take a specified

number of tickets in the lottery as well. Further, to augment his revenue, which was necessarily small from such a diminutive principality, he established a hat factory and then one that at the present day furnishes sanitary contrivances.

Björnsdal, a Swedish traveller, who visited Neuwied in 1774, thus speaks of the place: 'It is situated three miles (German) from Coblenz, and is a tolerably pretty town. All kinds of religionists swarm there, but the Reformed (Calvinists), which is the established religion, and is that of the court, has alone the right to the use of bells. The reigning count is very tolerant. Trade is free and not hampered by taxes. Manufacturers flourish and are numerous. The Moravians, who have a quarter of the town to themselves, have the best and the most expensive factories.

'On June 3rd we went to the court, where we were well received. The countess knew about the Moravians and could not sufficiently praise their good management. During the eighteen years they have been here, they have given no occasion for fault-finding, whatever disadvantageous rumours may have circulated anent them. The judgment of so exalted a lady, and she of the Calvinist persuasion, is significant.'

The son and successor of the first prince was Frederick Charles, who was aged fifty when his father died. He had married Countess Marie of Berleburg in 1766. Frederick Charles mounted his little throne at the time that the volcano of the French Revolution was raging, a time when the German princes should have set their houses in order. But the Prince of Neuwied was not a man to observe the signs of the times, and he ruled as an autocrat, imposing intolerable burdens on his subjects, so that they appealed against him to the Imperial Court,

and the Emperor decreed his deposition. But it was one thing to decree it, and another thing to carry out the decree. The sentence remained a dead letter, and Frederick Charles continued his tyrannical oppression, till the proximity of the French on the further side of the Rhine alarmed him; whereupon he fled to place his precious skin in safety, first into Saxony, and then to Frankfort.

One reason for his imposing such heavy taxes on the people was his passion for play, at which he lost large sums, and every loss increased his zest for the game. He was a man with a queer twist in his brain. He was so persuaded, probably by some of his Quaker subjects, that war was wicked, that from this premise he drew some remarkable deductions, such as these: War is sinful. Now no war can be carried on without gunpowder. Therefore the manufacture of explosives is wicked. To the making of gunpowder saltpetre pertains. Consequently it is criminal to produce saltpetre. But further, saltpetre is derived from the excrement of human beings and beasts. Therefore, the propagation of the human species and of beasts whereby that is produced from which saltpetre is derived must be evil. Happily for the continuance of the Wied-Neuwied family, he had propagated his species before embracing this doctrine. He returned to his little principality in 1797. Through the death of the burggrave of Kirchberg in 1799, the Prince of Neuwied was engaged in litigation with the house of Nassau-Weilburg over the inheritance of Sayn-Hachenburg. The chancellor of Wied was despatched to Vienna to conduct the case for the prince, and this dragged on interminably. When he came back, he laid his statement of accounts before Frederick Charles, and among the items stood this: '2000 florins for deprivation of

conjugal rights.' 'Is not that rather a heavy item?' asked the prince. 'I could not think of putting it at a lower figure,' replied the chancellor, so the item was passed and paid for by the people of Wied.

During the rule of this prince, Wied was the scene of the operations of an organised band of robbers. It had its headquarters in Neuwied, and carried on its depredations far and wide. The head of the band was Matthias Fetzer 'the Mangler,' so named because of the ruthless manner in which he beat and hacked his victims.

'Neuwied,' says the author of the *Neue Pitaval*, 'seemed a place peculiarly calculated to serve for the undisturbed operations and extension of this industry. Among the strangers who sought refuge in the principality and received its beneficent protection were men of all classes, thieves and receivers. A police, such as should have existed in Neuwied to keep a watch on those who came and left, and such as settled there, and what was their mode of living, did not exist at all; it was at variance with the principles observed in this little state.

'Neuwied lay on the Rhine, and since in 1798, the French custom houses were established on the left bank, numerous travellers passed through the place on their way to Frankfort.

'It afforded this advantage from Fetzer's point of view, that Neuwied adjoined on every side lands that were under different princes. Moreover Neuwied contained a host of receivers, intermediaries, and storehouses for thieves' goods, and offered every facility for the distribution of stolen property, and of protection against police interference. In addition to all this, it transpired from the confessions of the thieves and the admissions of witnesses that one of the prince's officials was a boon comrade, in league with the robbers, and that he allowed

several of these to slip away, when he should have arrested them.' Many and atrocious were the crimes committed. No person moderately well off was secure against his house being broken into and himself robbed and maltreated. The band, from twenty to thirty strong, would enter a village, ram open the door of the house they had marked, and fire from the windows at the peasants who assembled to deter them from interfering with their proceedings. One of the most audacious undertakings of Fetzer was to break into the treasury of the prince. He narrated the circumstances when he was brought to justice at a later date.

'For three years I lived off and on in the house of Belz of Neuwied. During this time I had abundant opportunity for noticing that money was conveyed into the Treasury, so I resolved to pay it a visit. One night I slipped through the garden door into the court, went round the Government buildings to the door, and took the impression of the lock in wax. I then fashioned a skeleton key to suit. On a second night visit I opened the door and ascended the stair to the Treasury. The door to this, in addition to being fastened by an ordinary lock, had a padlock attached to it. I took impressions of both locks in wax, and returned to my lodgings. When I had manufactured the keys I required I again went to the same place, and this time I entered the treasure chamber. There, although it was dark, I noticed a long table, an iron-bound chest of considerable size and two smaller chests. I did not, however, meddle with them, as I had been informed that there was at the time very little money in them; moreover I awaited a better opportunity, of which I had been informed by one who was in the know; I had been told that the prince was expecting shortly to receive twenty thousand dollars of an inheri-

tance that fell to him. The sum might amount to double that I have mentioned. I was at that time satisfied with what I had done, and I only awaited my occasion to rob the Treasury, and I certainly would have done so, had I not been carried off to serve in the imperial army, and that I afterwards encountered other insuperable difficulties.'

The robber bands were not confined to Wied; they swarmed over the Nether and Middle Rhine, and Westphalia, but Wied was their headquarters, and the refuge to which they could fly and be safe when disturbed elsewhere.

At length the condition of affairs became so intolerable that the princes on the right bank held a conference at Wetzlar to devise means for suppressing the plague. But they effected nothing, and the robbers pursued their depredations without molestation, and in nine cases out of ten by bribery, intimidation, or sheer audacity effected their escape when captured.

Meanwhile there had been the same trouble on the left bank, where the notorious Schinderhannes, of whom more anon, was the leader of a gang. But the French Government was not disposed to allow this to go on unchecked like the German incapables on the other bank.

Saint-André, the General Commissioner of the French Rhine Department, found that he could not repress these bands so long as doors of escape were held open to them by the princes. He therefore demanded of these princes their assent to the appointment of a commissioner who should search the suspected houses and lurking places of the robbers, wherever they were; should also be given authority to summon local aid to arrest such as were tracked down; and further, that all prisoners

should be submitted to him for examination. When a French official made a demand of the Rhenish princes, they could but bow to their knees, and place themselves and their territories at his disposal.

The choice of a commissioner fell on a lawyer called Keil, a man of experience in criminal trials; he was a capable man, and it was due to him and the energy of Saint-André that a term was put to the malpractices of the freebooters.

In the summer of 1802, Commissioner Keil with his secretary, Diepenbach, started on their work. After a brief halt in Coblenz, he resolved on a visit to Knipshöfe, a cluster of nine houses on the mountainside, about four miles from Andernach. The hamlet was accessible only by rocky paths. The hillsides were clothed in woods, with here and there clearings for field patches. For some time suspicion had been entertained that this was a much frequented retreat of those who terrorised the country.

The visit was made at night, but, notwithstanding all precautions taken to ensure secrecy, the nests were found to be empty. The occupants kept watchdogs on the heights, and their barking had forewarned them, and they had fled and concealed themselves.

On the following night, Neuwied was visited. The houses there suspected were those of Belz and of a widow Baums. Both were arrested and sent to Cologne, then French, to be tried as notorious receivers of stolen goods. Throughout, the susceptibilities of the princes were disregarded, their tenants were taken and transferred to be tried by French courts.

In prison Belz managed to carry on a correspondence with various members of the gang and to extort money from them by threats of revelations, were it withheld.

He was brought to admit that some of the robbers were acquaintances, but he would go no further. The widow, however, was more communicative. From Neuwied, Keil went to Frankfort. He had received information that a certain Peter Boch was then in prison; a man who for sundry crimes had been sentenced to sixteen years in the galleys but who had escaped. In Frankfort Keil sought his man, but found him not. Then he went on to Bergen in the Odenwald. The magistrate there produced a prisoner against whom no serious charge had been made, and whom he purposed liberating shortly. Keil at once recognised this man as Peter Boch. 'Where Boch is,' said the commissioner, 'there will be found others of the same kidney. Produce another prisoner!'

A second was brought forward. Keil and Diepenbach examined him attentively, pulled out a description they had received of the personal appearance of the principal robbers, and came to the conclusion that this was none other than the redoubted Fetzer. That man had scars on his neck and shoulders. The commissioner examined those parts and found the scars. After vain attempts at denial, the man was at last brought to confess that he was indeed Matthias Weber commonly known as the Mangler. He was taken to Cologne and guillotined in February 1803. He had confessed to one hundred and seventy-eight robberies. He had murdered his wife, because she had boxed their child's ears for choking over a gooseberry. The only crime that he shrank from admitting till the end was a burglary committed on the Countess of Niersdonk, who had befriended him in his early youth.

The eccentric prince, Frederick Charles, abdicated in 1802, whereupon his wife separated from him. He

went to Brussels, then to Marseilles, and finally settled at Heidelberg on an annuity of fifteen thousand gulden, and died in 1809.

He was succeeded by his second son Augustus, born in 1769. The eldest, Clemens, had died insane in 1800.

In those days princes changed their territories as if they were shirts. One of the Wied villages, after the Peace of Lunéville, shifted its master three times in a very few years. At last the peasants drew up a petition, begging that they might be left in peace to belong to one prince or to another. All the inhabitants were asked to attach their signatures, but the Jews declined. 'Really,' said they, 'we have not been given time to choose among the princes. Each and all are indifferent to us.'

This duodecimo principality in 1802, under Augustus, concluded its own particular peace with France. In 1806 Wied was suppressed and passed over to Nassau. At the Congress of Vienna, 1814, Wied recovered its rights; and in 1825 the prince was accorded the right to be entitled Transparency (*Durchlaucht*), and the family to be entitled to marry only into sovereign stocks—an inhibition rather than a privilege. The arms are, on a gold field, a peewit (*Wiede hopf*) in its pride, *i.e.* posturing as a peacock.

There is nothing to be seen in Neuwied but ranges of mean houses, streets set at right angles to one another, miles of claypits with stagnant water in them, breeding mosquitoes, miles of concrete blocks, and overhead trailing clouds of black smoke from factory chimneys.

The dreary level extends from Neuwied to another minute principality, that of Sayn, with another ugly

palace. All this region once formed the Engersgau, ruled under the Frank kings by a royal officer. When that kingdom broke up, the petty knights who dubbed themselves counts, Wied, Sayn, and Isenburg, came to the front and lived on pillage. In 1367 they plundered the merchants who were on their way to the great fair at Frankfort. Thereupon Cuno of Falkenstein, Archbishop of Trèves, crossed the Rhine, whipped them all round, and erected a castle, Cunostein, to bridle them. In 1760 the Elector John Philip pulled down the castle, and built in its place a palace in the rococo style.

The little stream of the Sayn flows through a picturesque valley, and the old castle of Sayn, destroyed by the French, was the cradle of a race that has spread, and has made itself talked about in the world. 'The House of Sayn and Wittgenstein,' says Vehse, 'is one in which the thick Westphalian and the light Rhenish blood are mingled, and from this mixture, according to the current theory of race-blendings, one would expect something peculiar to arise. And such is the case, it combines Westphalian family pride, capriciously masterful, with large families and disorderly morals. No Westphalian family has produced such a stock of eccentricities, none has so given occasion for tongues to wag in Germany, and of late in Russia. The House of Sayn-Wittgenstein is the product of an alliance between the House of Sayn on the Rhine and that of Wittgenstein of Westphalia.'

The first Sayns were stewards under the archdiocese of Cologne, and then under Trèves, and under the Counts Palatine of the Rhine. Like other stewards, they kept as their own what was confided to them in trust. One branch of the Sayn-Wittgenstein House was made princely in 1792, another in 1804, and another in 1834. Inland from Engers, at the foot of the hills, lies the Abbey

of Rommersdorf, of which the beautiful Romanesque cloister and chapterhouse remain; these were erected in 1214-1236. The last abbot was Augustine Müller, who died in 1821. When the abbey was secularised he retired into private life. One evening he was invited to dine with the commandant at Coblenz. The conversation turned on the life in the monastery. The ex-abbot, flushed with good food, expatiated on the pleasant life he had led. 'Ah!' said he, 'when there came a *festum duplex*, we were served with double portions of wine; a *festum triplex* was honoured with triple libations.'

The general shook his head. 'How about your heads next morning?' he asked.

'Bah!' replied the ex-abbot, 'then we recovered ourselves on thin stuff, such as we are now drinking at your table.'

CHAPTER XII

COBLENZ

Weissenthurm—Confluentia—Birth of Caligula—Coblenz the Residence of the Archbishops of Trèves—Albero and his Wine—William of Holland—Crusaders made to pay Toll—Archbishop excommunicated—Archbishop Henry II. and the Pall—Visit of Edward III.—Niederwerth—Jacob von Elz—The Jesuits arrive—The Cook and his Ladle—John Hugo's Vision—Francis George—The Elector Archbishops—Baron Boos von Waldeck's Account of Coblenz in the Eighteenth Century—The Elector John Philip—The Paperhanger—The Elector Clemens Wenceslas—Plays Blindman's Buff—The Palace—The Liebfrauenkirche—S. John the Baptist—The Castorkirche—Pews—Contrast between Coblenz and Trèves.

ABOVE Neuwied, on the further bank of the Rhine, is Weissenthurm, so named from the white tower erected to delimit the territories of the Electors of Cologne and Trèves. At that point they touched.

Coblenz, Confluentia, where the Mosel enters the Rhine, was probably one of the forts erected by Drusus, but is not named till much later. Whether this was the Vicus Ambiatinus, or whether that was Moselweis, or Münster Eifel, where the Emperor Caligula was born, cannot be determined, and none of these places are eager to claim him as its son. His father Germanicus, and his mother Agrippina, were on the Rhine, where Germanicus was in charge of the frontier. Caius Cæsar was born on 31st August A.D. 12, and his childhood was spent among the soldiers on the Rhine, and from them he acquired the nickname of Caligula, 'Little Boots,' on account of the stout military sandals, laced at the ankles, that the urchin

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wore. He was there till A.D. 17, when he accompanied his father and mother to Syria. Coblenz was granted to the Archbishops of Trèves (Trier) by the Emperor Henry II., and it enjoyed considerable privileges till these were withdrawn by Archbishop John VI. in 1561. But, indeed, the town took good care to exact from the Electors a promise to respect its rights, before it tendered its homage. On the whole the Electors kept their promises, though there were occasional ruffles through neither party to the agreement seeing matters with the same eyes.

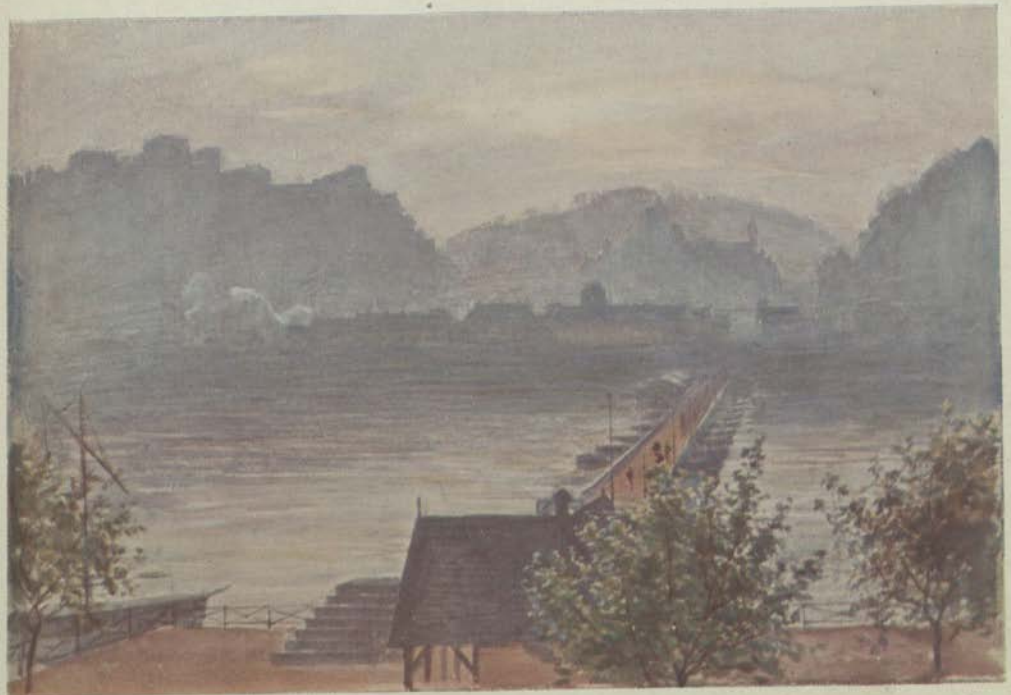
The archbishops entertained a great liking for Coblenz, and had two residences there—one in the town, the other at Ehrenbreitstein; and they were there much more than at Trèves.

Coblenz could not fail to become a flourishing place as the emporium for the Mosel wines. Archbishop Albero (1131-1152) made a use of these excellent liquors to which the most fanatical teetotalers would not object. He was instrumental in the election and crowning of Conrad II. in 1138, in opposition to the rival candidate, Henry of Bavaria. In 1139 a battle between the parties was imminent at Hersfeld. Albero arrived hastily on the field with thirty hogsheads of Mosel wine, which he distributed impartially between the hostile camps, with the result that there was a great effusion of generous liquor, but no blood, for a truce was concluded.

On another occasion, when the Counts of Sayn and Molbach were at loggerheads, ready to fly at each other, the prudent Albero invited both to a conference at Coblenz (1152). He was then an old man and tottering to his grave, and desirous that his last act should be the making of peace. But before business was entered into, there must be a dinner, and at the dinner wine must flow. At first the antagonists glowered at one another

across the table, and would not speak. Presently their frowns relaxed and their cheeks reddened. Their eyes grew soft, and they began to converse. Finally, they clinked glasses, threw themselves into each other's arms and hiccoughed brotherhood.

After the death of Henry Raspe, another Papal anti-king was set up, William the Rude, Count of Holland. At this time Arnold II. was Archbishop of Trèves. He had established a toll on the Rhine to be levied on all passengers up or down. Now William of Holland, at the Pope's exhortation, had started up the river with an army of crusaders. On reaching the toll-house, they were required to pay their pennies. William was furious. He was Kaiser, and his train were Christian warriors bent on a holy war. Why should they pay? William attempted to break his way through, but was resisted by the citizens of Coblenz, who thought that they as well as others might have their pickings out of the disreputable rout. They threw some of the Crusaders into the river, wounded some, and took others prisoners. The Papal King whined to the Pope, and Innocent IV., who pulled the wires, summoned the archbishop to Rome to give an account of himself, and he peremptorily ordered the abolition of the toll (1252). Arnold refused to obey, and was thereupon excommunicated. Innocent died in 1259, and Pope Urban IV. ordered the Bishops of Worms and Speyer to take the matter up. But they did nothing. Not till 1262 did the Pope gain his point and have the toll abolished. Arnold II. began the walling of the town, but the circuit was not completed till fifty years later. Archbishop Henry II. (1260-1286) also got on bad terms with the Pope. He failed to see that the pall, a strip of lambs' wool worn round the neck, conferred by the Holy See, was worth the inconvenience of a journey to Rome,



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and the heavy fees demanded for it. The Pope was highly incensed at this honour being treated so contemptuously. Again the Bishops of Worms and Speyer were ordered to bring the archbishop to reason, but they declined to do the Pope's dirty work for him. Then he empowered the rector of the principal church in Coblenz to beard the archbishop. Whereupon Henry sent the meddling priest to prison. The Pope cited the recalcitrant Elector to Rome. As he paid no attention to the summons, in 1262 the Pope declared him deposed, released his subjects from their obedience, and from the payment of their legal dues, and named an Italian as administrator of the diocese in his room. Not till ten years later did Henry obtain his restitution by Gregory X., and to get it was constrained to pour into the Papal exchequer the sum of 33,000 marks in silver. Henry lived before his proper time. Minds were not yet ripe to approve of such independent conduct. Nothing is more amazing in the study of German history than the contemplation of the one-sidedness of conscience through centuries of the Middle Ages. Conscience was hypersensitive as to the claims of the Holy See; it was callous to the first principles of Christianity as laid down by S. Paul. The Germans were prepared to commit *hari-kari* at the command of Rome; it did not occur to them to bid the Papacy mind its own business.

Archbishop Baldwin, brother of the Emperor Henry VII., was but nineteen when elected to be archbishop; but on account of his youth he was not installed till aged twenty-six, and he was consecrated in 1308 by a cardinal at Poitiers.

Under him a diet was held at Renze (1338), that was attended by the Emperor Ludwig, the Bavarian, by numerous prelates and nobles, and by Edward III. of

England, who came to solicit help against Philip the Fair of France. King Edward lodged in the island of Niederwerth, and when he departed paid to the nunnery there forty-six shillings and eightpence for his entertainment. A mistake has been made by some writers in representing Edward as lodging at Nonnenwerth above Bonn. But Niederwerth was actually the place; it might indeed be called a nuns' werth, for there was not only a convent on the island, but another on the mainland by the bank, and a third overtopping the river on a rock at Bessalich, and these were so close to one another, that the nuns could hear each other sing—

Pisces aquæ, volucres cœli, reptilia terræ, laudate Dominum!

Edward had to return without having accomplished his object.

John VI. (1556-1567) forbade appeals to Rome. His successor, Jacob von Elz, was a vigorous prelate, very resolute to expel the reforming spirit, whether in religion or politics, out of his principality. He summoned the Jesuits to Coblenz; but made so little provision for their entertainment that they were obliged to appeal to the town council to give them 'of their charity' a ton of pickled herrings and a supply of firewood. They had no books, and, curiously enough, the nest-egg of their library was a set of Luther's works that was presented to them.

Archbishop John was contemptuously opposed to every stir in favour of freedom; once on hearing that the citizens of Trèves were agitating in that direction, he entered the city preceded by his court cook, brandishing a long-handled ladle, to let them understand that he would shower cold water on all such movements.

The Elector John Hugo of Orsbeck (1676-1711) was

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an excellent man. The tourist Blainville, not one to praise where praise was not due, says: 'This elector is in verity the father of his land. His court follows his example, and consists of sensible men who esteem honour and truth above all things. Here justice is dealt out impartially; and one meets with none of that pride and supercilious regard for virtue that is noticeable in most of these inflated courts, where vice triumphs—in fact, is enthroned.'

A curious story is told of a vision seen by John Hugo, which he related to his coadjutor bishop, Verhorst. It occurred at Ehrenbreitstein, on the Eve of the Epiphany, 1701. The elector had received despatches from Vienna, and sat up over them till midnight. Then, taking his breviary and a candle, he stepped into the gallery opening into the church, when, to his surprise, he saw that the sacred building was full of people, some of whom he knew to be dead, but others were still alive. He saw his sister Eva, who had died at the age of fifteen, 'more beautiful than the loveliest summer-day, and sparkling with diamonds.' She held a bridal wreath in her hand. He saw also his brother, who had fallen in Hungary in 1664, also holding a myrtle wreath, and with a red bow marking where he had received his death-wound. He saw his deceased sister, Frau von Quadt, as well as another sister who had dined with him that same evening. They held his mother's betrothal-ring between them. Then he watched his own funeral, the coffin lowered, the coat-of-arms broken and cast down into the vault. After a while all was dark, and he retired, much troubled in mind, but fell asleep in his bed. Next morning his man-servant picked up the betrothal-ring of the Elector's mother from the floor by the bedside—a ring that had been lost twenty years before.

Ten years exactly to a day later the Elector died, at the age of seventy-seven, and his family died out with him. As his coat-of-arms was broken and cast into the grave, the herald proclaimed, 'Orsbeck, no more an Orsbeck!'

His successor was a Schönborn, an Austrian. The archbishops had so favoured France that they had admitted French garrisons into Ehrenbreitstein, and it was necessary to secure this door into Germany against them. Francis George von Schönborn ruled from 1729 to 1756. We have seen something of the disreputable archiepiscopal court at Bonn; it is a pleasure to look at one that was respectable. These elector archbishops being princes of the Empire, ruling as sovereigns in their lands, troubled their heads little about ecclesiastical matters. Confirmations, consecration of churches, ordinations of clergy, were left to their chaplain bishops. They themselves rarely took part in such functions. They concerned themselves little, if at all, about the spiritual condition of their subjects. In the days of Frederick Barbarossa, an Archbishop of Mainz, Christian by name, met a Lombard bishop. In Italy every little town has its bishop. The Lombard asked the German prelate whether he knew the faces of all those in his diocese. Then the archbishop laughed aloud. 'Why, man, my diocese is the size of all your Lombardy!' The North Italian prelate drew a paper from his pocket. 'I,' said he, 'know every individual sheep of my flock; look! here are all their names inscribed.'

But for the name, these elector-archbishops might as well have been secular princes. Indeed, as we have seen, in the archdiocese of Cologne, and again in that of Trèves, some of the Electors never were ordained either bishops or priests. They were engaged in politics, in

building palaces,in squandering their revenues on theatres, gambling-houses, balls, dinners, and parades.

We possess a full and interesting picture of Coblenz from the pen of Baron Boos von Waldeck relative to this period. It can be quoted here only in scraps: 'The Elector Francis George was a man of great intelligence and was uncommonly shrewd. He reigned for twenty-seven years. All affairs of state he dealt with himself alone; among his correspondents he especially affected the King of England (George II.). He spoke beautiful German, correct French, Italian fluently, and Latin like a Cicero.

'In person he was small, very stout, but well built, had beautiful hands which he gave to all to kiss; he had a grave voice, that became shrill when he was excited. He was pious, had no bad habits other than this: that he allowed his valets to report to him all the tittle-tattle of the town. He had an excellent appetite, ate two pounds of beef at noon, but drank very little.

'In dress he was punctiliously tidy, wearing mostly black and purple clothes, richly embroidered in the same colours; but when hunting, he dressed in green. His taste in the matter of rings and snuff-boxes was expensive; but he had only one gold repeater watch, and one of silver. At first he wore big Spanish wigs, but reduced the size later on, and always had them well frizzled.

'Although in my time the Elector no longer rode, he kept as many as a hundred and eighty horses in his stables, and had very handsome carriages. He never played at cards, never went to entertainments. He had no love for the society of great folk. When such came to see him, he escaped into the country, or excused himself on the plea of ill-health.

'How simply and moderately people lived in these

days may be judged from what follows. The chief magistrate, Von Bürresheim, was the only person at the court who had a small gold snuff-box and a walking-stick that was gold-headed. No man had such a thing as a gold watch, only those of silver, and those only the most illustrious cavaliers. But the very exalted ladies wore old-fashioned gold watches and gold chains or clasps. Every man who possessed a silver watch was looked upon as a man of substance.

'The Count Van der Seyen was the only person who had a silver table service. All the rest of the nobility ate their meals off plates of tin. Silver tea and coffee-pots were hung up along with porcelain as ornaments to state apartments. Meals in noble houses were very simple; but at grand banquets I have seen dishes piled up with ten fowl, three roast geese, and two huge turkeys, all on one platter.

'On gala days at the court healths were drunk to the blast of trumpets, on which occasions he whose health had been drunk flung a ducat to the trumpeters. Of gross immoralities among the nobility in these times one heard very little. The Jesuits stood in high repute, and to them the children were sent to school. So far as the fear of God and Christian doctrine went, they were well taught, but as to other branches of knowledge, of such they did not get much.

'One saw very little card-playing, and then not for money. When paying visits ladies cut out figures from paper, or did knotting of silk, and always carried their work-bags with them. There was no theatre, but now and then a Jack Pudding visited the town, and rope-dancers gave entertainments.

'The burgesses were quiet, pious, steady people. Men and women alike lived very much at home, and were

devoted to their gardens. There was a great admiration for life in the cloister; and as nun's flesh is dear meat, and became dearer every day, many a man who wished to send his daughter into a nunnery had to furnish a sum of three thousand dollars, so that many a worthy man was by this means pinched, and his other children suffered. What was over the sons consumed at the universities, and returned from them bigger fools than when they went to them.'

The last Elector but one was John Philip von Waldersdorf (1756-1768). He was fond of building. A curious story attaches to his death. In the autumn of 1767 he was engaged in altering the winter apartments of the palace, and it afforded him pleasure to watch the men employed on the work. On the 16th November, upon entering a hall that was being papered, he saw the hanger lying insensible at the foot of the ladder. The man was recovered, and then stated that whilst engaged in papering, a gaunt man in a red damask dressing-gown had entered, looked at him, and said, 'It is in vain that you decorate; he for whom you do this will never occupy these rooms,' and thereupon vanished. Ten days later the Elector fell ill, and died on January 12th.

The last Elector, Clemens Wenceslas of Saxony (1768-1803), was also respectable. He lived in the troubled times of the French Revolution and occupation of his territories.

On his appointment, he set to work to sweep away abuses and curtail expenditure. He was a good, kindly, and enlightened prince. His sister kept house for him, the Princess Cunegund, a stern woman with a grim exterior.

One day the archbishop paid an unexpected visit to the Convent of S. Thomas by Andernach, a foundation

for ladies of noble rank. He entered unannounced, just after the mid-day meal was over, and the nuns and novices and their pupils were engaged in blind man's buff, and the girl who was in the middle made a rush and caught the Elector. 'Now I have you!' she exclaimed, and pulled off the band.

'Here am I, certainly, and ready for a romp,' said the archbishop, threw aside his shovel-hat and greatcoat, and played with great zest. The game proceeded. The nuns and novices lost all shyness. The prelate dashed this way, that way, with his eyes binded; the young women screamed, laughed. The Elector was portly and heavy, they nimble and elusive; the perspiration streamed from his brow, his wig was awry, when—joy—he clasped a nun round the middle, and said, 'Now I have got you!'

At that moment the door was thrown open, and in it stood the Princess Cunegund, frozen to an icicle. 'Clemens!' she exclaimed.

The Elector, who had one arm round the nun's waist, and with the disengaged hand was raising the bandage, was subdued at once. His chops fell, and he sneaked away to receive a lecture as he drove back to Coblenz in the electoral carriage.

Clemens Wenceslas built the present unsightly palace. His predecessors had occupied the Philippsburg on the further side of the Rhine under Ehrenbreitstein; but this had proved inconvenient in many ways. Moreover, it had become dilapidated. So he set to work to build, but occupied the new palace for eight years only before the French came and turned him out of it. They treated the building in the most wanton manner, smashing the windows, tearing out and carrying off the marble fireplaces, and breaking up the parquet floors. Happily

they could injure nothing artistic, for there was nothing artistic in the place to injure.

In the War of Liberation, the palace was used as a hospital. The wholesome winter air entered through the broken windows, and not a little helped to recover those suffering from typhoid fever, and the sparrows flying in and out served to amuse the patients. Then the building was converted into a court of justice below, with military workshops above. Finally, in 1899, it was completely repaired, and turned into a royal residence. The only portion of the palace that had escaped being damaged was the chapel, which had been employed as a salt store.

The principal, though not the most interesting, church in Coblenz, is the Liebfrauenkirche. The nave and towers were built during the rule of Archbishop Arnold, 1242-1259; the choir was begun in 1404, and finished in 1430. On the Epistle side of the choir is a copper plate bearing an inscription recording the death of the master builder in 1426, so that he never saw it completed. In 1430 the stained glass for the choir was procured from Cologne. The vaulting of the nave was added in 1500. The spires of the western towers were destroyed when the town was bombarded in the wars of Louis XIV., and the caps were added in 1688.

The chapel of S. John the Baptist attached to the Rathhaus merits a look. This was erected when Gothic architecture was at its last gasp. It is in the latest flamboyant style. The tradition of side galleries has been followed. The west front is Renaissance, and the window over it is of the stiffest and poorest quality. Paralysis had fallen on the genius of the architect. He had lost the faculty to design tracery.

The church of S. Castor stood formerly on an island in the Rhine; the passage is now silted up, and has been

built over. The church having suffered from fire, a new choir was erected between 1157 and 1201; the nave was re-built by Archbishop John I. (1190-1217), and the church was dedicated in 1208, before that the towers were completed. Of these towers the lower stage belongs to the eleventh century, above that they are later. The nave was roofed over with wood, but in 1408 this was replaced by stone vaulting. The Castor Church is beautiful. It has four towers and an apse, the latter surrounded by the external gallery, a familiar feature in Rhenish Romanesque churches. Of the modern frescoes within, the less said the better. The body of the church is pewed, and the owners of the pews keep the keys. It is amusing upon Sunday at Mass to see the gangways crammed with people and the pews empty till the owners arrive, let themselves in, then look about them and invite their friends to fill the vacant places.

The Roman and mediæval towns lay on the Mosel bank, but the tendency of modern Coblenz is to shift about and face the Rhine.

With an aching heart the old Elector Clemens Wenceslas must have left the place in 1794. It had been no small act of self-denial in him, a man who had been brought up in the splendour of the courts of Saxony and Vienna, to devote himself to the reorganisation of this archbishopric in what was then a dull provincial town.

Cologne and Trèves represent two contrasted electorates: Cologne, military, ambitious and dissolute; and Trèves, respectable, self-controlled, and beneficial. But both suffered the same fate, and were impartially effaced.

> The hour was come
> For rows and revolutions,
> There's no receipt like pike and drum
> For crazy constitutions.

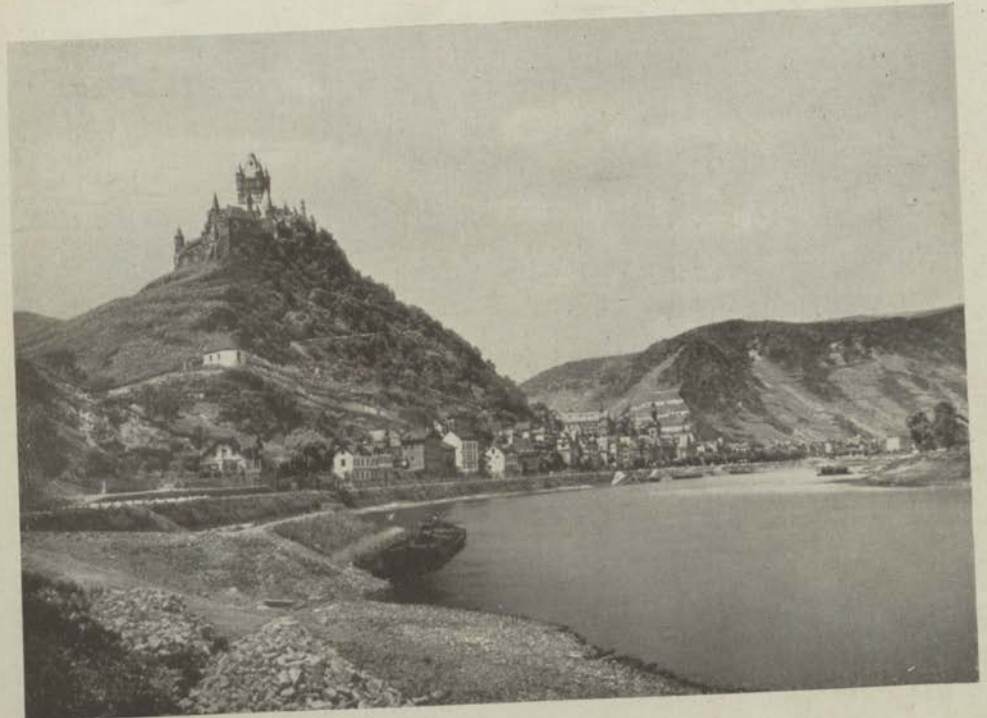
It has been said of the French that they cut their own throats for the benefit of Germany. The benefits of the Revolution are perhaps less apparent on Gallic soil than they are in Fatherland. The Revolution in France led to the re-creation of the German Empire.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EIFEL

The Mosel—The Eifel District—Winningen—Dieblich—Labour at the Vines—The Last Witch—The Victims of the Witch Craze—Cobern—Execution of John Lutter—Gondorf—The Counts von Seyen—Alken—Turant—Zurn—The Governor of Alken—Ehrenburg—A Drinking Bout—Münster Maifeld—Bischofstein with its White Belt—The Thirty Years' War and Moselkern—Schloss Elz—The Arms of Sternberg—Carden—S. Castor—Queen Richenza and Cobtten—Cochem—Murder by a Madman—Bad Bertrich—The Crater-lakes—The Pulver Maar—Daun—Weinfeldermaar—Manderscheid—A Cat in a Boot—Extinction of the Family—A Woman Immured.

THE Mosel entering the Rhine at Coblenz deserves a book to itself. From Trèves or Trier to where it loses itself in the mightier river, it abounds in beauties and in interest. But it is not so much my purpose to describe this course, as to conduct the reader, and I trust the visitor, to the Eifel district that lies between the Mosel, Rhine, and Roer. We have had already a glimpse of it at Laach, but hardly of its most remarkable portion. The Eifel consists of a bleak and bare upland plateau, studded with the craters of extinct volcanoes in remarkably good preservation. On a very small scale it must resemble the surface of the moon, a wide, blank stretch of glaring soil spotted with eruptive cones and basins. In some of these latter lie lakes; in others, villages rest peacefully and confidently above the very vents now choked that created the ring of scoria about them. From the side of these craters streams of lava have



COCHEM

poured, and the whole surface of the land was buried under many feet of falling ash.

The Eifel is traversed by several streams, and the valleys are fertile where not contracted to mere ravines.

The district is sparsely populated, and so little intercourse is maintained by the inhabitants with those outside it, that old customs, traditions, and superstitions linger there, which elsewhere have disappeared.

The temperature in the Eifel is so cold and uncertain, that the farmers can never reckon on reaping the fruits of their labours. They grow no vines; their cattle are small and lean; only, the sheep bear good fleeces, and their meat is excellent, due to the thyme on which they browse.

In the Mosel valley, on the other hand, all the energies of the Bauers are devoted to the cultivation of the vine. Consequently the people of the Eifel are cut off from the dwellers of the valley by difference of pursuits and interests.

'The Eifel,' says Schmitz, who has collected the legends and ballads of this portion of the country, 'is a tract of no great extent, yet was the folklife there formerly, and in fact is so still, extraordinarily rich in remarkable customs and manners, to an extent surpassing almost every other. One reason for this may be that hitherto the inhabitants have been in little contact with strangers, and another was because their uniform existence induced them to cherish and keep alive whatsoever usages might bring a little change and enlivenment to their lives. That many of these customs date back to pagan German times cannot be doubted. When the forefathers of the present Eifel dwellers became Christian, they found it hard to break with usages which had

become habitual, and were in unison with their ideas. The Christian preachers, who quite understood this, allowed their converts to retain those usages so far as they were not at variance with Christianity, or replaced them by others which were permissible. To this class we may reckon as belonging the Midsummer and Martinmas bonfires, the wreathing of houses and persons, the "dances about the crown," around churches, the pitching of tents about the church at the patronal feast, etc.'

The Eifel is a plateau of slate, sandstone, and dolomitic limestone, ruptured by veins of basalt and trachyte, pierced by volcanic vents, from which lava has flowed, covering the far earlier formations, and that at a comparatively recent period, since which the land has not been subjected to convulsions and deluges, so that the craters are left in a perfect condition, and the streams of lava that flowed from them can easily be traced. Although not in itself beautiful, the Eifel is curious, and a visit to it may be combined with one up or down the Mosel which surpasses even the Rhine in beauty.

If one time above another be chosen for such a visit, I would suggest June 29, or the Sunday following, to Gillenfeld, where there is dancing on a platform on the surface of the Pulvermaar, a lake filling a crater hard by, which is illumined for the occasion.

Till a very few years ago there was no railway between Coblenz and Trèves, and communication was maintained by road, or by boat, when the Mosel was not too low to allow of such a passage. But the train, though following the river from Coblenz to Cochem, misses the picturesque windings, the finest scenery on the river, between that and Alf, as it passes through a tunnel, and then deserts

it entirely till it reaches the bank again just below Trèves. There is, however, a branch from Alf to Truben.

But to do the Mosel justice, the train should be taken only so far as Winningen, above which the beauties of the valley begin, and the windings of the river should be followed on foot.

Winningen is a Protestant town; it belonged to the Counts of Sayn and Sponheim, who adopted Calvinism, and accordingly exacted of their subjects that they should believe, or rather disbelieve, like their masters. It is an *enclave* in the territory of the old electorate, in which Catholicism prevails. There are other such islets of Calvinism, at Enkirch and Trarbach. Here, or at Dieblich, begin the romantic features of the river: bold rocks stand up on the left bank, with castles, now all ruinous, perched on their summits, each with its history and its legend. But what is as interesting is the evidence of patient labour shown by the peasantry in terracing and tilling the mountainsides, wherever exposed to the sun, leaving only the northern sides untouched, feathered with woods.

In early summer, when the vine is in flower, the busy hands of the farmer and his wife and children are engaged in plucking off all superfluous blossoms, which are preserved and dried, to be cast into the press in autumn, to give aroma to the wine; and it is the early crush of the grape thus flavoured and made fragrant that is held to be most choice, and is very generally drunk on the Mosel, and not sent abroad.

When the witchcraft craze possessed the land, Dieblich suffered severely. Twenty-five persons were burnt there. The last victim was a poor widow from Gondorf, the mother of six helpless children. As, when a witch was burnt, her children were cast out of the parish,

deprived of the worldly goods of their parents, and became vagabonds, this woman had the temerity and tenderness of heart to speak her mind on the matter, and express her views that it was unjust to visit the sins of their parents on the innocent children. She even took some of these outcasts in and succoured them. A hailstorm came on one day, and destroyed the hopes of a vintage. At once an outcry arose that this was due to witchcraft, and the witch must be she who had expressed pity for the orphaned children of those who had been executed. She was tried, and tortured. On the rack no confession could be wrung from her, lest, by conviction from her own mouth, her children should suffer. Nevertheless she was burnt, and her little ones cast forth naked into the world.

The mad hunting out of witches lasted a good many years. The Judge Dietrich Fladt, who had been rector of the University at Trèves, was one of the victims, so also were two of the burgomasters there, and several of the aldermen. Canons and councillors, deans and parish priests fed the fires. The executioner, dressed in gold and silver lace, rode a splendid horse, his wife vied with the noblest ladies in the land in richness of attire; magistrates, lawyers, scriveners waxed fat on the spoils —and the executions were only brought to an end when perquisites and plunder of the victims were withdrawn from them. But the guiltiest of all was John VII. the Elector, who authorised the commissioners and sanctioned their excesses.

Cobern is picturesquely planted at the junction of two valleys that shed their waters into the Mosel. It is dominated by two castles; the lower castle was in ruins, but has been repaired and restored. In the upper castle is the beautiful octagonal chapel of S. Matthias,

erected in 1230. The arcade is round-headed, except those arches that support the central tower; these are somewhat stilted. The lower windows resemble an ace of clubs, such as we meet with at Neuss and elsewhere on the Rhine.

The Niederburg, that which has been reconstructed was formerly the residence of the knights of Cobern. The last of these, John Lutter, was executed at Coblenz in 1536, on the charge of being out on a plundering expedition. No evidence was forthcoming that he had attacked, robbed, or murdered any one; all that could be proved against him was that he had seemed to be waiting to waylay travellers. He was sentenced to death, although he appealed to Archbishop Hermann of Cologne to intercede for him with the Elector of Trèves. He was a very old man, and there was nothing else against him but this suspicion. Among the charges for his execution are three florins for the linen cloth for the block on which he laid his head.

Above Cobern is the picturesque Gondorf, where is the unusual feature of a castle, not on a height, but on the bank of a river. Gondorf was the great collecting-place for the rafts of timber that descended the Mosel, and as such it is mentioned by Venantius Fortunatus, who, as already said, visited Coblenz and Andernach in the sixth century. The castle belonged to the Counts von der Seyen, that gave three electors to Trèves and Cologne, and furnished many generals to the imperial army.

A writer on the Mosel valley says:—

'There is hardly any instance known of a Von der Seyen who was other than noble in conduct and generous towards his subjects. The farmers and servants of the family were envied through the whole neighbourhood for their good circumstances. The Seyens, vastly wealthy

at one time, were left finally with nothing, literally nothing, remaining of their estates and property. When Charles Caspar (v. d. Seyen), Elector of Trèves, received in state the delegates of the foreign countries of Europe, and these delegates considered themselves honoured by their reception by the archbishop—at that time expired a kinsman and descendant of the family—Count Philip. His last wish was to be buried in Gondorf. His last wish was fulfilled. But he was laid to rest with no funeral pomp, no torches, attended by one solitary mourner'—an old servant. This Count Philip was the last owner of Gondorf. The final twelve years of his life were spent in poverty at Cologne. The family is not, however, extinct. There is a branch in Bavaria. It was made princely when the count became a member of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806, and received the attribute of 'Transparency' in 1825.

The quaint, old-world Alken, with fragments of walls and towers, is dominated by the Castle of Turant, and is attached to it by lines of walls and towers. The castle has two keeps. It was a bone of contention between the Palatine Counts and the Archbishops of Trèves. It was erected about 1209 by Henry the Palatine, Duke of Brunswick, brother of the Emperor Otto IV. A burggrave Zurn was placed in it to look after his master's interests, and he considered that he could best forward these by harrying the villages belonging to the Elector of Trèves. He did this with a barbarity unusual even in those days. Having collected the peasants, he drove them over the precipices, and sent them to death among their own vineyards.

The misery of the district became so intolerable, that the archbishop marched against Zurn, and invested the place. The burggrave mocked him from his battle-

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ments, and told him that it was his purpose to decorate the castle walls with the skulls of all his enemies set up on stakes.

Unable to reduce the place, the archbishop appealed for help to the Archbishop of Cologne, who sent a contingent to his aid. The siege lasted two years. The besieging army consumed, so it was affirmed, during the operations 600,000 gallons of wine. At length provisions began to fail in the castle, and Zurn communicated with his feudal lord, the Count Palatine, and urged him to come to his aid. The duke hastened to his assistance, but was met by the archbishop, and an agreement was come to, whereby the castle was given up. The allies entered Turant; what became of Zurn is not known. Some say that he escaped to Italy, and there engaged in the wars. If so, his fate was preferable to that of the Governor of Alken, who had secretly kept Zurn informed of all that passed in the camp of the enemy. Now by one of those strange anomalies, possible only in Germany, whilst the castle overlooking Alken belonged to the Count Palatine, Alken itself, linked to it by walls of common defence, belonged half to the Archbishop of Trèves, half to the Archbishop of Cologne. Consequently, the governor could be impeached for high treason for having dealings with his nearest neighbour. A cord was extended from the castle tower across the Mosel valley to the rock opposite; the wretched man, with his hands tied, was sent dangling from this rope, pulled to and fro, till his tormentors were tired of the sport, and cut the rope, and he was dashed to pieces. This took place in 1248; but the Palatine did not wholly relinquish his claims till 1319.

Archbishop Arnold built a chapel, still extant, on the height opposite, on which his catapults had been planted.

Ehrenburg, that stands a little way from the river, on an isolated rock in a valley, is the most imposing ruin, not merely on the Mosel, but on the Rhine as well. It belonged to a turbulent family that occasioned the archbishops great trouble, and indeed fought against and defeated them in pitched battles. The archbishops did their best to keep on good terms with them, but to keep on good terms with a knight of Ehrenburg meant 'You give and I take.' On the slightest excuse, the Ehrenburgers would burn and ravage in the electorates. On one occasion, in 1397, they besieged Coblenz, and burned down over two hundred houses in the town.

However, for once, the knight of Ehrenburg met his match, and came off worst.

The knight of Löf challenged him to a drinking bout. To prepare for the trial, the Ritter of Ehrenburg practised hard at drinking for a whole year, till he had brought himself into the condition of being able to swallow more than ten quarts of wine at a time; and he had a bumper made for him that held ten. Then he went to Löf, and announced himself ready for the drinking match. He had his goblet filled, and emptied it down his throat. Löf did as much. Then he filled it again, and drank off his second ten quarts. Löf did ditto. Thereupon he was about to fill for the third time, when Löf started up. 'This is child's play,' said he. 'Let us each lie down under a hogshead of Zeltinger, have our heads attached to the tap, which shall be placed in our mouths, and see who will hold out longest. As to you other fellows,' addressing some guests, 'bring your thimbles, and I will have another barrel tapped for you.' So the two knights descended into the cellar, and were strapped by their necks and heads to force the tap into their mouths in such a manner that neither could get away. At a given signal, the

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servants turned the taps, and the precious liquor flowed. Ehrenburg choked first; the wine spouted from his nostrils as he coughed, and splashed about him. He writhed, he kicked, he battled with his legs, whilst Löf, looking at him sideways through the corners of his eyes, sucked on and swelled.

At length Ehrenburg could endure it no longer, and the friends present hastened to unbind and release him. He was fain to admit himself beaten, and to ask to be allowed to have a bath and go to bed.

From Hatzenport an excursion should be made to Münster Maifeld, a place where, from earliest antiquity, there must have been a settlement of men about the never-failing, copious spring; and in fact relics of all ages from that of stone have been found there. It is a little town, once walled, with a fine abbatial church. The church is of several periods. The west end is Romanesque, the apse transitional, and the nave in the pointed style. The west tower is like that of a fortress. In the church are two German fifteenth-century carved altar-pieces.

The Castle of Bischofstein was begun by Archbishop Arnold I., who died in 1183. He did not complete it, but gave it over to the Provost of Carden, who finished it in 1270. The tall cylindrical keep is girt about with a white belt, which is accounted for by the people variously. One explanation is that this is a high-water mark reached by the Mosel in a flood, which is absurd. Another is that Archbishop John of Trèves caught a swarm of robber knights and sentenced them all to be strung up round his donjon, and that his sentence might be made conspicuous, he had a ring of white plaster put as a girdle about the tower, and against this he had the rogues suspended.

In the Moselkern baptismal register is an entry illustrative of the sufferings of the people during the Thirty Years' War. In 1650 two regiments of Swedes were there throughout the winter, roistering and eating the peasants out of house and home. Scarcely had they departed before imperialist troops arrived and quartered themselves on the people of Moselkern. These surpassed the Swedes even in brutality. Clergy and laity alike were ill-treated. The people fled from the village and took refuge in the woods. The soldiers broke the household vessels, tore the roofs off the houses to supply themselves with firewood, and respected nothing. Fields and vineyards remained untilled. 'Our misfortunes,' says the writer of the notice, 'were not brought on us by heretics, disbelieving Jews or Turks, but by a friendly neighbouring prince and a Catholic. Nothing had been done to provoke ill-feeling. In this year one child alone was born in the parish, and was baptized elsewhere. What at other times would have been regarded as a misfortune was at this considered in the light of a mercy.'

From Moselkern Schloss Elz should be visited. It is one of the very few castles that escaped destruction in the Thirty Years' War and the wars of Louis XIV. It belongs to many periods, and is a delightful jumble of styles. Among the relics within is a suit of armour for a girl riddled by a bullet. The story goes that it was worn by a daughter of the House of Elz, who fought in it and fell in the defence of the castle.

During the French occupation of the west bank of the Rhine, the treasures of Schloss Elz were carried for safety to Mainz, and during that period of unrest and insecurity many were lost. Nevertheless a good deal remains.

Above the Schloss, on a precipitous rock, is Trotzburg,

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erected by Archbishop Baldwin to overawe the troublesome knights of Elz. The Elz family divided into two lines: one bore a gold lion on their shield, the other, one argent. The elder line, the former, possesses the castle, and has been given the title of count. It quarters the arms of Faust von Stromberg, a family that died out in the male line in 1729. Their arms are chequered gold and red, and in the uppermost square, on the left, a black star. The origin of these arms was this. One day a Stromberg was playing chess with his feudal lord, the Count Palatine. Losing his temper and self-control, he clenched his fist and struck the count in the eye. The matter was brought before the Emperor, whose award was that thenceforth the Strombergs should bear the surname of Faust (fist), and for their arms the chessboard, with a black star on it to commemorate the blow dealt to the Count Palatine.

At Carden the crosses, stations, chapels, statues at every turn show us that we are on holy ground. In fact, we are on the scene of the labours of S. Castor, the apostle of the district. He lived in the fourth century. A cave is shown in which he dwelt. His body was at a later date transported to Coblenz, to the indignation of the Cardenites, who had found in its possession a mine of wealth. The church was built in the twelfth century, but contains fragments of the earlier basilica. The most interesting object in Carden is the old post-house, a castellated building with turrets.

We must not proceed further than Clotten in our account of the valley, but there we must halt to recall Richenza, Queen of Poland. The German Empire had suffered from invasions of Hungarians, Poles, and Bohemians, and emperors could not then mobilise at a day's notice, so that it was not till after much mischief had

been done by raiders that they could draw an army together to chastise the ill-doers. For some time the Polish Duke Boleslav had acknowledged the suzerainty of the Emperor and had paid tribute. The Kaiser desired to consolidate the union, so he gave Richenza his niece to Mieslav, the son of the duke. She was very young when she quitted the Palatinate for a strange, uninteresting land, and a half-barbarous husband.

Her father, the Count Palatine Ehrenfried, was flattered at the prospect held out to him by the Emperor of elevating Poland into a kingdom, and accordingly of seeing his daughter a queen. Boleslav died in 1025, and Mieslav succeeded as Duke of Poland and Lithuania, and the Emperor accorded him the title of king. The Emperor Otto III. died, and the imperial crown passed to another family. Conrad II. ascended the throne. Thereupon Mieslav refused to acknowledge the overlordship of Germany and to pay tribute. He went further; he made inroads into Brandenburg, and plundered, murdered and burnt. Otto assembled his forces, advanced against the Poles, and scattered them as leaves before an October gale. He threatened to enter Poland itself, when the Polish nobility repudiated the acts of their King, and forced him to sign his resignation, and to constitute his wife Richenza regent of Poland. The Queen then acknowledged the overlordship of the Emperor, and promised to pay dues. Mieslav had to retire into obscurity.

The Queen Regent ruled for fourteen years, and never before had Poland known a period so free from discord. Mieslav died in 1034, leaving an only son Casimir, aged fourteen. The Polish nobility now thought that they would free themselves from all restraint, and a deputation appearing before Richenza announced: 'Do not be

offended, gracious lady (panna dobrizicha), but we are tired of petticoat government.'

In a word, they bade her depart. She did so, taking her son Casimir with her, he having conceived a desire to embrace the monastic life.

Richenza went at once to the Emperor Conrad II. to ask for investiture in her hereditary estates on the Mosel, and Casimir retired into a monastery.

Richenza settled into humble quarters, a modest castle at Clotten. She had not been granted any compensation, no annuity was paid by the Poles when they dismissed her. She lived on the estates that belonged to her family, and out of her receipts assisted the poor. Wherever she went rose the cry, 'Here comes the Queen!' and sick and suffering crowded about her.

For five years the Poles managed without duke or king in such a manner as to plunge the country in anarchy; and then they deemed it better to have a puppet to reign over them, so they offered the crown to Casimir. Five years in a monastery had disenchanted the prince; the prospect of a crown dazzled him. In vain did his mother warn him of the perils of attempting to rule an intractable people; he obtained release from his vows from Rome, and started for Poland. Richenza was invited by her son to accompany him. No,' said she, 'I am happier in my little hamlet of Clotten than I ever was in the kingdom of Poland.' She died full of good works and greatly beloved, and was buried at S. Maria ad gradus in Cologne; but her body was removed to the cathedral, where it now lies. In 1633 the chronicler Galenus saw her tomb opened. The body lay wrapped in fine linen, and a silken cover was spread over it, in a wooden coffin enclosed in a marble sarcophagus. Her head rested on a satin pillow, her

rich hair, encircled by a crown, was fastened in a golden net.

Above Cochem are the ruins of a castle, the scene of a ghastly tragedy. Here resided Henry, the Count Palatine, nephew of Richenza. From early youth he showed signs of aberration of intellect, but it was hoped that he would outgrow these, and he was married at an early age to Mathilda, daughter of the Duke of Lotharingia. For a while he remained subdued and orderly, then moped, became morose, and his humour assumed a religious complexion. It was a relief to his wife when he announced his intention to retire from the world into a monastery.

Before departing, he drew up a will bequeathing his castle of Siegburg to Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, who at once took possession and made it his principal residence.

The count did not remain long in the cloister; his wildness broke out afresh; and abandoning his quiet retreat, he assembled a troop of lawless men, and announced to Anno that he reclaimed Siegburg, that he demanded of him the city of Cologne, and that till the surrender had been effected he purposed cutting off the heads of all the archbishop's subjects on whom he could lay his hands. Anno gathered an army, fought the count, and defeated him. Henry fled to Coblenz, which refused to open its gates to him. Then he went up the Mosel to Cochem. There he was received by Mathilda; but he at once cast himself upon her, threw her down, and hacked off her head with an axe. Then he rushed forth to his men to announce, as he swung the head by its long hair, that he had got a lantern that would light them to victory. After a moment of stupefaction his men rallied, closed round the madman, disarmed, and conveyed him to Trèves, where they delivered him over to

the archbishop. This took place in 1060. The archbishop sent him to Echternach, into confinement, where he died in the ensuing year.

At Alf we leave the Mosel, to ascend the pretty valley of the stream of that name, and reach Bad Bertrich, pleasantly situated, where is a sulphurous hot spring much resorted to for the cure of rheumatism. Thence should be made the principal excursions into the Eifel district.

The crater lakes are the Pulver Maar, near Gillenfeld, three about Daun; the Meerfelder Maar at Manderscheid, and the Ülmer Maar; this latter rather out of the way, and small.

On a day in early spring a procession passes round the Pulver Maar. Once this was neglected. Then the water in the tarn became troubled, boiled, and threatened to overflow its crater-walls. A shepherd watching his flock hard by saw that the spirits of the lake were incensed; so holding his crook aloft, and followed by his sheep, he made the circuit of the lake, intoning a psalm. Then the disturbed waters were calmed. Since then, the inhabitants of Gillenfeld have been studious to perpetuate the ancient usage. On the 29th of June, as already intimated, they dance on a platform above the surface of the water, and the lake is then illuminated.

Near Daun are three of these crater lakes. The centre of eruption was the cone of the Mauseberg, 1700 feet high, a pile of volcanic ash, and the three lakes occupy craters at its side. But what is particularly interesting here, is to notice a sequence in explosions. The Schalkenmehringer Maar was the original and largest vent. The lake in it is now marsh, and half-choked with the ash thrown out by a second vent that was opened close by, and which, after half smothering up the first crater,

became exhausted, and its basin is now occupied by a lake.

Beside the Weinfelder Maar is a little chapel. The story goes that on its site stood a castle. One day the lord rode forth, but on his way found that he had left his gloves behind, so despatched his squire to fetch them. The man on returning to the spot found that the castle had been swallowed up, and its place occupied by a lake. The knight built the chapel in thanksgiving for his escape.

Of these tarns only the Schalkenmehringer Maar has an outlet. Indeed it is the principal feeder of the Alf.

The Meerfelder Maar by Manderscheid is half smothered in morass. Above it towers the Mosenberg, over 1550 feet high, a pile of scoria. It has two minor craters, also occupied by tarns.

Manderscheid is an interesting place. It is on the plateau, and below it, in a ravine, stand two castles. There were two brothers, and each had his own fortified habitation; but they were too close neighbours to be good neighbours. One day the elder brother put a cat into the boot of the younger. When the latter drew on his boot he was clawed and bitten, and in a fury, to revenge himself on his brother, he made over his castle to the Elector of Trèves, knowing that thereby he was putting at his brother's foot one armed with sharper claws and teeth than any cat. The archbishop indemnified him for this with lands elsewhere. The biting and clawing was the more vigorous when the counts of Manderscheid adopted the reform according to Calvin. The archbishop could yell an anathema at his close neighbour from his window and be answered by the count with an announcement from his, that he was antichrist; and the citizens of Manderscheid above on their platform of rock, sipped

their wine, and heard it all. The family heaped up possession on possession by marriage with heiresses. Geroldstein, Kayl, Blankenheim, Kerpen, Virnburg, Kronenburg, and many more, fell to them. It seemed as though they would dominate the whole country. But paralysis fell on them and the whole stock was blotted out from the land of the living. The last Manderscheid died in 1780, childless.

A curse rested on the family.

One of the Counts of Manderscheid discovered that his daughter had become attached to a youth among his men-at-arms. In a fury, mortally offended in his family pride, he ordered her to be immured in a recess in the castle wall, leaving one small opening only above her head, whereby food could be passed to her.

The story lingered on as a tradition, and was supposed to have no better basis than exists for a good many such tales. But in 1833, some works were being carried on at the castle. There was actually a square aperture, which the people pointed out as the hole through which the unfortunate creature had been supplied with bread. It was further noticed that below it was more recent walling. This was removed, and a recess was discovered in which actually was the skeleton of a female, with a flat stone before it, as a kneeling stool, and a vessel of pottery at the side.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAHN

The Bride of the Rhine—Various Confessions—The House of Nassau—The Princedom of Orange—Archbishop Adolf of Nassau—Extinction of some Branches—Marriage of a Little Prince—Ems—Dausenau—Eginhard and Emma—The Castle of Nassau—Arnstein—Langenau—Baldwinstein—Dietz—Limburg—A Study in Slate—Treasury—The Cathedral—Curious division of Rights—Dietkirchen—Weilburg—Ehrenbreitstein—The Master-gunner Hugo Meyer—His Strange Story.

THE Lahn that comes wriggling and sidling down to the Rhine above Coblenz on the right bank, has been termed the 'Bride of the Rhine,' but contributes comparatively little to swell the life-stream of that river, incomparably less than the Mosel.

The Lahn valley abounds in delightful scenes, easily accessible by rail. The very entrance to the valley at Lahnstein gives a stamp to its whimsical character, to one thing constant never. Nieder Lahnstein is evangelical, so is Braubach, a few miles further up the Rhine. Sandwiched between them is Ober Lahnstein that is Catholic. So in ascending the Lahn one shoots from one confession to another, as we pass through a tunnel; at this end, we are Predestinarian, at the other, Papal, all because the different princes holding those patches of soil believed differently.

The ancient possessions of the House of Nassau extended from the head waters of the Sieg and Lahn to the Rhine, which was touched at Biberich; but in 1806, as

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the Count of Nassau joined the Rhine Confederation under Napoleon against the Fatherland, he was rewarded with an extension of territory down the Lahn valley, and by grace of Napoleon was created duke.

After that the Nassauers had shed their blood in Spain and laid their bones in Russia fighting for France, when the duke saw, after the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig, that the power of Napoleon was broken, he fell away, and forgot to return the ducal crown.

In 1815, by exchange with Prussia, Nassau gained in area and through consolidation.

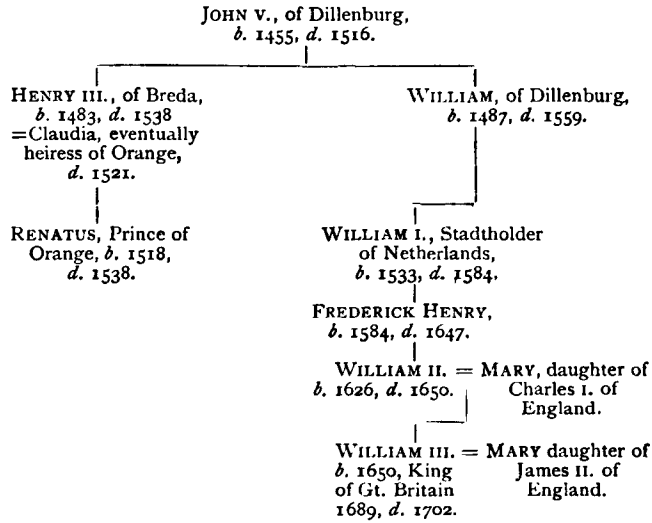
Injudiciously, and against the wishes of his Chamber of Deputies, which withheld subsidies, the duke took the side of Austria against Prussia in the war of 1866, and sent a brigade to the assistance of the former. For this he had to suffer when the needle gun decided against black and gold in favour of black and silver. He had to fly; and Nassau was incorporated into Prussia. The ex-duke is now Grand-Duke of Luxemburg; all his possessions in Nassau, to pincushions and family portraits, have been confiscated by omnivorous Prussia.

As we are on what was Nassauer land, and on the Lahn that washes the cradle of the race, a few words must be devoted to a truly remarkable family, that gave the great stadtholder and liberator to the Netherlands, and a King to England. The earliest mention of the family is of them as Counts of Laurenburg, between Nassau and Dietz; they built themselves a castle lower down the river about the year 1160, and thenceforth called themselves Counts of Nassau. In 1250 the stock divided into two branches, the elder that of Walram, the younger that of Otto.

Each branch ramified extensively; but now the junior subdivision exists in exile at Luxemburg, the other is

feebly represented by the childless Wilhelmina on the throne of Holland.

The younger, Ottonian line assumed its title 'of Orange,' through a marriage. Renatus, Count of Nassau, inherited it, along with claims to the principality of Orange in Provence, from his brother, Philibert of Châlons, who died childless in 1531. The claim was of the flimsiest, as may be seen by a glance at the accompanying table, but it was by this means that the orange colour came to inflame passions in Ireland and Liverpool.



The Principality of Orange was bequeathed by Renatus to his cousin William. In 1673, Louis XIV. took it from William III.; he got it back in 1678; was again deprived, and it was again restored in 1697. It is a question whether Renatus had any right to dispose of the Principality by will to one who in no way repre-

sented the Orange family, not inheriting a drop of Orange blood.

The elder Nassau branch, that of Walram, gave an Emperor to Germany, in Adolf of Nassau, 1292-1298. The brother of Adolf became Archbishop of Mainz; and four of Adolf's grandsons and great-grandsons occupied that see. These spiritual princes of the wealthiest see in Germany were pugnacious prelates. One from his love of war acquired the nickname of 'the Biting Wolf.' The last of these, an Adolf, when asked to grant liberties to the citizens of Mainz, pointed scornfully to a huge boulder, and said: 'Sooner shall that go to pieces than you get your freedom.' When the French Revolutionary soldiers occupied Mainz, the German Jacobins blew up this stone with gunpowder.

The possession of this important see and electorate by the Nassau family and that of Eppstein, which was closely allied to it, gave to the Counts of Nassau a great opportunity for acquiring power and increasing their territories. But the greatest catch was when John of Nassau-Dillenburg married the heiress of Katzenellenbogen. He died in 1516.

One of the sub-branches, that of Nassau-Idstein, promised to overspread the world. Count John had twenty-five children. He died in 1677, but survived nearly all of them. His son and successor was aged thirteen at his father's death, and although he had thirteen children, three only of those were sons, and they died early, so that the line became extinct. This same George Augustus Samuel, who had the baker's dozen of children, built the unsightly palace at Biberich. He died of smallpox in 1721.

Wiesbaden fell to another branch, that of Nassau-Usingen. Again, another branch was that of Nassau-

Saarbrück. The Duke Ludwig was determined to keep his line running, so he married his son Henry, when aged eleven, to the Princess of Montbarry, aged eighteen. An amusing account of the wedding is given by the Baroness Oberkirch, who was present. 'The reigning Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück held a splendid festival on the occasion of the marriage, in the Castle of Reishoven, near Hagenau. The whole country round was invited, as well as the neighbouring courts. All was carried out in grand style, and with great splendour.

'Hunts, banquets, promenades, lasted for three days. During the ball nothing would induce the bridegroom to dance with his bride, till he was threatened with a whipping, and cajoled with a promise of sugar-plums. Then only and by this means could he be brought to walk through a minuet with her. Whilst exhibiting the greatest repugnance to his bride, he showed great attention to Louise von Dietrich, a child of his own age, and ran and sat down beside her after the formal ceremony with the bride was over. My brother showed him a book of pictures, to pacify him. In the book was one that represented a wedding. When the prince saw this, he shouted: "Take it away, take it away! this is too awful! But look," he added, pointing to a gaunt figure on the page. "Isn't that just like Mademoiselle de Montbarry?"'

After this splendid marriage the young lady was sent home to her mother, till the prince was eighteen, when she returned to him, in 1785. He succeeded his father in 1794 in the time of Revolution, and lost all his possessions, which were annexed by the French. He died in exile in 1,797 from a fall from his horse, and left no issue.

When Nassau was finally constituted into a duchy by

annexation and exchange, it was a patchwork, made up of forty formerly independent territories.

Ems lies in a pretty basin, surrounded by hills. There are some thirty springs, and these are employed for affections of the throat, and for anæmia. The Kaiser, William I., was wont to visit the baths every year. Those who first employed them were the Romans, who have left at Ems many traces of their occupation. The Pfahlgräben, defending the frontier against the Germans, passed through the place, and the Grabenstrasse marks where it went. Ems was resorted to occasionally in the Middle Ages; but those were not times when people thought much of their ailments; if they did ail, they had recourse not to nature's remedies, but to miraculous images and relics, and if a spring possessed medicinal virtues, it was in repute only when rendered sacred by a holy legend. Ems was made a dowry place for the Countesses of Nassau.

Above Ems is Dausenau, with well-preserved walls and a church dating from the close of the thirteenth century, but with a Romanesque nave, and a porch of the fifteenth century. The fine stained glass was carried away at the Reformation, to adorn the Church of S. Florinus at Coblenz.

In the venerable Beutelthurm, it is held that Charles the Great confined his secretary Eginhard and his daughter Emma. The story is well known—it comes to us on the authority of the Chronicler of Lorsch, 1179, who condensed the records already existing in his monastery.

Emma fell in love with Eginhard. At Ingelheim, where the great Charles held his court, the snow lay thick on the ground. The Emperor looking from his window saw his daughter carrying the scribe on her back

across the courtyard. She did not wish that his foot-prints should be seen going towards her apartments. Charles was highly incensed, and imprisoned them first in one place and then in another. But they remained faithful to each other, and finally he yielded, and suffered them to marry. To this Eginhard we owe one of the most priceless literary works of the Middle Ages, his *Life of Charlemagne* (750-814). He does not record therein this little domestic incident.

Nassau itself is a dull, little place; over against it, on a lofty hill, rise the towers of the old castle of the Nassau family, and a little below are the remains of that of the Von Stein family, which, from the twelfth century, was in the service of the Counts of Nassau. The illustrious Baron Von Stein was born here, and a monument in his honour has been erected in Nassau.

The Castle of the Counts was erected in 1101, but went subsequently through considerable alterations. It remained for a hundred years the common home and property of the two main branches of the family. It was in good condition in 1530, but was unroofed in 1597 and allowed to fall into complete ruin.

We leave the station at Obernhof to visit the imposing abbey of Arnstein, which rises boldly on a rock out of a valley, and is accessible on one side only.

Arnstein was the seat of a family of that name, Counts on the lower Lahn. Count Arnold (1032-1052) built it. His son, Ludwig I., brought considerable accession to the family on the left bank of the Rhine by marriage with an heiress. His son, Ludwig II., had seven daughters and a son, Ludwig III., who was three years old when his father died. As he grew up without proper restraint he led a wild life, and plundered on the Rhine and Lahn. At last, stung by remorse, in 1139 he transformed his

fortress into a Premonstratensian monastery, and entered it himself with five of his knights. His wife, who was childless, withdrew into a house built against the church, with a window communicating with the interior, through which she could hear Mass. Ludwig III. died in 1185, and was buried in the church of S. Margaret, below the castle rock; and the county fell to the Isenbergers.

The church of S. Margaret was of very early date; it was pulled down in 1814. The monastic church remains, and has been restored. The oldest portions are the Romanesque arcades of the nave and the western apse and flanking towers. These latter, however, were not completed till the thirteenth century. The church was consecrated in 1208 by Archbishop John I. of Trèves; in 1359 a transept and a new eastern apse, also two octagonal towers, were added.

The monastery was suppressed in 1803. Then it was sold and used as a quarry. The little Margarethen Kirche below was the mother church to seventy-two parishes. The abbey minster now serves as parish church to the village of Selbach.

Picturesquely situated in what was once an island, is Langenau, opposite where the Gelbach debouches into the Lahn. It is a well-preserved castle. The keep was built in 1244, but the walls are of the fourteenth century. Within the enclosure is a modern house.

After passing Laurenburg, the cradle of the Nassau family, the train dives through a tunnel to avoid a loop of the river, and reaches Baldwinstein, a noble castle built by the Archbishop Baldwin of Trèves in 1319 to annoy the Counts of Westerburg, and hamper access to the river by the citizens of Dietz. It fell to ruins in the sixteenth century. The principal buildings consist of a three-storied dwelling on a precipitous rock, and, in fact,

in places it overhangs. Between the windows of the dwelling-house are coats-of-arms in plaster.

From Baldwinstein he who seeks a disappointment may visit Schaumburg, a Cockney-Gothic erection on a basaltic height, built by the Archduke Stephen of Austria in 1850-55.

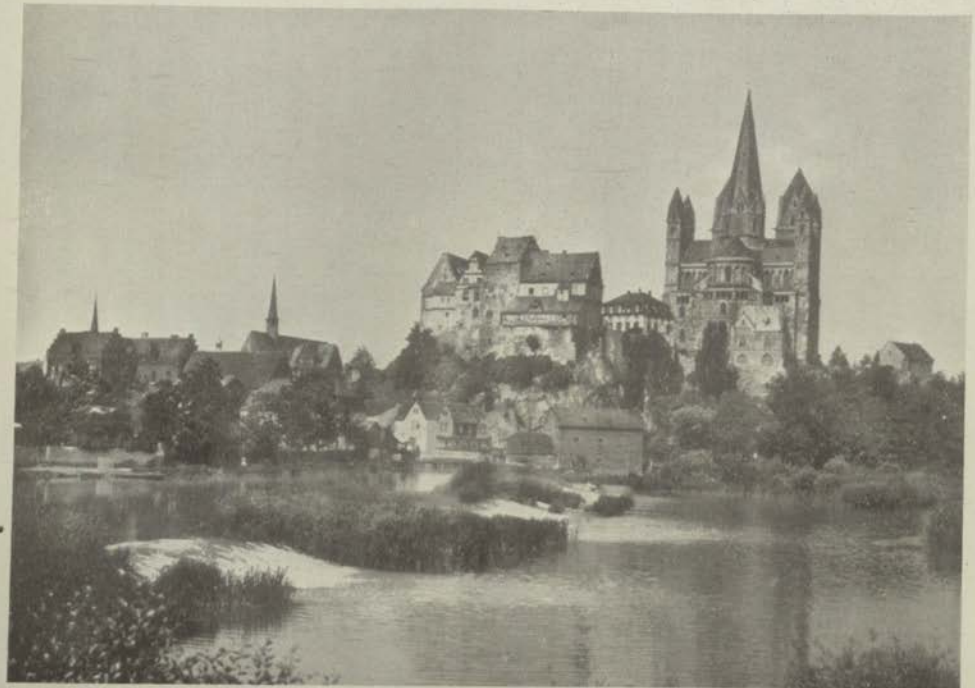
Dietz is a picturesque town. The castle stands on a porphyry cliff above the town, and dates from the thirteenth century. It is now a convict establishment.

Limburg is, however, the crown and glory of the Lahn valley. This was once a populous place, then it lagged behind, but is now again looking up. It is a junction for several lines, and has been raised to be the seat of a bishop. To an architect the old town is a delightful study in slate. The houses are not merely roofed with it, but they wrap slate about them as a mantle: it forms folds; it ripples over projections; it curls into hollows as if it were flexible. It serves as a coat of waterproofing that keeps the houses at once warm and dry. The slates are not set stiffly as in England in horizontal lines, but diagonally, with the sweetest effect.

But the chief object of interest in Limburg is the Church of S. George, once collegiate, now elevated to the dignity of a cathedral (1827).

When the Revolutionary soldiers approached Mainz, many of the treasures of that church were conveyed to Limburg, and are now in the parish church. Among these is a Byzantine reliquary of gold and silver studded with pearls and precious stones and enamels; also a mitre set with three thousand three hundred and fifty-three jewels, and a pastoral staff encrusted with eight hundred and eighty-nine.

But to return to the cathedral. It occupies the highest point of the town, a rock that falls sheer to the Lahn.



LIMBURG

Thereupon, crowded on this small space, and reached by a flight of steps, is a late Romanesque church with seven towers and spires. The central tower is crowned by the loftiest of these. The entire group is delightful. The church was built by Count Henry I. of Isenburg (1153-1220), and was consecrated by the Archbishop of Trèves in 1235. The interior is as noble as the exterior. At the termination of the nave is a fifteenth-century Sacrament's *Häuslein*, a tabernacle for the Host.

Near the cathedral is the picturesque Schloss, built 1532-40 by Archbishop John of Trèves. By one of those odd arrangements common in Germany, and there only, from 1435 to 1624 the electorate of Trèves and the House of Hesse-Cassel shared the town between them. And as one was Catholic and the other Evangelical or Calvinist, this necessitated two parish churches and a game of puss-in-the-corner: those in the Hessian portion who had no wish to change their religion having to dash across, and take their places in the Trèves portion, and so in like manner those in the latter who wanted to shift their religion had to shift also their quarters.

From Limburg excursions should be made to Dietkirchen, where a Romanesque church is perched on a rock, and represents an almost untouched edifice of early in the tenth century; and to Weilburg, a Renaissance palace, the Heidelberg of Nassau. When the duke fled in 1866, he abandoned there his ancestral relics and family portraits, and the King of Prussia had not the grace to send them after him.

But to enter into details relative to these, and to speak of Wetzlar with its interesting church and memorials of Goethe's worthies would take us too far from the Rhine, to which we now return.

I find that I have hardly mentioned Ehrenbreitstein.

At present, with its modern fortifications, it has lost picturesqueness. For long it was looked upon as the key to this part of Germany. In 1688 it repelled the French, who had devastated the Palatinate and had sat down before Coblenz. In the defence of that town Ehrenbreitstein played no insignificant part. The French bombarded Coblenz, and burned it to ashes with the exception of a hundred and fifty houses; yet they could not enter it, commanded as it was by Ehrenbreitstein.

During this siege an incident took place which Maurus Jokai has worked up into a novel, *What a Dead Man's Head Told.* The facts are these:—

It was observed that the master-gunner on Ehrenbreitstein did not meet with the success that was expected from him. Not only did his shells explode harmlessly, but some did not explode at all. Moreover, it became evident to the garrison of Ehrenbreitstein that some one in the fortress was in communication with the enemy, and furnished them with information relative to the movement of troops, purposed sallies, and the plans of the fortifications.

The master-gunner was suspected. He was one Hugo Meyer, a native of Andernach. As he was about to discharge a shell into the hostile camp, he was arrested. The shell was examined, and found to contain a despatch to the enemy, revealing to them the plan of a sortie in the ensuing night. Hugo was confronted with this, questioned, and after doublings and equivocations told his story. We have no documentary evidence to check the narrative, and the early portion of it is probably false. But the latter portion is as probably in the main true.

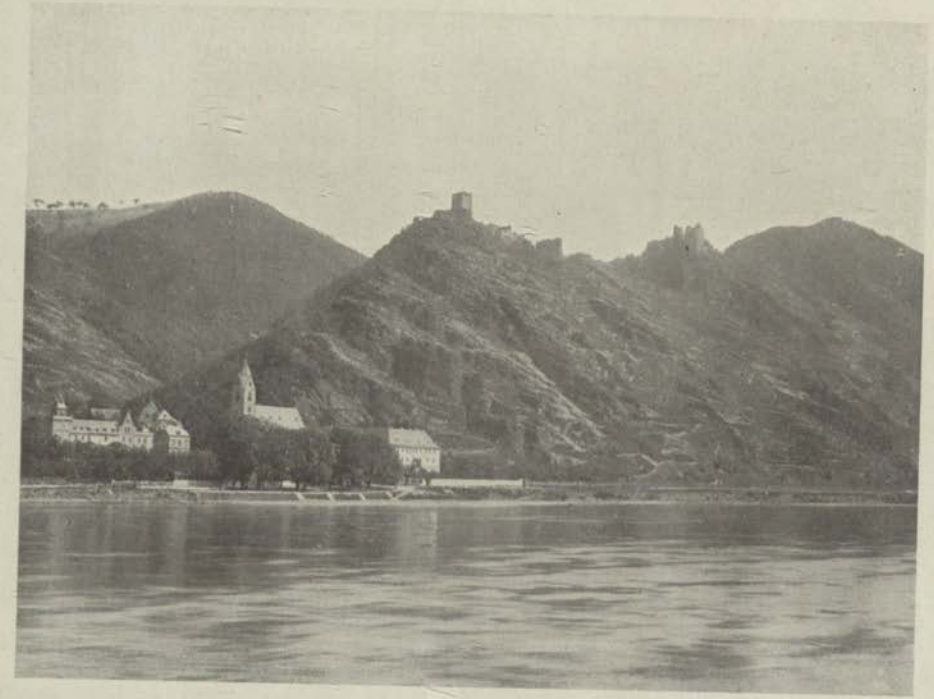
Hugó Meyer was the son of a notary of Andernach, and in 1657 he took service in the imperial army under

General von Hatzfeld, who assisted the Poles against the Swedes; and he was engaged as artilleryman in the siege of Cracow. In a raid across the Vistula, he fell into the hands of some of the Transylvanian soldiery under George II. (Rakóczy), and for some years was associated with freebooters in Walachia; who, if unscrupulous in conduct, were strict in orthodoxy, for they insisted on Hugo being brought into the Greek Church before they would accept him as a brother in arms.

After a while, one day when these fellows fell on a band of travellers, Hugo murdered one of these latter, a Jew, and took from him a considerable sum of money. Then, feeling scruples of conscience about continuing in the band, he made off with the Jew's money and joined a company of Danish mercenaries. Next, having turned Lutheran, he became clerk to a church at Novstrand. But the tedium of the life did not suit him, and carrying away the contents of the alms-box and whatever there was in the church that could be turned into money, he went to Hamburg; but there having committed a murder he was constrained to decamp, and escaped into Holland, where a rich young widow fell in love with him and he married her. But having some domestic differences with the lady, after she had borne him two sons, he took her out a walk one day on the dike and returned without her. Unpleasant questions were asked, causing him so much annoyance, that he ran away again, and joined a party on its way from Bergen-op-Zoom to Antwerp. On the road this party fell among thieves and was robbed; but Hugo, having nothing to lose, offered to join company with the gang, and was accepted. In Holland he had become a strict Calvinist. According to his account, the band he joined were in league with the devil and desired him to do homage to his Satanic

Majesty. But Hugo declared that he must draw the line somewhere, and he drew it at devil-worship.

Then leaving the gang, and learning that his parents were dead at Andernach, he returned to his native place, and also to the Roman Church in which he had been brought up. As the Elector of Trèves desired useful men for the defence of Ehrenbreitstein against the French, he enlisted, and as he was a skilful artillery-man, became master-gunner. Then it was suspected, and finally proved, that he was in the pay of the French as well, and was in communication with them. He was court-martialled, and was condemned to death and executed. His head was put into a mortar with a billet in the mouth 'with His Highness the Elector's compliments to the Marshal Boufflers,' and was sent flying into the French camp. But before this, a plaster cast of his head was taken and afterwards kept in the museum of the Electoral Palace.



THE BROTHERS

CHAPTER XV

BOPPARD

Ravine in the Slate Rocks—Stolzenfels—Rhense—The Königs Stuhl—Ludwig the Bavarian and the Popes—Election of Charles of Luxemburg—Deposition of Wenzel—Braubach and the Marksburg—Lahneck—Boppard—The Forest, a Cause of Strife—The Knight Beyer—The Electoral Castle—Siege of Boppard—The Church—The Carmelite Church—Marienberg—The Kirmess on the Orgelbornfield—The Benefaction of Herrings—Bornhofen—The Brothers—The Beyer Family.

THE portion of the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen is the finest for scenery, although at no point is there quite the beauty of the view of the Seven Mountains as seen from Rolandseck.

This reach is a ravine sawn by the stream through the slate rocks, and in places can be discerned the various levels of the river, where it rested a while before making a fresh effort to work its channel deeper. We are, ourselves, either engaged in deepening the channel of our life or in silting it up.

Stolzenfels was a castle erected in 1270 by Archbishop Arnold of Trèves. A century later it was extended by Archbishop Baldwin, and carried down to the river's edge in order to secure the Rhine toll accorded to him by his brother, the Emperor, Henry VII. Archbishop Werner (1388-1418) delighted in the place, and made it his favourite residence. He had there a chemical laboratory, in which, after the fashion of the time, he endeavoured to transform the base metals into gold. It would not

have been time and labour cast away, had he instead sought to do the same with his spiritual subjects. He was almost the last to occupy Stolzenfels, and it fell gradually into decay. Nevertheless, Merian, in a copperplate engraving of 1646, shows us the castle with its roofs. The octagonal keep had a long-pointed cap; the other towers were similarly capped, and the main body of the castle was covered with a roof having a mighty gable of timber and plaster towards the Rhine. The chapel was not then made ridiculous with the pair of donkey's ears, with which it was furnished at the 'restoration.' In 1688 the French set fire to the castle, and the roof fell in. In 1842, the architect Schinkel was commissioned to restore Stolzenfels. The architects of that period would not reproduce—they must needs write in large over all their work—their ignorance and incapacity. Although Schinkel had Merian's drawing as a guide, he refused to follow it, and produced the absurd job to which thousands now resort as a show-place. It contains a considerable number of felt slippers, which visitors are required to draw on so as to slide over the polished-oak floors, and for the use of which they pay twopence-halfpenny.

By the side of the railway and the road, before reaching Rhense, is seen an octagonal platform elevated on eight arches, and looking like one of those thrashing floors once used in England and called windstrews. This is the Königs Stuhl, the place for the election of emperors. The earlier Königs Stühle were at Mainz; but when in the time of the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian the number of electors was limited to seven, of whom four were seated on the Rhine, Rhense was chosen as a place for assembly, as it lay convenient to four of the electors. Rhense itself belonged to the Elector of Cologne, Lahn-

stein to the Elector of Mainz, Stolzenfels to the Elector of Trèves, the Marksburg was a fief under the Palatine of the Rhine. Consequently from their several nests each of these four could descend to Rhense, and in case of a dispute and recourse to arms each could escape from it at once to a place of security.

Ludwig the Bavarian was Kaiser in 1314; two years later John XXII. was made Pope. The Popes were now at Avignon. Fearful of German control they had fled from Rome, and were now pensioners on the French King. John was a native of Cahors, a deformed man, the son of a cobbler. Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil. A man, shrewd, unscrupulous, ambitious, from such low origin, when he had set on his head the Papal tiara, knew no bounds to his pride and insolence. Suspecting the Bishop of Cahors, his own native town, of having had a hand in the carrying off of a ring he had lost, he had him flayed alive. But he did not limit his flayings to this unfortunate prelate; he was greedy of money, and applied the knife to all whom he could reach, and amassed enormous wealth, which he employed in bribery to destroy the German Emperor. It was still the policy of the Papacy to wreck the Empire, as still the Kings of Germany descended from the Alps to visit Rome.

Moveover, the French King coveted the imperial crown; and his henchman, John, worked for him. He excommunicated Ludwig; he placed under interdict all who supported him, and he released the subjects of the Empire from their oaths of allegiance to him. No moral, no religious, no ecclesiastical question was at stake. This act was due solely to his own implacable hatred of the Kaiser and the German people and his desire to help on the French King to mount the throne of Charle-

magne. But the object the Pope had in view was too plain for the Germans not to perceive it. So powerful was the force of public opinion among the citizens and lower orders throughout the Empire, that the princes hesitated to obey the repeated commands of John to revolt. Maddened with rage, the Pope called on the Poles and pagan Lithuanians to invade Brandenburg: there they burnt one hundred and fifty villages, and committed the most horrible atrocities. The death of John led to no improvement in the condition of affairs. He was succeeded by Benedict XII., a tool of France, and the interdict was maintained. The princes now rallied about the Emperor, as did also the bishops, and an assembly met at Rhense and declared that the supremacy of the German Emperor was over all other sovereigns, and was exclusively bestowed by the election of the German princes, without any need of ratification by a Pope; that the Emperor was not the vassal, but the protector of the Church; and finally, the publication of Papal bulls within the Empire was forbidden without the consent of the German bishops.

But this was great cry and little wool. The cities, the people, most of the clergy, and the Franciscans were on the side of the Emperor; but the Pope diligently sowed the tares of discord among the princes, playing on their ambition and cupidity, and they fell apart, and ranged themselves in opposition almost as soon as the brave words left their lips.

To Benedict succeeded Clement V., another Avignon Pope, living like a Turk in his harem surrounded by his mistresses. He hurled a fearful anathema against Ludwig, who, distracted at the treachery that surrounded him, at the disaffection of the princes, made a base surrender. The electors met again at Rhense, and

elected Charles of Luxemburg, in 1346. The people, however, resented their choice, and Frankfort and Aachen shut their gates against the usurper. Henry died soon after, and Charles IV., a tool of Papal and French policy, was acknowledged, but reigned for one year only.

On his death, his eldest son Wenzel was elected—though very young, the election being obtained by gross bribery. Wenzel was a drunkard, and incapable of governing. The Empire fell into such a condition of anarchy that it seemed to be breaking up completely. France was weakened and crippled by the defeat of Poitiers and the captivity of the French King, John; and Rome by the Great Schism, with rival Popes anathematising each other.

On August 11, 1400, King Wenzel was summoned to Oberlahnstein to answer for his bad government before the four Rhenish electors. He neither appeared himself nor did he send a representative. On August 21, at Oberlahnstein, he was pronounced deposed. Next day the electors crossed the Rhine to the Königs Stuhl at Rhense, and there chose Ruprecht of the Palatinate, one of the four who had deposed Wenzel. On hearing the tidings, the town of Nürnberg sent to the ex-King to request that he would release it of its allegiance. 'By all means,' replied the drunkard, 'at the price of four hogsheads of Bacharach wine.'

The Königs Stuhl stood intact till 1808, when it was thrown down, as a new road was being made, and a slight deviation would be required to avoid it. But in 1841 it was re-erected as near as possible to the original site, partly out of the old materials, the only difference being that the steps leading to the platform rose formerly on the north, and not, as now, on the south side.

The castle of the Archbishops of Cologne is at Rhense,

close to the Rhine. The town is still surrounded by the walls constructed in 1370.

On the right bank of the river is Braubach, a Protestant village, once a town surrounded by walls, and several of the towers remain. The pretty old church of S. Barbara has a picturesque west tower of the fourteenth century, and an apsidal choir of the fifteenth, with flamboyant windows. It is now desecrated and turned into workshops and warehouses. Above Braubach, on a steep and rocky height, stands the Marksburg, the only castle on the Rhine that was not burnt by the French. It served some time as a prison to Nassau. The tower was at one time forty feet higher, but was lowered after a fire, and the materials employed to repair the portions that had been damaged. Further down on the same side is Lahneck, with a five-sided keep. The interior, not always shown, contains a curious chimneypiece, perhaps belonging to the original castle built in the thirteenth century. The castle was destroyed by the French in 1689, but was restored by an Englishman in 1860. The church in Oberlahnstein has a very beautiful slated tower and spire at the east end of the nave. The walls and towers of the little town, which belonged to the Elector of Mainz, date from 1324. Hard by the river is the very picturesque Martinsburg, the residence of the Elector when he visited Oberlahnstein.

Boppard, the ancient Baudobriga—as its name shows, a Celtic settlement—was one of the fifty castles founded by Drusus on the Rhine as a cavalry station and a depôt for munitions of war.

In the middle of the fifth century it was a settlement of the Franks, and numerous graves of early Christian and Frank times have been discovered on the south side of the town. The German Emperors had a palace here.

It was believed that Otto III. granted the extensive Boppard Forest to the church of S. Martin at Worms. This led to altercation. The Elector of Trèves claimed it; but the citizens of Boppard had rights from time immemorial to cut fire-wood and timber for building. Moreover, when they desired relaxation they hunted in the forest. In 1770 the quarrel assumed a serious character. When the electoral woodsmen appeared, Boppard swarmed forth, seized on the men, and carried them to the town hall, where they were made to swear never to enter the forest again. The Elector was very indignant, and having managed to secure the persons of twelve of the citizens and three of the sheriffs, he had them conveyed to Ehrenbreitstein, and required them on their oath not to speak a word further to any man relative to the rights of the town over the wood. When they returned home, one of them stood before his stove and said aloud: 'Not to mortal man will I say it, but only to thee, old stove, that the Boppard Forest belongs to us, and Boppard asses we shall be if we surrender our rights.' Another said: 'I am mum to every man, but I beg to let the hares in the wood know that they belong to us, and are not to acknowledge the Elector of Trèves as their master.' A third said: 'I met a man in the forest the other day. He wore a full-bottomed wig and a leaden mantle, and had a sword by his side. He asked me whether I were a citizen of Boppard, and when I answered that I was so, then said he to me: "I am the Emperor Otto; take a message from me to the people of Boppard, and tell them that they are to hold on to their rights." I replied that I was under a pledge not to speak on that subject. He expressed regret to hear that, offered me a pinch from his snuff-box, and vanished.'

The reason for the association of Kaiser Otto with the matter was that, according to Boppard tradition, the knight Beyer of Boppard had saved the life of Otto in battle, on account of which Otto had granted the forest to the citizens.

The Elector, to punish Boppard, quartered mercenary troops in the town, giving occasion to great vexations. A lawsuit was the result before the Imperial Chancery at Wetzlar; a suit that dragged on, and would have dragged on to the present day had not the French Revolutionary armies annexed Boppard and all the left bank of the Rhine, and then the citizens succeeded in securing the forest to themselves, without further litigation.

Boppard was a free imperial town till Henry VII. made a present of it, as well as Oberwesel, to his brother Baldwin, Elector of Trèves, and then its rights and privileges were much diminished. Baldwin, however, did not get possession of the place without a fight, and then it was, so goes the tradition, that the royal palace was destroyed. The knight Beyer set it on fire when he saw that the citizens were worsted, choosing to let it perish in flames rather than allow it to fall to the grasp of the Elector.

Archbishop Baldwin repaired it, but in 1803 Count Walderdorf, who then owned it, made of it a present to his butler. Although the story went that in the cellars were casks of wine so old that the casks themselves had rotted away and the wine was preserved intact by its own crust only, Thomas the butler never could find any of it.

So, to make money out of the old palace, he pulled it down, sold the materials, and now it is no more. A modern villa occupies the site.

The electoral castle was, however, below on the Rhine

and was erected by Archbishop Baldwin; a great quadrangle with towers at the corners, and a gateway with his arms over it, between a pastoral staff and a sword. This was the grange which received his tithes of corn and wine. At vintage time, it was surrounded by wagons bringing in contribution of grapes, and two enormous presses crushed the fruit; working night and day for three or four weeks, and producing one hundred and fifty hogsheads of the best Rhine wine. The granaries were also filled to the rafters. Here, beside the cellarer, lived the tolltaker, a well-to-do man, for one who lives on tolls does not starve.

When the Emperor Adolf of Nassau was elected, he paid the Archbishop of Trèves for his support by granting him the Rhine toll here. But his successor Albrecht refused to recognise this grant as permanent, and reclaimed it. The Elector Baldwin got hold of it again, among the other good pickings he obtained from his brother, Henry VII., although in the grant the Emperor had made of the town, he had reserved this Rhine toll to the crown.

The castle remained intact till 1850. The Prussians had employed it as a prison. Then the town secured it, and without any feeling for its antiquity and picturesqueness, mutilated it to transform the building into a school, and offices.

The citizens of Boppard were ever pining to be free, and were restive under the pastoral staff. It gave Archbishop John of Baden so much annoyance, that he excommunicated the town and its inhabitants, and deposed the burgomaster. Thereupon the Bopparders elected another, repaired their walls, and prepared for a siege. At midsummer 1497, the Elector John advanced against the town. An amusing account of the siege has

been preserved, written by the Elector's secretary, Peter Meier. The archbishop had received promises of assistance from the Electors of Cologne and Mainz, and from the landgrave of Hesse. But from Cologne came only two officers and no men, from Mainz neither. The landgrave did indeed lend six hundred men, but he and eighteen horsemen remained on the further side of the Rhine, because, said he, ''tis I can see the fun best thence.' There were two large cannon 'Ungnade' and 'Schnellchen,' each attended by a master artilleryman, six carpenters, one mason, and eight workmen. Schnellchen was furnished with two hundred stone balls to be discharged at the town. There were as well some small guns, Fieldsnakes and 'Tumblers,' but most of these burst. The Elector's army consisted of 12,000 men. After a bombardment of twelve days, the citizens of Boppard had had enough of it; and entered into negotiation with the Elector; an agreement was come to that all should be as it had been before. The archbishop entered the town and removed the interdict. The mercenaries were kept outside, at which they were furious, as they had calculated on plundering the town. At length they were pacified by heavy payment and plenty of wine. Some knights had been in the town to assist the citizens. But they got into a boat when matters began to look ugly, and rowed away; whereupon the trumpeter on the tower sounded after them, 'In the name of God, away we go.'

The church of Boppard is Romanesque, about 1200, and has two stately towers at the transepts. The vaulting in the nave in twelve compartments is peculiar, and perhaps unique, a very early attempt at groining. In Gothic groining the ribs radiate from the capitals of the sustaining pillars fan-like. Here a cluster of them

radiates from the central boss. Interesting are the paintings in the north side of the nave and in the vaulting of one bay in the south aisle. In the church is a fine piece of sculpture in red sandstone representing the cardinal virtues.

The church of the Carmelites has a middle pointed nave and north aisle. The church is principally interesting on account of the fine monuments it contains, one of a knight and his lady has frogs and lizards represented as crawling over it. There is a good flamboyant west gallery vaulted below. The carved oak stalls have quaint representations under the seats, of peasants fighting with sand-bags and with shields and blunt spears.

The altar-piece is bad rococo. In the church is an early Christian inscription, dating from before the devastation of the town by the Frank and Alamannic barbarians in 406.

Above the town is Marienberg, which was a large and wealthy convent, founded in 1100, that admitted into it none but well-born ladies. The nuns were celebrated for their miniature painting, and for their embroidery, their spinning and weaving.

In 1738 the convent was burnt to the ground, but was rebuilt. Soon after came the times of Revolution, and it was occupied by soldiers, declared to be property of the nation—understand the French and not the German nation—was put up to auction and sold for £560. Then it was converted into a stocking factory, and finally into a hydropathic establishment.

It was customary for the convent to pay a fee of wine, wheaten bread and money to the town on the death of an abbess, so as to have the church bells tolled. On the second Monday after Trinity is the Kirmess or Town

Feast, then all the town marches forth to the Orgelborn meadow, with drums and fifes going before, there to eat and drink and dance, and make merry. The Orgelborn is a spring that now supplies the hydropathic institution with water.

In 1497 Boppard was besieged, and very nearly lost the chance of celebrating its Kirmess. It was held traditionally, that if once the merry-makng on the Orgelborn meadow were intermitted, the town would lose its rights to the largess given on the death of an abbess in Marienberg.

Now it was precisely at the time of the Kirmess that Boppard was enclosed by enemies on all sides. What was to be done? Then a deputation left the town for the commander of the besiegers, to represent the case to him, and to ask for a cessation of hostilities, during one day, that the Orgelborn jollification might take place as usual. The general in command appreciated the situation and gave his consent. Accordingly on the ensuing Monday, the gates were opened, and out poured all Boppard to the meadow, and a right merry Kirmess was kept, besiegers and besieged hobnobbing, dancing, hiccoughing together. Next day the bombardment was renewed.

The inn of the 'Golden Angel' occupies the site of an old Godeshaus, the place of reunion of a confraternity or guild. In 1408, by bequest, this society had a vineyard left to it, on condition that on the fourth Monday in Lent annually, a barrel of herrings with bread and wine should be given to the poor, as also a bowl of pea soup. This benefaction became an intolerable nuisance to the town. In the year 1740 no fewer than four thousand beggars poured into it, from all sides, so that no herrings, bread and wine were left, and as each year the swarm of

applicants increased, in 1769 the Elector abrogated the distribution.

Above Boppard on the further bank is Bornhofen with its stately church united to a monastery; to this at various times processions of pilgrims made their way, often from a considerable distance, for the church possesses a miraculous image, a Pietà, the Blessed Virgin with Our Lord on her lap, as taken down from the Cross; an object of veneration much sought by such as have aching hearts and are in bereavement, and seek rest. The church was built in 1435, and is in the flamboyant style; but it obtained its miraculous image in 1679, when brought thither by Capuchins from Aschaffenburg. The friars were turned out in 1813, and their convent converted into a tavern; but was acquired by Jesuits in 1848, and they again encouraged devotion to this image.

High above the convent on two steep crags united by a neck, partially cut through, are the ruins of two castles. That nearest the convent is Sternberg, and the southern castle is Liebenstein. Little that is historical is known about them, but legend has been busy concerning them; and they are called 'the Brothers.' They are now united by a wooden bridge; but a lofty wall, the Schildmauer, seems to have been intended, in addition to the cleft, to serve as a means of cutting off all communication between them. The usual story told of 'the Brothers' is that given by Heine in his poem. But this is not the tale that is or was current among the people. In fact it was a fabricated legend composed by one Joseph Kügelgen, and adopted by Schreiber in his *Bildergalerie vom Rhein.* Here Heinrich Heine saw it, and he versified the tale. But the current tradition is other. According to this, the two castles were dwelt in by two brothers, who had a sister, blind, to whom the father's

estate was left in equal shares with them. They were united in one object only, and that was how to get the better of their sister. When money came in, they shovelled it out, one shovelful to one brother, one to the other. Then they turned the tool over and put their sister's share on the back. Consequently she was scantily furnished. Nevertheless, out of her savings she founded the convent below.

One day, the brothers agreed to go a-hunting together, and further that he who woke first should rouse the other. He in Sternberg was up betimes, and looking forth saw that the shutters of Liebenstein were closed; so, to awake his brother, he drew his bow and aimed an arrow at the shutter of the window of his brother's bedroom, thinking thus to rouse him. But, at that moment, he of Liebenstein jumped out of bed, threw open his window and shutter, and the arrow pierced his heart. The involuntary fratricide went to the Holy Land to expiate his deed, and left the blind sister free to found the convent.

Such is the story, and it is about as true as that generally received by tourists, on the authority of Heine. The castles actually belonged, under the elector of Trèves, to the family of Beyer of Boppard, one famous in the history of that place. Dietrich Beyer became Bishop of Worms, 1350, and was translated to Metz in 1365, where he became noted for his prompt action. One morning his castle of Marsal was taken by a party of plunderers. At once he summoned his brother-in-law, John of Lützelstein, to his aid, and on the same day broke into the castle where the enemy were revelling on his wine, put the robbers to the sword, and delivered Metz from being ravaged by them. Thence a proverbial expression in the moment of a great relief from impending danger: 'C'est la joie de Marsal.' The most powerful of the

Beyers was Conrad, who obtained Rhense and the Zeltenger vineyards on the Mosel, and by a good marriage acquired a large inheritance in Lotharingia. His son Conrad became Bishop of Metz, and was present at the Council of Basel in 1434. In 1520 the family died out in the male line, and its inheritance passed to the Counts of Walderdorf.

CHAPTER XVI

OBERWESEL

S. Goar—The Town belonged to Hesse—Philip the Magnanimous—His Bigamous Marriage—Sanctioned by Luther—Rheinfels—Lips and his Servants—Rheinfels abandoned by General von Resius—The Landgrave William IX.—Sells his Subjects to England—'Carrots will do as well'—False Economy—The Hänseln—The Cat—The Mouse—Bohemund of Trèves—Lorelei—Heine's Poem—Oberwesel—Its Walls and Towers—The Liebfrauenkirche—S. Martin's—S. Werner—Accusations against the Jews—Schönburg—A Ganerbschaft—The Duke of Schomberg—Killed at the Boyne—His Monument—Caub—Jutta—Defence of a Tower in Caub—Stahleck—The Pfalz—Agnes—Bacharach—Werner Kapelle—Bacharach Fire Wine.

S. GOAR and the opposite Goarhausen lie where the Rhine frets among rocks, and was difficult of passage, till, by blasting, a good waterway has been made. It was from old famous for the salmon fishing; and very good salmon may be had there at this day. Some have supposed that Goar is the same as Gewirr, a whirlpool, but the transformation is hardly phonetically possible. What is more likely is that the name is Celtic *gwr*, which signifies a Man *par excellence*, and enters into many combinations in Welsh. *Gwr* has its representative in the Latin *vir* and in the Irish *fir*. But the legend, which is not older than the ninth century, represents him as a native of Aquitania, who following the religious bent of his age, left home, seeking a solitary place where he might serve God as a hermit. The place he chose as his residence was a cave on the left bank of the Rhine. There he constructed a cell and a chapel. His piety

S. GOARSHAUSEN AND THE CAT

attracted many pilgrims, whom Goar received with hospitality, lodged and fed. Rumours reached Rusticus II., Bishop of Trèves (*circa* 511), that a good deal of eating, not of salmon only, but of game from the Boppard forest, and still heavier drinking of Rhenish wine went on at this hermitage; and he sent a couple of officials to examine into the matter. On arrival, they were not a little offended to see Goar eating a hearty breakfast along with a party of travellers going up or down the river. Considering this very unbefitting conduct for a hermit, they complained to the bishop, who at once ordered them to summon Goar to appear before him. The messengers arrived at his cell, and were given shelter for the night. In the morning he sang psalms, said Mass, and spread the board for breakfast. Then the episcopal legates denounced him indignantly as a glutton, and unworthy to be called a hermit; for hermits, as every one knows, eat not till noon, and often not till sun-down. Then they ordered him to follow them, and disdaining to eat at his table, mounted their horses and galloped away. But the day was hot, the air languid, and before long the two men began to regret having departed with empty stomachs. They became miraculously hungry, says the writer of the life of S. Goar; but as he tells us that they had eaten nothing that morning, it would seem more miraculous if they had not been hungry. They drew rein, flung themselves from their horses, and sullenly awaited the arrival of Goar. The hermit came up, prudently supplied with a sack of provisions for the way. He opened his store, and the men were not disposed to decline his hospitality on this occasion.

When Goar reached Trèves he was at once introduced to the episcopal court, and being hot, he took off his hood and flung it across a sun-beam, which pierced the

gloom through a narrow window, 'mistaking it for a beam of wood.'[1] The bishop asked the hermit with much violence of temper what he meant by eating and drinking instead of fasting. Goar gently replied that the kingdom of God was not in meat and drink, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, that pilgrims came to him, and he could not send them away empty, nor would it appear hospitable if he served them and abstained himself.

This did not satisfy the narrow-minded Rusticus, and he would have contumeliously driven forth the hermit, had not at this moment some people entered the hall, bringing with them a new-born babe, which had been discovered exposed to die in some wild place outside the town.

'We will soon prove whether this be a man of God or not,' said Rusticus. 'Tell us whose child this brat is.'

What followed? Are we to believe with the biographer, that the child spoke, or was it that Goar, enlightened, may be, by the gossip of his travelling companions, the bishop's familiars, rushed to a conclusion, and said, 'Bishop Rusticus is father and Flavia is the mother.'

At this unexpected charge the prelate was confounded, and Goar was hustled out of the court, and allowed to go his own way without further questioning.

The story resounded through the country, and came to the ears of Sigebert, King of Austrasia, and he thought nothing could be more suitable than to appoint Goar to

[1] The origin of the stories of cloaks and gloves and hoods hung over sunbeams, which occur in so many lives, is no doubt this. It was said that the saint had hung his vestment over a *beam*, 'radius,' and the double meaning of the word originated the miracle in the story.

the episcopal throne of Trèves, rendered vacant by the retirement of Rusticus, sent to do penance for his fault during seven years. Goar refused to accept a bishopric whilst the bishop was still alive; and retiring to his cell on the Rhine fell sick of a fever, from which he continued to suffer for seven years, when Rusticus, who had been confined or had confined himself, in the monastery of S. Mary 'ad Martyres,' refused to resume his sacred functions, and it was deemed expedient to fill his place. The bishopric was again offered to S. Goar, and was again declined by him; and with reason: his age and infirmities rendered him incapable of discharging the duties it would have entailed, and, indeed, soon after the offer was made he died.

The story is so full of anachronisms that it is not possible to accept, with anything like confidence, the date on the statue of the saint in the Roman Catholic church at S. Goar: 'S. Goar monachus, obiit 611.' The date is approximately right, that is all that can be said for it. As for the details of his life, they are mere legend floating down for two centuries before they were fixed and committed to writing.

The parish church of S. Goar is a picturesque structure of 1468; internally gutted at the Reformation, when the bones of the saint were torn from their grave and thrown away, and, what was of higher value, the rich work of German painters and sculptors. Above the town is the castle of Rheinfels, the most extensive ruin on the Rhine. It belonged to the powerful Counts of Katzenellenbogen, and when the family died out in the male line it passed to the Counts of Hesse. Philip, the Magnanimous, introduced the Reformation into his lands. Philip was married to Christine, daughter of Duke George of Saxony, who had borne him seven children. However,

one wife, as he assured the leaders of the Reformation, would not satisfy him, and he required sanction at their hands to take a second during the lifetime of the first. This licence to have two wives at once was granted him under the sign-manual of Luther, Melanchthon, and Bützer. Accordingly he married Margaret von der Saal in his castle at Rotenburg, as *conjux legitima superinducta*, on March 4, 1540; and the ceremony was performed by his court preacher, Dionysius Melander, who himself at the time had three wives living. Melanchthon assisted at the ceremony. As the bigamy of Philip caused some scandal, Philip, a headstrong man, further defied public opinion by publishing his new marriage in a proclamation to his subjects, and justified it as a right sanctioned by Holy Scripture. His numerous progeny by Margaret were created Counts of Dietz, and Lords of Lissberg and Bickenbach. They came to a tragic end. Quarrels between the brothers, murder and madness, marked the descendants of this bigamous union.

Philip divided his principal territories among his sons by his legitimate wife. To Philip he gave Rheinfels. 'Lips,' said his father to him, 'I give you S. Goar because you love drink.' A large number of letters from the younger Philip has been preserved, and they are amusing reading. He tells how that his servants and retainers complained that they had inferior wine served out to them. 'For shame on you, you pack of spongers!' was his reply. 'Do you think that this is a king's palace, in which the domestics can be stuffed with lampreys and partridges and capons, and drink ambrosia? I am not bound to give you anything but what grows on my own ground. If you don't like it, you may go at the end of the year, where you can sop up malvoisie.' Philip died childless in 1583, and his estate fell to the Landgrave

William of Cassel; but the right to Rheinfels was hotly contested by the Darmstadt line.

The castle had been built by Dietrich of Katzenellenbogen in 1240, and he established a toll at S. Goar. The confederation of cities on the Rhine opposed this new burden on traffic, and in 1255 laid siege to Rheinfels for a whole year without being able to reduce it.

At the beginning of the Thirty Years' War it was decreed to belong to the Darmstädter, and the army of the League encamped against and bombarded it. The commandant surrendered, and then it became Hesse-Darmstadt property, along with the lower county of Katzenellenbogen. At the end of the Thirty Years' War the Hesse-Casselers recovered possession. The landgrave divided up his possessions between the sons of his two wives, and Rheinfels came to the son of the second. In 1652 the Landgrave Ernst became a convert to the Catholic Church, and built the second church in S. Goar given to the Roman Catholics, who till then had been denied a place of worship. The army of Louis XIV. in vain attempted the reduction of this castle. In 1794 General von Resius occupied Rheinfels with a garrison of three thousand two hundred and sixty men, when the French approached. A man, pretending to be a French deserter, made his way into the fortress and announced that the castle would be stormed next morning. This was at 7 P.M., and by 11 P.M. every man, with the general at the head of them, had run away and crossed the Rhine, leaving cannon and ammunition behind.

As the Hessians were escaping through the town, a butcher aimed at the head of the general with his axe, exclaiming: 'You coward! I would brain you!' The townspeople at once entered the abandoned fortress, where they found cards on the tables, a game broken off;

tumblers half-drained, pipes half-smoked out. Resius was courtmartialled and condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. In 1797 by order of the Directory the castle was blown up, and in 1812 the remains were sold for one hundred and five pounds. In 1819 much of it was pulled down to serve in the reconstruction of Ehrenbreitstein.

The last landgrave to reside in Rheinfels was William IX., who obtained the Electoral hat in 1803. He was a close-fisted prince, and sold his Hessian subjects as mercenaries to England, fourteen thousand at a time. As those who were forcibly enrolled attempted to escape, he had his frontiers patrolled by cavalry, and offered five dollars for the capture of every deserter taken alive, and each who was caught was beaten for two days in succession. He carried his economies to such an extent that when as usual the *menu* for the day's dinner was shown him, and he saw on it that some dish was to be garnished with slices of oranges, he wrote against it with his own hand, 'carrots will do as well.'

Although he was esteemed the richest of the German princes through his frugality and the money he had received from England for the men he had sold to her, yet he did not know how to use his cash at the right moment. When a fresh parcelling of territories took place in 1803, he could not resolve to put his hand into his pocket to bribe the French Minister and Commissioners, with twenty thousand louis d'or, as did Würtemberg and Baden. Consequently in the delimitation he came off badly. He received Fritzlar only in exchange for Rheinfels and S. Goar.

But there was one thing for which he deserves respect. Whilst other princes cringed to Napoleon, he threw in his lot with Prussia. 'I had rather,' said he, 'be a

Prussian field-marshal than one of the new-fangled kings out of Napoleon's factory.' In 1808 Napoleon declared: 'The House of Hesse-Cassel has for years been in the habit of selling its subjects to England, whereby the Elector has acquired great riches. This dirty avarice has cast down his house.'

A curious custom existed at S. Goar that lasted to the beginning of the steam-boat traffic in 1827. It was called the Hänseln. A stranger arriving in the town had a metal collar put round his neck and he was attached to the old tollhouse wall, and asked whether he preferred to be baptized with water or with wine. If he said with water, then a bucket of that liquid was empted over his head. But if he preferred wine, he was conducted into the tavern 'Zum grünen Wald,' where he was invested with a tin crown, and was required to empty a huge beaker. Then, by way of initiation, the rules and privileges were read to him. Among these latter he was authorised to fish on the Lorelei, and to hunt on the sandbanks in the river. His name was enrolled in the book of the order, and he had to pay a contribution for the good of the poor, and to stand drink all round. In the matriculation book stand many notable names, as those of Charles V., many Landgraves of Hesse, Götz wi' the Iron Hand, Frederick V. the Palatine and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of our James I.

Another curious usage of S. Goar was the having an auction of the girls, in the Rathhaus, on Easter Monday. The money received went into the town chest. A youth who won a lass had the exclusive privilege to dance with her throughout the year.

Opposite S. Goar, on a height above the Rhine, is the castle called the Cat, It was built in 1393 by Count John III. of Katzenellenbogen, and its purpose was to

keep watch on the right bank and secure the payment of toll there by those who travelled down the stream. The name is a shortening of Katzenellenbogen. Whence the counts obtained this extraordinary name (cat's elbows) has been much disputed. But this is probable: that Cat stands for the Chatti, the ancient race now represented by the Hessians, and that the count was the chief over the Chatti.

The Cat singularly enough escaped destruction not only during the Thirty Years' War, but also during that period of devastation when the Rhineland was overrun by the French, and when Rheinfels was blown up in 1797. In 1804, Napoleon was on the Rhine, and as the guns of the Cat discharged a salvo in his honour, his horse shied, and he angrily ordered the destruction of the castle.

Further down the river on the same side is 'the Mouse,' actually Burg Turnberg, that was erected in 1357 by Bohemund II., Archbishop of Trèves, for the purpose of protecting the small territory he possessed on the right bank. The Count of Katzenellenbogen contemptuously called this castle by the name now usually given to it; and said that his Cat was wide-awake and would keep an eye on the electoral Mouse.

This castle was a favourite residence of several of the Electors. Bohemund resigned his honours and retired here, and here consecrated his successor, Cuno of Falkenstein, who was a mighty man, one of the stoutest and most pugnacious of all the Electors of Trèves. At one time, in addition to his own archbishopric, he was administrator as well of Cologne and of Mainz. When he died, his heart was buried in the church of Welmich below the castle, but his body was laid in the church of S. Castor at Coblenz. On his tomb is his figure, and

it well answers to the description given in the *Limburg Chronicle*: 'He was a fine strong man, with a big head and bristling, brown curly hair, a broad face with puffed-out cheeks, a moderate mouth with thick lips; his nose broad with very large nostrils and bent in at the bridge. His chin was big and his forehead high. He was red about the eyes. He stood on his legs like a lion, and when he was angry his cheeks became inflated and waggled.'

The crag called Lorelei or Lurlei rises above that part of the Rhine where the river is narrowest and deepest; and at the angle the stream there makes the ice always accumulates whenever the covering thrown by the frost over the river gives way, and the channel is blocked by the heaped-up masses borne down by the stream.

The Lorelei is noted for its echo. German students love to shout across the river to it, 'Who is the burgo-master of Oberwesel?' To which echo answers 'Esel.' At all periods this echo has drawn attention to the rock, and gave occasion to the supposition that the Lorelei was hollow. The Westphalian traveller, Bernhard Möller, in a poem, published in 1570, relates how that if any passenger calls, a fearful voice answers from the summit threatening the caller with destruction. He explains the phenomenon as due to cavities in the interior of the crag.

Merian in his *Topographia Palatina* supposed that the wondrous echo was produced by the whirlpool in the Rhine.

Nowhere do we find a trace of the legend at present attached to it, except the vague expression of Freher in 1612, who says that 'Pans and wood-spirits and mountain nymphs' were formerly believed to haunt it.

In 1802 appeared a poem by Clemens Brentano on the Lorelei of the nature of a legend, but he himself admitted that it was his own invention and had no basis in tradition. Then came Heine's poem, set to a delicious air by Silcher; and now there is no point on the Rhine that is looked at with greater interest by the traveller than the Lorelei. But be it well understood that Heine's notion of the mysterious lady sitting on the rocks, singing and combing her golden hair, and luring the passing boatman to destruction, was a phantasy of his own.

I know not the why and the wherefore,
That I so mournful be,
A legend of ancient story
Drifts like a fog o'er me.
The air is cool, as it darkens,
And silently streams the Rhine,
The peaks of the mountains glimmer
In light of the sun's decline.

The fairest of maidens up yonder
Sits high aloft on the fell,
And singeth a musical ditty
That binds me as with a spell.
She sits there robéd in sammet,
She combs her gleaming hair,
The comb that she combs with is golden,
Her face is passing fair.

The fisherman out on the river,
Must hear the wondrous song,
He listens, forgetting to paddle,
And looks, and looks full long.
Methinks that the waters are swelling
To drown him, soon as caught;
Ay! that is the work of enchantment,
By fairest Lorlei wrought.'

Of all the towns on the Rhine Oberwesel has retained its mediæval appearance best. It was a Roman fortress,

THE LORLEI

Vesalia or Vesavia. The walls are almost entire. Towards the river they are obscured by a high embankment, on which runs the line; so that unhappily the town loses the charm of a good river front. The walls run up the hill behind, and between them and the houses are gardens and vineyards. The towers towards the river are round, but those on the hill slope are quadrangular, but possess three sides only; that towards the town was not built up, but was of timber, slated. The object was double: in the first place to prevent them, should they be captured, from becoming a harbour for the enemy whence to distress the town; also to facilitate access from the town. In the event of any one part of the garrison being hard pressed, the citizens could enter the town by ladders and stairs without exposure on the walls.

The most important tower is the masive Ochsenthurm, now employed for signalling the descent of a ship or boat by hoisting a red flag, as the Rhine here makes a bend.

The ancient town ended at this Oxtower, and the wall has been broken through to extend it towards the Liebfrauenkirche and the railway station. The Church of Our Lady, commonly called the Red Church, stood formerly outside the walls at the foot of the Schönburg. This is one of the most beautiful mediæval churches on the Rhine. One becomes possibly a little tired of the Romanesque sacred edifices, and it is a relief to come on a light and graceful structure of the fourteenth century. The apse contains in its sides very tall windows with good tracery. The height to the roof is eighty feet. The pillars in the nave are plain and square. The pillars soar to the vaulting, and are without capitals. The side aisles are low, and this allows of a lofty clerestory. The walls and pillars are covered with

contemporary frescoes. The rood-screen is of the same age as the church, which was consecrated in 1351, and is one of the rare examples of a screen of that period. It comprises seven arches, and the sculpture on it is coloured and gilt. The lock to the gates deserves notice. Within, the stall work is good but not remarkable. The superb carved oak and gilt altar-piece filled with niches representing prophets, apostles, and martyrs is one of the earliest examples extant, and it is, in my opinion, the finest I have seen. In the south aisle is another representing the Last Supper. In the north aisle is a painted triptych in fifteen compartments representing the Last Things. On the outside of the wings is the Expulsion from Paradise.

Again, another triptych on gold ground represents the Adoration of the Magi.

The statuary in the church is excellent. The tombstones of the Schönburg family, carved out of a grey stone, are remarkably fine. On the north side of the church is a beautiful cloister. This church, together with the Werner Chapel at Bacharach and the church at Lorch, show very remarkably how that the Rhenish architects, when once they had emancipated themselves from Romanesque traditions, completely altered their style, and at one bound reached supreme excellence. At Cologne one feels, in looking at the cathedral that it is French and not German. There is a lack of originality, a want of inspiration in the building. It is beautiful, but there is not the beauty, say, of the west front of Strassburg. But here at Oberwesel we see what the German hand could achieve in red sandstone, both in sculpture and in the main fabric. To me the Werner Chapel of Bacharach, of which presently, has a loveliness and a freshness unreached at Cologne.

OBERWESEL AND SCHÖNBURG

At the further end of Oberwesel is the Church of S. Martin, of a very different character. The original church was Romanesque. The north aisle is that still. The arcade is most curious, round-headed arches, one under another, that is pointed, applied to the walls when the church was rebuilt and enlarged. The clerestory windows are bad flamboyant. The church once had a rood-screen, but this was torn down when a vulgar rococo altar-piece was erected. The choir is middle pointed. There is a pretty rococo organ case in the west gallery. Indeed, rococo lends itself to organ cases, and to that alone.

The Chapel of S. Werner on the walls has an archway under it. It is but the choir of a church that was destroyed by the French in 1689. S. Werner was never canonised, though a process was drawn up at the instigation of the legate of Martin V. in 1430 in preparation for this; but other matters occurred to distract attention, and, above all, the money was not forthcoming, without which no one can be declared to be a saint and enrolled in the calendar.

The story of this boy martyr is as follows: Werner was a poor orphan child at Wammenreit near Bacharach on the Rhine, where he served a glass-blower; but running away in consequence of brutal treatment, he came to Oberwesel, where he entered into service to a Jew. The boy was then fourteen years old. When the Passover approached, the Jew warned him to be on his guard; 'for,' said he, 'you know that Jews eat little men like you.'

Werner replied that God's will should be done. Then he went to church and confessed, and received the Holy Communion. On his return he was seized by some Jews and taken into a cellar and hung up by the heels, that he might eject the Blessed Sacrament. As this did not

succeed, they put a piece of lead in his mouth to prevent him from crying, and proceeded to open his veins. A Christian servant-maid, peeping through a chink in the door, saw what was being done, and ran to the magistrate, the Schultheiss of Oberwesel, to entreat his interference. The magistrate arrived, and the Jews bribed him to hold his tongue, pretending that they were only chastising a disobedient and troublesome knave. The Schultheiss pocketed the money, and told Werner he could not help him. 'Then,' said the boy, 'I commend myself to God.' The third day after, he died from his wounds, having been completely bled to death, and the Jews were in great alarm. To conceal the crime, some of them took the body by night and carried it to a boat, which they rowed up stream till they reached Bacharach, where the boat ran aground. Then they stepped out, and flung the body into a pit covered with brambles in a thorn brake at Wynderbach. That night the watchmen making their circuit of the walls of Bacharach saw a strange light above the thorn brake of Wynderbach, and when search was made there, the body of the murdered boy was found. He was buried with great ceremony, the marvellous light having led the people to regard him as a saint. A gold wreath was placed round his head, and he was laid on a cushion of silk, strewn with violets; and the body was transported to the chapel of S. Cunibert on the hill above Bacharach, where he was buried. His fellow servant hearing of the discovery, hastened from Oberwesel, and related what she had seen, and how the magistrate had behaved. Such is the story. The event took place in 1287.

That the boy was murdered is certain. But that he was murdered by Jews no one will now believe. Such tales were fabricated by scores whenever people got

much in debt to the Hebrews, and wanted to clear off their burdens without cost to themselves. The same story has been told at Siegburg, also at Trent of S. Simon, 1475, who has been taken into the Roman martyrology. S. William of Norwich, in 1144, was another—his story is told by Chaucer. Six boys were reported to have been martyred by Jews at Ratisbon in 1586; another, S. Richard, at Paris in 1182; another Richard at Pontoise; but they may be counted by the score. At Lincoln, not satisfied with one boy martyred by the Jews, they must needs have another, S. Hugh, 1255.

Throughout the Middle Ages three accusations were constantly brought by the populace against the Jews; all three were denounçed by the authorities of the time as imaginary. The Jews were accused of killing children. A law of the Duke of Poland, in 1264, renewed in 1343, rebuked those who made this charge, and required that it should be substantiated by the testimony of three Jews. They were accused of poisoning the wells. Pope Innocent IV. in a bull denounced this charge; and in 1349, the King of the Romans ordered that the Jews in Luxemburg should be protected against the insolence of the people, because, said he, the Pope and he regarded them as innocent of the many crimes attributed to them. Lastly, they were accused of sacrilege. The Abbé Fleury, in his Ecclesiastical History, gives one instance of the manner in which this charge was made. 'In a little town called Pulca, in the diocese of Passau, a layman found a bloody Host before the house of a Jew, lying in the street upon some straw. The people thought that this Host was consecrated, and washed it and took it to the priest, that it might be taken to the church, where a crowd full of devotion assembled, supposing that the blood had flowed miraculously from the wounds dealt it

by the Jews. On this suspicion, and without examination, or any judicial procedure, the Christians fell on the Jews, and killed several of them; but wiser heads judged that this was rather for the sake of pillaging their goods than avenging the pretended sacrilege. This conjecture was fortified by a similar accident which took place a little while before at Neuburg, in the same diocese of Passau, where a certain clerk placed an unconsecrated Host steeped in blood in the church, but confessed afterwards in the presence of the bishop Bernhard and other persons deserving of credit, that he had dipped this Host in blood for the purpose of rousing hostility against the Jews.'

Above Oberwesel stands the Schönburg. It was at one time occupied by the nobles of Schönburg, who pretty well ruled the town, and ruled it to their own immediate advantage. At last their exactions and interference became so intolerable, that the people of Oberwesel appealed against them to the Emperor Frederick II., and he took the place under his protection, and constituted it an imperial free town. However, this condition did not last long, for a century later the Emperor Henry VII. pawned Oberwesel and Boppard to his brother, Baldwin, the warlike Archbishop of Trèves; and Oberwesel was never recovered to the Empire, but remained under the pastoral crook. That crook has a sharp point at the lower end, and with it the archbishops knew how to prod much better than how to guide with the crook. The castle of Schönburg covered a large area, for it was one of those curious institutions, a Ganerbenhaus, peculiar to Germany, a castle occupied by and held by a knightly community of families, each with its rights, each with a share in the profits derived from the vineyards, the dues from the town, and the toll.

Gan is an old form of *Gemein*, common. There were whole villages that constituted a communal estate. Probably originally it arose out of the householders having common rights to wood, meadow, and tillage. In time this common right became limited to a few, and these few regarded the estate as their own. In the case of castles it was otherwise. Where several knights were poor and had but small domains, they could not severally build for themselves strong fortresses. Accordingly they clubbed their land together, and together built one single castle, in which the several families resided, and the produce of their lands was divided *pro rata*. The most extensive of these Ganerbschaften was Friedberg in the Wetterau, in Upper Hesse. Here, in 1252, one of these noble associations was founded that speedily acquired extensive estates in the neighbourhood, and was in constant feud with the citizens. It was not dissolved till 1801. The castle where lived these families clubbed together has been converted first into a grand ducal palace and then into a college for teachers. The whole knightly community was governed by a burggrave. In Schönburg each family occupied its own portion of the castle. To the south the Burg is detached from the mountain ridge by a chasm crossed by a wooden bridge. Within the walls were the several *Palase* or dwellings of the families, with their servants, having rights in the place. The head over them all was a Baron von Schönburg.

Of this family, the member that most distinguished himself was Frederick, a soldier of fortune with very few scruples, a keen eye to the main chance, a good disciplinarian and an able general. He served in the Low Countries with William of Orange, then in France against the great Condé, then in Portugal in the War of Independence against Spain. Finally, he returned to

Holland and accompanied William to England, who went there to assume the crown, and entered London, riding at his side. In February 1689 he received the thanks of the House of Commons for the services he had rendered to the Protestant cause in general, and to England in particular. A great sensation was caused in France by Schönburg, or as he now called himself Schomburg, attaching himself to William III., and attempts were made to detach him. He had long served France, and had amassed a huge fortune out of French pay. He had been given domains there. But Schomberg knew that he could line his pockets better in England than in France, and that was to him the one thing he cared for; in revenge for his refusal to return to France the Crown confiscated his estates.

James II. was still a power to be reckoned with, at least in Ireland, and William of Orange was determined to retain Schomberg to serve against him. He was offered the Dukedom of Albemarle, but refused it. He was proud of his German name and title—which title, *bien entendu*, was assumed, and had not been granted. A host of petty German barons at pleasure dubbed themselves counts. In 1689, he was appointed Captain-General of the English forces, and on April 10 created Baron Teyes, Earl of Brentford, Marquis of Harwich, and Duke of Schomberg. This last title was in contravention of English usage that usually attached a dukedom to an English county. Successors in his dignities were to be his son Charles and the descendants in male line of Charles; in default, his son Meinhardt and his issue male. The order of primogeniture was hereby completely inverted, since his youngest son was to inherit immediately, and only in default of male issue, his eldest. The marshal was granted a gratification of £100,000 transmissible to his

descendants in the order indicated above, and the Order of the Garter.

That Schomberg had done anything at all deserving of these rewards does not appear; but he had been a personal friend of William's father, and William thought to use his military talents to sustain his own throne.

Schomberg was despatched to Ireland. On reaching Chester he found the troops placed at his disposal lacking all that was essential. There were neither munitions of war nor accoutrements, and the men furnished were worthless. He could count on none but Dutch, Danish, and French Huguenot mercenaries. After waiting twenty-two days at Chester, without result, he sailed on the 12th August with about sixteen thousand men, very few officers and almost no cavalry. Meanwhile James II. was besieging Londonderry at the head of an army of 30,000 men and 8000 cavalry. Schomberg secured Carrickfergus; and the enemy, supposing he had with him a larger force than he actually led, evacuated Belfast, Newry and Carlingford.

On November 14, 1690, Willam himself landed at Belfast with a force not considerable in number, but perfect in discipline, appointment and spirit. This also was made up of Scots, Dutch, Danes, French Huguenots and some English, and when united with Schomberg's force the army mustered 30,000 men. During the ten months that Schomberg had held the chief command little had been done, and Schomberg himself had counselled inaction.

With the arrival of William, the whole character of the campaign changed. On July 1 was fought the memorable battle of the Boyne. The *générale* was beat in the camp before day, and as soon as the sun was up Schomberg and General Douglas moved with the right wing

towards Slane. The Irish, by a corresponding movement, brought their left wing to Slane; but the followers of Dutch William dashed into the river and forded it there. James's left wing, after a smart fight, retreated before Douglas who, with little loss, got a firm footing on the right bank of the Boyne. Nearly at the same time William made an attack on the pass of the Old Bridge, and the Dutch Blue Guards, beating a march till they got to the water edge, went in ten abreast and waded across On reaching the further side they were set upon furiously by the Jacobite Horse, but they stood close and firm, and, as other regiments came up to their assistance, the Irish retired. At another point the Irish Horse, who behaved very gallantly, drove a body of Danes and French Calvinists back into the river. Schomberg, perceiving this disorder, and that the French Huguenots were left much exposed and without a commander, passed the river himself in order to lead them. Pointing to the French Papists in the ranks of James, he shouted to his Huguenots, 'Allons, Messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs!' and the words were hardly out of his mouth before he was shot through the neck by a flying party of James's horse-guards, or through a fatal mistake 'by some of his own men.'

The body of this adventurer was taken to S. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where it remained without a monument. Swift vainly attempted by entreaty and jibe to induce the kinsfolk of the marshal to erect a memorial in his honour. It was not till forty-one years after the Battle of the Boyne, the Dean and Chapter at their own expense erected a tablet to the man's memory, on which, after recording the marshal's death, was inscribed the taunt to the Schombergs for their parsimony: 'Decanus et capitulum maximopere etiam

GUTENFELS

atque etiam petierunt, ut heredes ducis in memoriam parentis monumentum quamvis exile erigi curarent, etc.' But I may as well give the whole in English. 'The Dean and Chapter have often and on diverse occasions entreated the heirs of the duke to erect a monument to the memory of their ancestor, however small it might be. But after having obtained nothing by means of letters, nor through friends, nor through long and frequent entreaty, in their indignation they have themselves set up this stone; that thou, O stranger, mayest know where, to the disgrace of his descendants, lie the ashes of so great a captain. The renown of his valour has produced more effect on strangers than has kinship in blood on his own family. 1731.'

The duke was succeeded by his fifth son, Charles, who died unmarried in 1693, and the heir to the titles was then Meinhardt, the third son of the first duke, and he was created Duke of Leinster. He married a German woman, and died without issue in 1719. There are still Schönburgs in Germany and Austria, princely, but no relations whatever to the petty burggraves of Oberwesel. It is quite possible that Dean Swift may have applied to them, and that they very naturally declined to subscribe to a monument to a man who was not a kinsman of theirs and whom they did not admire.

Caub, on the right bank, still retains some of its old walls and towers. This place belonged to the Elector Palatine, and opposite to it, on a rock in the Rhine, rises the quaint structure, the Pfalz, a toll-house and fortress. It is dominated by the castle now called Guttenfels, but which formerly bore the same name as the little town below. Connected with this castle is a curious legend.

At a tournament in Cologne appeared Jutta, the

beautiful daughter of Dietrich of Falkenstein in the Taunus. A knight jousting in the lists saw her, and courteously requested that he might wear her glove in his helmet and tilt to her honour. The request was granted, and he unhorsed all adversaries. Afterwards he met Jutta again at Caub, and in the castle they plighted their oaths to one another; but what his name was he would not reveal, only the fact that he was an Englishman, and he promised to return in a few months to marry her. Then he departed and did come back soon after, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, second son of King John, the newly elected King of the Romans and Emperor on the death of William of Holland. After his coronation he married her. Now let us test this story by some dates that are pretty certainly determined.

Richard of Cornwall was born in 1209. He was elected King of the Romans 1256, and was crowned on May 27, 1257. There is no evidence that he was travelling *incognito* on the Rhine in 1255. Moreover, Richard was then married to his second wife, Sandria, daughter and co-heiress of Raymond, Count of Provence. He did marry the daughter of Dietrich of Falkenstein, but her name was Beatrix and not Jutta, and he did not marry her till after the death of his second wife, on June 16, 1269, accordingly not till he was aged sixty. Consequently much of the romance of the story falls away.

In 1504 the castle was besieged during thirty-nine days by the Landgrave of Hesse, who laid claim to it; but it stood out, and he had to retire baffled, a fact recorded in an inscription on the toll-house in Caub. It was due to this determined defence that the castle received the name of Guttenfels or the Good Rock; but the people of Caub mixed up matters, and supposed that Guttenfels was so called after the damsel whom Richard of Cornwall loved

THE PFALZ

and married, and that her name must have been Jutta, which she left to the castle.

During the early years of the Thirty Years' War, when Spanish troops swept over the Rhineland, a division came to Caub, which speedily capitulated; all but one tower, the only access to which was by a doorway something like five-and-twenty feet above the ground. All attempts to dislodge the garrison failed; no terms were listened to. Out of the loopholes appeared the barrels of guns, and from time to time above the parapet showed a head. Many a shot from the tower brought down a Spaniard. Ladders were applied, but those who mounted were sent reeling down with a bullet through head or heart.

The Spaniards had suffered considerable losses, and for four weeks the garrison held out. What to do the besiegers knew not. They had no cannon. All that could be done was to watch it, and keep out of the range of its guns.

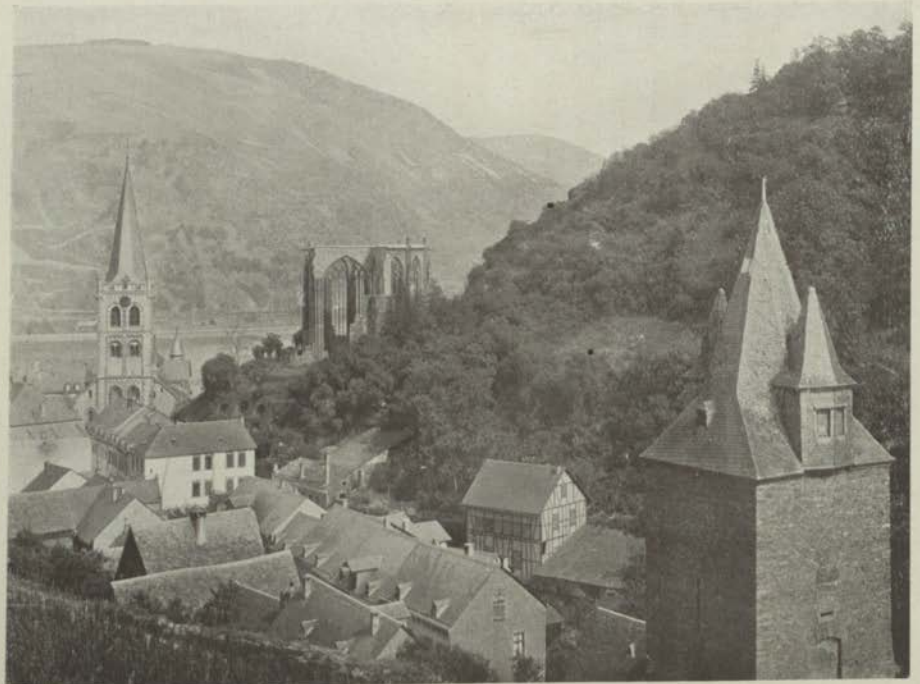
At length, at the end of a month, a white flag was hoisted. A trumpet sounded, and when on the side of the besiegers those in the tower were given to understand that the officer in command was willing to treat concerning a surrender, a bearded man appeared at the door, and negotiations were entered into. The terms of capitulation were readily assented to, that the garrison should march out with all the honours of war, and be accorded their lives.

The Spanish soldiery were drawn up in lines, and drums beat and fifes shrilled, as the garrison quitted the tower. But what was their astonishment to see one old fellow, his wife, and a nanny goat, descend the ladder! On the summit of the tower a good deal of grass grew, and on that the goat had fed, and the man and his wife had slaked their thirst on her milk. But when the pasturage

failed, their powers of maintaining the defence failed also, and they surrendered. The Spaniards hardly knew whether to laugh or to swear, and some would have fallen on the old lieutenant, for such he was, but the colonel in command interfered and said that he had passed his word, and free and unharmed the garrison should depart.

Stahleck, the castle above Bacharach, now such a complete ruin that not a single tower remains, was once the scene of an interesting, and in the end far-reaching event. Stahleck belonged to the Rhenish Palatinate. By the deposition of the last Count Palatine in 1146, the Palatinate escheated to the Crown, and Frederick Barbarossa granted it to his brother Conrad, who had an only daughter Agnes, an heiress. In early girlhood this damsel had contracted herself to Henry, the younger son of Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria. After this, strife broke out between the Guelfs and the Hohenstaufen, and the betrothal was forgotten or ignored, till King Philip Augustus of France offered himself as a suitor for the hand of the daughter of the Hohenstaufen.

The Palatine Conrad was flattered to think that his daughter would become Queen of France, and gladly gave his consent. But Agnes informed her mother that she had a mind of her own, and would not give up the love of her girlish days. The mother sympathised with her, and sent off a message to Henry to come in all haste to Stahleck, where were only she and Agnes. The young man at once hasted to Bacharach. Dreading the anger of her husband, Irmengard, the mother, had the young couple privately married in the Pfalz; and they spent their honeymoon in this castle on the Rhine, and remained there till Irmengard had taken the news to Conrad, and pacified him. Agnes and Henry had a daughter, also called Agnes, who became in her turn



BACHARACH

A COURTYARD, BACHARACH

heiress, and was married in 1225 to Otto of Bavaria, and by this means carried the Palatinate to the House of Wittelsbach; and a large portion of it still remains to Bavaria, though no longer does it hold Caub and Bacharach.

In consequence of this romantic incident arose the idea that it was a family tradition among the Countesses Palatine to spend their honeymoon there, as also there to await their first confinement.

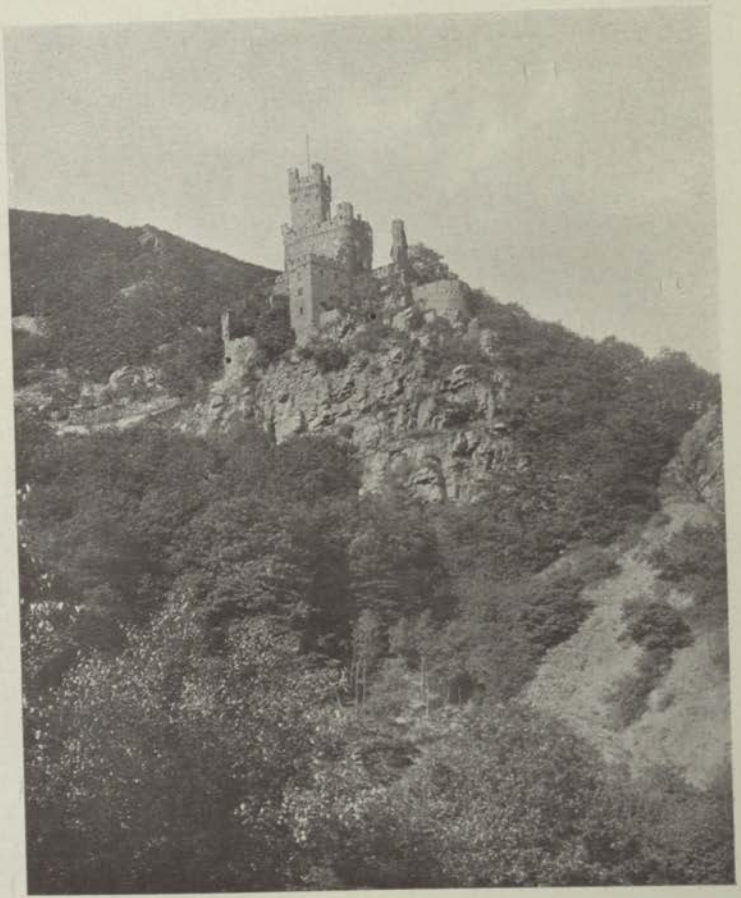
The Pfalz was long employed as a State prison, and the miserable prisoners were confined in the dungeons below the level of the river. The castle is accessible by means of a ladder, and the only entrance is closed by a portcullis. It is supplied with water from a well driven deeper than the bed of the Rhine.

Bacharach is fondly supposed to derive its name from Bacchi ara, but if there ever had been there an altar to Bacchus, the place named after it would have been Ara Bacchi. In 1119 the place is entitled Bachrega. Probably the *ach* in the name is the equivalent to the *ac* in so many French names of places, and signifies acquisition and occupation by some man whose name forms the first portion of the word, as Armagnac, Luzac, Frontignac.

There is in Bacharach little to be seen save the beautiful Werner-Kapelle, said to have been burnt by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War. The castle Stahleck is in complete ruin. The parish church has been rebuilt and has lost the interest formerly pertaining to it.

Formerly Bacharach was famous for its 'fire wine.' This was produced by placing a cask near a fire and evaporating as much as possible the watery matter. The operation went on thrice for twenty-four hours; and then what

remained was allowed to cool slowly. The wine thus treated was in great request, and was supposed to have the colour, and flavour, and strength of the wines of Italy or Portugal. The last time this fire wine was brewed was in 1808.



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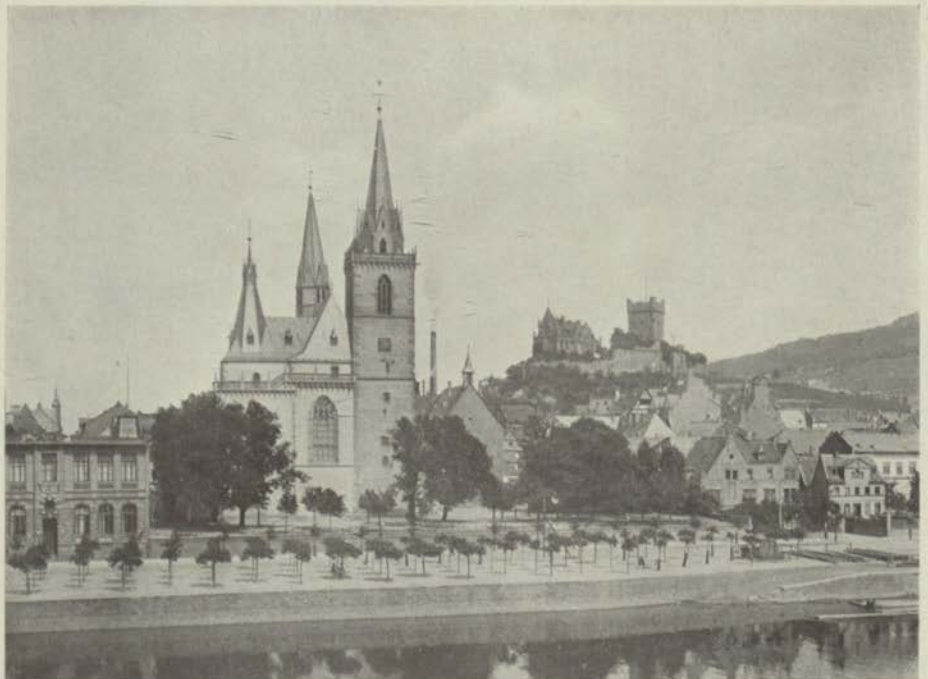

BINGEN

CHAPTER XVII

BINGEN

The Bingerloch—Henry IV.—Death and Burial—The War of Tolls—The Bingen Pencil—The Rochusberg—Good Wine and bad Latin—The Klopp—Museum—Church—Rupertsberg—S. Hildegard—Her Visions—Her Letters—Arnold of Selnhoven—Controversy about a Burial—The Mouse Tower—Bishop Hatto—The Rapids—Robber Castles—Rheinstein—Reichenstein—The von Bolanden—The Clemens Kapelle—Rüdesheim—Fortified House of the Brömsers—Lorch—John Hilgen.

BINGEN lies at the junction of the Nahe with the Rhine, and at the entrance of the gorge of this latter river. Above it is the Rheingau, a vast basin, once the bed of a lake; the chain of slate rocks thrown across the course was a mighty natural dam that held back the waters descending from the Alps and the Black Forest, till they had contrived to saw a way through a fault at the Bingerloch, and so by a series of rapids descend to the gap at the Drachenfels.

Bingen was a station of some importance in Roman times. It was then called Bingium. The main road from Roman Mainz reached it over level land, then crossed the Nahe by a bridge constructed by Drusus, ascended the Hundsrück and struck over that elevated plateau towards Augusta Treverorum or Trèves. Another road by Alzey and the Donnersberg placed Bingen in communication with Metz.

The poet Ausonius travelling by the road over the Hundsrück in 370 expressed his satisfaction at seeing

Bingium rebuilt and surrounded with walls after having been destroyed by the Germans. Since then Bingen has been destroyed and rebuilt many times. The town was given by Otto I. to Willigis, Archbishop of Mainz; but he reserved the Castle of Klopp that commands it, as a royal residence, and it was in this that Henry IV. was held prisoner by his rebellious son, till sent finally to Böckenheim on the Nahe. The fallen Emperor was treated with such harshness that he was constrained to sell his boots in order to procure the means of subsistence. Eventually Henry succeeded in escaping to Liége, where he died in August 1106. There the bishop gave him a worthy funeral. But this roused the wrath of Pope Paschal II.; and by his command, the body of the Emperor, as one excommunicated, was dug up again and consigned to a temporary resting-place in an islet of the Meuse, in unconsecrated ground, where a compassionate monk from Jerusalem watched by it night and day, singing psalms for the repose of his soul. Then the body was conveyed to Speyer, where it was received with honour by the citizens, and was laid in the newly built Church of S. Mary. Thereupon the bishop laid the city under an interdict, till the body was taken up again and removed to an unconsecrated chapel, where it remained for five years unburied, till the year 1111, when the sentence of excommunication was withdrawn, and it was brought back to the minster and laid beside the bodies of Henry's ancestors. There it remained till 1689, when the French burnt Speyer, and tore up and scattered the bones found in the imperial graves.

Bingen suffered severely in the War of Tolls. Adolf of Nassau had granted the imperial tolls on the Rhine to the Archbishop of Mainz in payment for his services in

S. ROCHUS' CHAPEL

electing him. But his successor, the Kaiser Albert, reclaimed them; and as the archbishop refused to surrender them, the Emperor surrounded Bingen with a large force for ten weeks before he could take it. When he did, the town suffered all the horrors of warfare, and the 'Bingen Night' of massacre and outrage was not forgotten for many generations. But the town recovered, so rich is nature in her gifts, especially of wine, in this fertile district. The abundance of this latter product has caused the citizens to be connoisseurs. The story goes that at a meeting of the town council some one asked for a pencil. No one present had such an article. When the session was at an end, 'Now,' said the burgomaster, 'you shall taste my choicest wine,' and from under his chair he produced some bottles. 'But,' he added, 'I have not a corkscrew by me.' Instantly every hand was thrust into a pocket, and as many corkscrews were produced as there were councillors present. Thenceforth a corkscrew is called a Bingen pencil.

On the Rochusberg is a chapel with a pulpit outside. On the Feast of S. Roch (Aug. 16) all Bingen streams thither to pray and be preached to. But chairs, benches, and round tables about the place of pilgrimage show that other purposes of resort are there besides spiritual edification, and whilst the sermon is in progress, a smell of fried sausages pervades the air. No sooner is the godly exercise ended than the pilgrims rush to the tables and seats to satisfy their appetites and to moisten their throats.

Once a chaplain was attached to the chapel who was noted for his devotion to the bottle. He was invited to a feast given by the burgomaster. Much wine was drunk. At last the chaplain gasped forth, 'My store-closet is full.' He had hardly said the words before

bottles of Steinberger were produced, and he proceeded to drink a couple of glasses of it.

'Why, your reverence,' said the burgomaster, 'I thought your store-closet was full.' 'Ay,' replied the chaplain, 'but room for a drop remains in the key-hole.'

The same man was dining with the Abbot of Johannisberg. He was served with thin wine grown on the shady side of the mountain. 'Bonus vinus,' said the priest. Then some bottles of better vintage were brought forth. 'Vinum bonus,' was his comment. Lastly, true Johannisberger was set on the table, and when uncorked filled the room with its aroma. The chaplain set the glass to his lips, and said, as a smile illumined his face, 'Vinum bonum! Herr Abbot, the better the wine, the better the Latin.'

The Klopp that dominates the town is but a fragment of a castle, but the round keep remains and has been converted into a museum. For a while the numerous antiquities found at Bingen travelled to Bonn. Now, however, the town has established its own museum, and this contains Roman tombs and Frank sarcophagi. Among other curiosities is the town whipping-stool. Consideration was shown to make the posture of the person to be chastised commodious to both himself and the executioner. The kneeling place is inclined and the seat curved. When he was conveniently placed in a kneeling position, his head was thrust through a hole in the back of the chair, that was raised to receive it. A strap was passed behind his knees to prevent him from kicking out, and his hands were tied to the chair-back.

A great disturbance was occasioned in Bingen in 1321 by a skipper's dog running off with a joint of meat from a stall. The butcher went after the brute and thrashed it; whereupon the master fell upon the butcher and beat

him. The matter was taken up by the magistrates, and the butcher was condemned to imprisonment. In those topsyturvy times judgments were ingeniously given against those who deserved to be let off. The guild of the butchers thereupon stormed the prison, and in triumph carried off the man who had been incarcerated.

At once the town was divided into factions—one for the skippers, one for the butchers. Riots ensued; there was fighting in the streets, men were killed, others were wounded. Order was restored with difficulty, and then came the settlement of the account in true mediæval fashion. Some of the ringleaders were executed, others had their hands chopped off.

The parish church of Bingen is picturesque. It has slated spires, one on a western tower; it has two north aisles, and one on the south. The church is remarkable for the goodness of the statuary in it, of the flamboyant period, to which the entire church pertains. The north porch has a detached spirelike roof. A carved and gilt German triptych in one of the north aisles has a representation of S. Jude. The fine fifteenth-century font has been much mutilated. The west front with exterior gallery is effective, but the western doorway is poor.

Above Bingerbrück on the summit of a steep hill formerly stood the convent of Ruprechtsberg. By order of a Swedish general in the Thirty Years' War, in 1632, it was burnt down. Now nothing of it remains, and a public-house occupies the site. This was where the famous S. Hildegard had her visions and fancies, and whence she poured forth letter after letter to Popes, bishops, kings, lecturing, threatening, counselling them. She was the most remarkable scold of her age, and, unlike most scolds, was listened to with respect. She deserves a few words being devoted to her.

At the court of Count Meginhard of Spanheim lived a kinsman, the knight Hildebert of Böckelheim, and his wife Matilda. They had a daughter, Hildegard, born in 1098, and she and Hiltrude, daughter of the count, were brought up together in the convent of Disibodenberg, of which Jutta, sister of Count Meginhard, was the abbess. The education they there received was of the most meagre description; they were taught theology and medicine as then understood, and received a smattering of Latin, but were not even taught to write. From an early age Hildegard was subject to ecstatic fits. She describes what took place in such raptures. 'I raise my hands to God, and am like a feather carried about by the wind, where He wills, without consciousness of weight. From my childhood, when my limbs were not fully braced, to now in my seventieth year, my soul has seen visions. My spirit has been exalted to the height of the firmament, and carried about, drifting through various regions and among various people, and over strange lands. But all these I see with my inner eye, not alone with the eye of flesh.' Jutta died in 1136, and then Hildegard was made mistress of the novices; and as her visions and prophecies attracted notice, she obtained the assistance of a monk as amanuensis, and he wrote down whatever she had revealed and then dictated. When aged forty-three she composed a book which she called *Scivias*, derived from 'Sci(ens) vias (Domini).' It contains revelations on the Fall and on Redemption, and warnings against the evils of the time. But her most notable work was her correspondence; and a great number of her letters have been preserved, giving a vivid picture of her times, and that picture not remarkably edifying.

In 1147 she settled at Ruprechtsberg over against Bingen, taking with her twelve sisters; and became

abbess, and thenceforth increased in activity and gain of influence. She denounced the vices of society, of kings, nobles, of bishops and priests in unmeasured terms. If a prelate, even a Pope, wrote to her, however humbly, she sent him a stinging lecture in reply. She told home truths without varnishing them, so plainly as to make every one wince. She was courted by Emperors and bishops, but she never yielded to their fascinations. No one approached her without receiving a rap over the knuckles, and, what was more, it was felt to be well deserved. In 1148 Pope Eugenius III. was at Trèves, when he heard every one talking of the prophecies of the famous abbess of S. Rupert. He sent Adelbert, Bishop of Verdun, to examine her, and he studied her writings himself whilst at Trèves. The Pope even wrote a letter to her, and received in return a lecture.

S. Bernard made use of her to stir up enthusiasm for the crusade which he preached. She caught the flame, prophesied and exhorted, and contributed not a little towards sending to humiliation and death the thousands of Germans who started on that most unfortunate and disgraceful of all the Crusades.

The condition of the Church in Germany was deplorable to the last degree. Charlemagne and the Frank Emperors had elevated the bishops into princes, with vast territories; they were, therefore, at the same time temporal and spiritual sovereigns. This caused the position of bishop to be sought by men of rank utterly unqualified for filling a spiritual office. The bishops were constantly at war with their neighbours, or rising in armed revolt against the Emperors. They kept splendid retinues, rode in armour at the head of their troops, and had the turbulence and ambition of temporal princes.

An instance must suffice. Henry I. had been a gentle

but feeble ruler of the archiepiscopal see of Mainz, in which was situated the convent of S. Hildegard. A party in the chapter, moved by ambition and disgusted at his unwarlike character, raised some paltry accusations against him, which they carried to Rome. Archbishop Henry had a friend and confidant, the provost of S. Peter's, named Arnold von Selnhoven, who owed his advancement to the favour of the archbishop. Henry gave Arnold a large sum of money, and sent him to Rome to plead his cause. Arnold secretly visited the Emperor Frederick I., secured his sanction to treachery, and then, hastening to Rome, used the gold Archbishop Henry had given him to bribe those around the Pope to persuade his Holiness to depose Henry, and elevate him (Arnold) to the archiepiscopal throne in his room. Two cardinals were sent to Mainz to investigate the case. Henry saw that they had prejudged it, having been bribed by Arnold. He said to them, 'I might appeal from your judgment to the Pope in person; but I appeal to a higher judge—to Jesus Christ Himself—and I summon you both before His throne to answer for this injustice.' They answered scoffingly, 'You lead the way, and we will follow.' Both cardinals died suddenly before the close of the year. Arnold now returned in triumph to assume the office of his friend and benefactor, whom he had so treacherously supplanted. His arrogance knew no bounds. The people of Mainz writhed under his harsh rule, and the insolence with which he treated the nobles in his diocese embittered them also against him. He waged incessant war with the neighbouring princes, especially with the Palatine Herman II. of the Rhine. The Emperor interfered, and the archbishop and the palatine were ordered, as disturbers of the public peace, to carry a dog through the camp. The archbishop

escaped as being an ecclesiastic, but the Prince Palatine was obliged to submit to the ignominious and ridiculous sentence. This stirred up against the archbishop numerous and implacable enemies. The people of Mainz, unable to endure his tyranny, plotted revolt. S. Hildegard wrote him a letter of warning: 'The Living Light saith to thee, Why art thou not strong in fear? Thou hast a sort of zeal, trampling down all that opposes thee. But I warn thee, cleanse the iniquity from the eye of thy soul. Cut off the injustice wherewith thou afflictest thy people. . . . Turn to the Lord, for thy time is at hand.' A friend also of the archbishop, the Abbot of Erbach, cautioned him against incensing his subjects beyond endurance. 'The Mainzers,' said Arnold, 'are dogs that bark, but bite not.' When S. Hildegard heard this, she sent word to him, 'The dogs are slipped, and will tear thee to pieces.' This prophecy came true. In 1160 the archbishop was besieged in the Abbey of S. James, outside Mainz, by a party of the citizens. The monastery was broken into, and a butcher cut the archbishop down with his axe. The body was flung into a ditch, and the market women as they passed pelted it with eggs.

It was in sight of all this violence that Hildegard uttered her denunciations of the pride and lawlessness of the German prelates.

S. Hildegard wrote to Conrad I., Bishop of Worms, 'Thou sittest in the throne of Christ, but thou holdest a rod of iron for the controlling of the sheep.' To the Bishop of Speyer, 'Rise, O man, wallowing in blackness, rise, and build up the ruins, lay up store in heaven, that the black and filthy may blush at thy elevation when thou risest out of thy filth; for thy soul scarce lives on account of thy evil deeds.' To the Archbishop of Trèves, 'Watch, and restrain thyself with an iron rod; and

anoint thy wounds that thou mayest live.' She wrote to Popes Eugenius II., Anastasius IV., and Adrian IV., advising them of the dire state in which spiritual affairs stood in Germany. She wrote to the Emperors Frederick I. and Conrad III. There was scarcely a person of note throughout the Empire to whom she did not address letters.

Hildegard did not confine her energies to letter-writing. She composed a medical treatise on the virtues of herbs. She was the author of sixty-nine hymns and their melodies, and of a little opera or musical play, in which patriarchs, prophets, virtues, the soul of man, and the devil take part, and sing their appropriate songs.

Hildegard was engaged in a singular controversy with the choir-bishop of Mainz, who acted in spiritual affairs for the archbishop. During the quarrel between the Emperor Conrad III. and Pope Alexander III. there were rival archbishops claiming the see—Cuno, supported by the Pope, and Christian, nominated by the Emperor. In 1179 peace was made between Conrad and Alexander, and the Pope then confirmed Christian in the see. Before the Lateran Council of 1179, which saw the close of the schism, a certain youth died who had been excommunicated by one of the archbishops, probably Christian. He was buried in the cemetery attached to S. Rupert's convent. The choir-bishop and chapter of Mainz at once wrote to S. Hildegard, ordering her to dig up the body and eject it from consecrated ground. She refused, alleging that she had seen a vision in which Our Lord Himself had forbidden her. Moreover, as she said, the young man had confessed, been anointed, and had communicated before his death. And lest force should be used to disturb and throw out the body, she went to the cemetery, and removed all external traces of where the

grave was. An interdict was launched against the convent. She abstained therefore from singing the offices in the chapel, and was debarred from receiving the Holy Communion. This went on for more than a month, and she became impatient. She wrote to the ecclesiastical director of the see a glowing account of the advantage of choral psalmody, which put devils to flight, and not obscurely hinted that she would not submit much longer to an unjust sentence, for she had heard a voice from heaven enjoining song. She went herself to Mainz, and appeared before the chapter, but could obtain no redress. Then she turned to the Archbishop of Cologne, and by his intervention the interdict was removed. However, Archbishop Christian, then in Italy, heard of the affair, and, by no means pleased at having a neighbouring archbishop meddle in the matters of his diocese, renewed the interdict.

Hildegard thereupon wrote him a long letter, stating clearly the case of the youth, and pointing out the awkwardness of her own, deprived of the Sacraments. The archbishop then accepted her act of submission, and removed the interdict. Christian was not a man of a religious spirit by any means; he had entered the see at the head of an armed force in 1165, and expelled the rightful archbishop, Cuno. And when he had been acknowledged by the Pope, he took up his residence in Italy, and did not trouble himself with the spiritual concerns of his diocese. Hildegard in vain remonstrated with him. He never revisited Mainz, but remained fighting in Italy, was taken prisoner, and died in captivity in 1183. Before that, Hildegard was no more; she had died in 1179, and was buried in the conventual church, which, as already stated, was destroyed by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War.

Below Bingen is the famous Mouse-tower. It has been so renovated as to have lost much of its original character, but it never was a tower of great strength. It was erected for the collection of tolls, and was the *Mauth*, *i.e.* toll-place. Mauth soon got changed to *Maus*, and then the legend of Bishop Hatto was attached to it to explain the name. The story is too well known to be repeated. It is sufficient to know that precisely the same tale is told of Niderolf, Bishop of Strassburg in 997, and of Archbishop Adolf of Cologne in 1112; of a Polish king Popiel, of a Swiss baron, of a count in Bavaria, of Asbiorn, a Norwegian earl; and our William of Malmesbury tells the tale of the German Emperor, Henry IV., that he was devoured by rats and mice. To escape them he fled to a boat, but they followed him through the water, and 'he was entirely gnawed in pieces, satiating thus the dreadful hunger of the mice.' The story is no more true of Archbishop Hatto than it is of Henry IV.

The Bingerloch is the natural barrier to traffic by boat or by road down the Rhine.

Here the river ceases to flow smooth and forms a series of rapids; to this point it had a majestic flow about sand-banks and islets, through a vast basin that was once the bed of a lake, but at Bingen it passes through a rocky gate and becomes at once a mountain torrent. The rocks over which it breaks had each its name, and to each a tragic legend attached. Till comparatively recently vessels descending or ascending the Rhine were obliged to discharge a large portion of their lading, which had to be conveyed by road till the rapids were overpast. But this road also was narrow, so narrow that it was closed by a gate; and it was only when the railway was run up the Rhine valley that the rocks

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were blasted, and the river banked to afford space for rail and road to run side by side. The first rapid was at the Bingerloch, the second below Bacharach.

The tourist sets down all the castles that he sees as so many robber-nests. Robber nests they were in lawless periods, but not always so, for the owners did good service; they provided the horses and mules for towing the vessels up stream and maintained the tow-path in good order; if they exacted tolls, a moderate toll was due for their services. There were thirty-two of these toll-places on the Rhine. They brought in a good revenue to the crown, to the electors, to the princes, and to the vogts who looked after the tow-path and provided the beasts for towing boats. The grievance against them was not that they exacted a toll, but that they demanded too high a price for their services.

Emperors, electors, and princes desired to foster trade, and not to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs; but they could not always control their stewards. This was especially the case in the times of anarchy, produced by the stupid ambition of the Emperors to make their title of King of the Romans effective as real sovereignty over Italy, and by the policy of the Popes to stir up discord in Germany by setting up rival Emperors. Then the stewards got out of hand, and the cities and towns were forced to combine against those knights who had become mere robbers and pirates.

Rheinstein was built by the Elector Peter Eichspalter of Mainz, who ruled from 1302 to 1320. Then it got into the hands of Cuno of Falkenstein, Archbishop of Trèves, to whom it was pawned. The object for which it was erected is obvious enough: it was to guard the gatehouse that stood across the narrow road by the river bank, and where tolls were taken for merchandise

over this portage. It fell into ruins, and was bought by Prince Frederick of Prussia for fifteen pounds, and 'restored,' 1825-29, by the architect, Kuhn of Coblenz. It is done about as badly as Stolzenfels. Architects of that period studied how not to do the right thing.

Lower down, above the village of Trechlingshausen, one narrow strip of gabled houses clinging to the rocks above the river, rise the imposing ruins of Reichenstein or Falkenburg. This castle in 1235 was in the hands of the Von Bolanden, formerly stewards (vogte) for the see of Mainz, and bearing as their arms the cartwheel of Mainz. But the Bolanden fell into bad repute. The Rhine at this point was difficult for boats on account of rocks and eddies; and the vessels descending had to be unloaded at Bingen, and the goods went by road on the left bank to beyond the second rapids below Bacharach. The Bolanden were not content with a moderate toll, they came down on the carts and pack-horses and relieved them of all, or nearly all, that was being transported past the rapids. In the terrible times between 1250 and 1272 they could do much as they liked unmolested.

Then, when Rudolf of Hapsburg was Emperor, urged on by the cities, he marched at the head of an army and laid siege to Reichenstein, took and burnt it; and hung all the garrison as well as Philip of Bolanden, who held the castle as vogt. The Count of Waldeck remonstrated with the Emperor—'Hanging is for knaves, and not for nobles.' 'They are all knaves,' answered Rudolf, 'vulgar robbers, and have forfeited their nobility by their ignoble acts. Let all be strung up.' Legend has been rife over the tragical end of the Bolanden family. The tale is told that the knight of Reichenstein had nine sons and that he entreated the Emperor to spare the youngest,

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whose name also was Philip. Rudolf, who had, contrary to history, consented to the execution of the knight by the sword, answered that certainly he would spare that son if Bolanden, after his head was cut off, would walk to him; and actually, no sooner was he decapitated, than he rose, staggered to where knelt his youngest son, and fell there. Consequently the youthful Philip was spared. As a matter of history the sons of Bolanden were not among those strung up or decapitated. Eight of them passed into service to the Hapsburgs, and the youngest, Philip, rebuilt the castle that Rudolf had burned down, and erected the Clemens Capelle below, in which Masses might be said for the repose of the souls of those who had been put to death. The chapel is late Romanesque, and in the shape of the letter T. Victor Hugo, in his book *Le Rhin*, pretends to have seen the tomb of the elder Philip von Bolanden without a head, and gives a very modern inscription. Such monument and inscription existed solely in his imagination.

The visitor to Bingen will hardly waste his time in going up the cogwheel railway to see the Denkmal of Germania above Rüdesheim. From a distance it looks like a shattered windmill. The absurdity of putting a huge, elaborate piece of sculpture halfway up a mountain could hardly be surpassed. If the monument had been placed on the bank of the Rhine, it might have been effective.

What are far more worth a visit is the quaint old house, used as a restaurant, near the church, also that church itself, middle pointed, of red sandstone, vaulted below the western gallery. The tower is earlier than the body of the church, but has a seventeenth century spire. The Brömserburg is also interesting, a curious quadrangular mass of building, with windows and doors bored

through the walls, as though it were a huge rock that had been quarried into. The castle belonged to the Brömser family, and is a good specimen of a fortified dwelling of the twelfth century. In the centre is a well-like court. But above all, a visit should be made to Lorch situated in the Visperthal, an ill-reputed valley, down which sighs a cold wind that bears frost in its breath and injures the budding vines. The church of red sandstone has a lofty nave and choir, an aisle only on the north side. The church is middle pointed, but has a flamboyant west gallery. The altar-piece is a magnificent specimen of German carved and gilt work, the Virgin and Child below, the Crucifixion above, saints at the sides, the wings painted in two compartments. In the north chapel is another of these altar-pieces. The west tower is poor. By the Rhine is the Renaissance house with balcony of the swashbuckler John Hilgen, a companion of Franz of Sickingen who fought with him against the Archbishop of Trèves, but who served later in the imperial army against the Protestant princes. He died in 1548, and his monument is in the church at Lorch.

EHRENFELS, NEAR BINGEN

CHAPTER XVIII

THE NAHE THAL

The Hundsrück—Roman Road over it—The Reformation there—Schinderhannes—A Period of Unsettlement—The Robber Band—Schmidtburg—Capture of Schinderhannes—Trial and Execution—Julie Blasius—Kreuznach—The Salt Works—Münster-am-Stein—The Rheingraves—Ebernburg—Franz von Sickingen and Ulrich von Hutten—Epistolæ obscurorum virorum—The Attack on Trèves—Death of Sickingen.

THE Hundsrück is that huge bulk of hill and rolling plateau that intervenes between the Mosel and the Nahe. To the observer the designation of Dog's Back seems appropriate enough as descriptive of its shape; but this is not a derivation satisfactory to German antiquaries, who will have it that the name is Hunsrück, taken either from the Huns under Attila who may or may not have crossed it—there is not a particle of good evidence that they did—or from an old German word that signifies a giant. Moreover Rück does not mean *back*, but is expressive of the bleakness of the climate on the elevated plateau. Be that as it may, along that back went the old Roman road from Bingen to Trèves; and at intervals relics of the conquerors of the world have been found. But the district must have been sparsely peopled; Ausonius crossed it in 370 and described it as barren of inhabitants and covered with gloomy forests. There were, however, on it a few scattered post-stations.

When the Roman control of the left bank of the Rhine

came to an end in 445 and the flood of Germanic peoples poured west, the Hundsrück was probably left to absolute solitude, and it was later and by degrees that settlers crept up to its dreary heights from the valleys, as these became over-populated. Later still, the Counts of Sponheim exercised control over the major portion. Then it passed to the Palatinate, and one branch acquired the title of Dukes of Simmern. In 1708 it was divided between Baden and the Palatinate, but when the last Duke of Simmern died his portion lapsed to the Elector Palatine.

The Reformation was forced on the people by Frederick II., Duke of Simmern, afterwards Elector Palatine. In 1685, on the extinction of the Simmern family, it fell to a Catholic branch, and then freedom was accorded to those who chose to worship according to the rites of the Catholic Church. In 1705 the Elector, John William, ordered that in the towns where there were two churches one should belong to the Protestants, the other to the Catholics. In such places as possessed but one, a wall was to be built between the choir and the nave; the former was to be given to the Catholics, the latter to the Reformed, and all the church revenue and glebe was to be divided in the proportion of five to the Reformed and two to the Catholics.

The rolling tableland is skirted by ridges of hill, the Soonwald and Lützelsoon. Where the Dog's Back falls to the Mosel and Nahe, the cliffs are bold and picturesque. Except for its woodland scenery the Hundsrück itself hardly merits a visit. But it is far otherwise with the valley of the Nahe; that river has its source in it and is fed throughout on the left bank by the drainage of the Hundsrück.

The Hundsrück was the principal lurking-place of

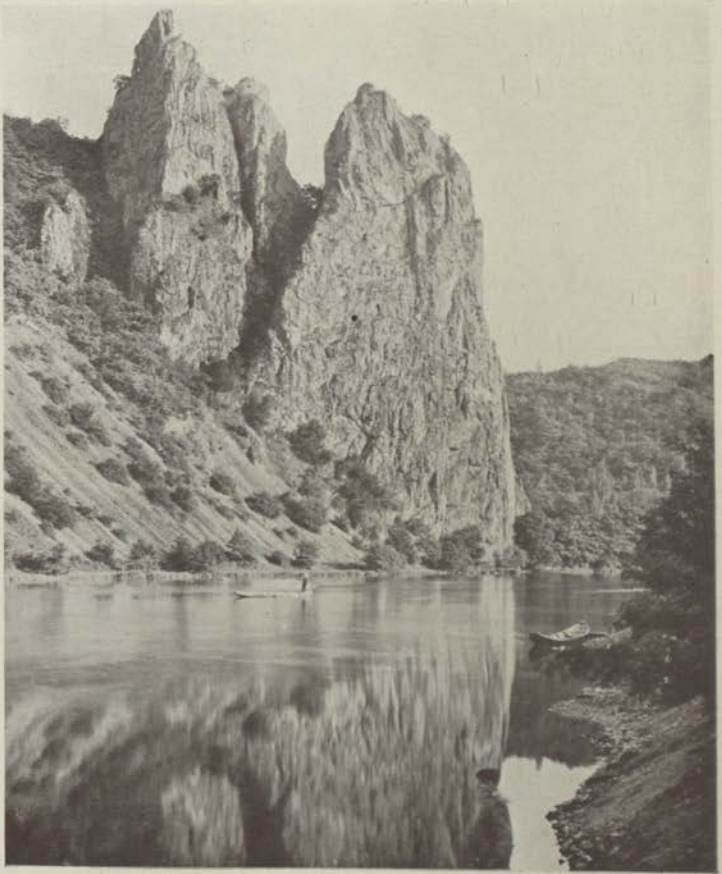
the most notorious of the robbers who were the terror of the Rhine district in the early years of the nineteenth century. This man was John Bückler, generally known as Schinderhannes. Why he should have acquired such a fame is not particularly clear. It lingers on still among the people; he has been glorified as a Rob Roy or a Robin Hood, but he was a bit of a coward and he was not the most daring or the most adventurous of his crew. He showed none of the gleams of a better nature that did flash out amidst the gloom of some of the other robber captains of his time. He probably derives his fame from the fact that he was young, good-looking, and a dandy.

The time when he exercised his trade was wild. All relations were altered by the outbreak of the French Revolution. Since 1792 war raged between France and the Coalition. In 1795, at the Peace of Basel, Prussia consented to the transfer of the west bank of the Rhine to France, but it was at the Peace of Lunéville, in 1801, only that the German Empire acknowledged this cession as inevitable. If the war in this country had proved favourable to the development of robbery into a system, the ensuing condition was equally favourable. The old officials were awaiting their discharge and relaxed their energies. The new officials were provisionally appointed, knew nothing of the conditions, and often could not speak a word of German. During the war many a crime passed unpunished, either because it was perpetrated in association with soldiers or was set down to the military. Later on a great many of the robbers assumed the character of smugglers, and with smuggling the people were in full sympathy. Moreover the robbers found plenty of persons to screen them, especially Jews, who bought of them what they had taken. In the year 1809, out of a

hundred and twenty-nine individuals against whom charges of robbery and connivance at robbery were brought before the court at Mainz, a hundred and nineteen were Israelites. Schinderhannes affected to hate the Jews, and he plundered them pretty extensively, but never failed to dispose of his plunder to other Jews. There were also officials who connived at the depredations committed by these men and gave them warning when search was about to be made for them. Again, it was easy enough for a band, or members of a band, when the pursuit was hot in French Rhineland, to step across the Rhine into Wied, Nassau, or Hesse. If vexed in one of these principalities, they could slip across the frontier into another. Further, even should they be captured, in scores of cases they managed to effect their escape from prisons inefficiently guarded, or in themselves unsuitable for keeping a prisoner secure.

There was a still further asset in their favour. They were so dreaded, that witnesses feared to give evidence against them, and a jury was too much cowed to dare to pronounce them guilty. In a gathering of magistrates in 1797, it was stated, 'The swarm of masterless men in this district has increased to such an extent that by day no one dare venture abroad unattended, and not at all by night for fear of being maltreated and robbed. Horses are daily taken from the stables, and to recover them the poor farmer has to come to terms with the thieves.' What is significant about this meeting, summoned to consider how to put an end to the disorders caused by the robber bands, is that out of seventeen magistrates called together for consultation ten either excused themselves or returned no answer to the summons.

John Bückler, called Schinderhannes, was born on May 25, 1778, near S. Goarhausen, at a little place called



RHEINGRAFENSTEIN

SCHINDERHANNES

Nastätten. His father had been dragged into poverty by lawsuits with Jews, and this awoke in John a detestation of the race of Israel, and a resolution to tolerate only such as he could use for his own purposes. He began life as a thief at the age of seventeen, and by twenty was a fully equipped robber, who had been imprisoned more than once, and more than once had effected his escape. Some of his band were Red Fink, John Leyendecker, Iltis Jacob, and Black Peter, with his son Zughetto and Placken-Klos. These were dangerous dare-devils. On the 3rd August 1795 they spent the evening dancing and drinking at a tavern in Liebeshausen. Several women were present, among them was the handsome wife of Iltis Jacob. He was jealous of her, as she was a flirt. In the evening when men were full of wine, they came to quarrelling, and one Schnallen-Peter was killed, and another was so wounded that he died next day. No notice was taken of the matter by the magistrates, as the country was at the time the theatre of war. On another occasion the wife of Iltis Jacob loitered behind with Black Peter; her husband was walking on ahead. The pair sat down by the roadside under a tree, and a Jew who passed noticed them. He had the indiscretion to speak of the matter to Jacob, and banter him on the frivolity of his wife. Iltis broke into fury, rushed back, and murdered the unfortunate woman. He was afterwards arrested and brought to trial, but was acquitted by the jury—all married men.

Not long after this Black Peter and Schinderhannes were in a tavern. They had stopped some travelling musicians and made them play. Peter, who had been drinking, put a freshly-whetted knife between his teeth and danced. Then, all at once, he noticed a Jew pass the door driving a cow,—the very Jew who had betrayed his intrigue with the wife of Iltis Jacob. Instantly he

ceased to dance, summoned Schinderhannes to his aid, and the two pursued the Jew, fell on him, stabbed, and then beat him to death with cudgels.

A woman of the name of Schäfer had a house much frequented by the gang. She had a daughter commonly called Buzelise, aged fourteen, who was very good-looking. Placken-Klos had marked her out as his 'Schatz.' One day he went to the house and demanded her of the mother; and as the girl refused him he became furious, stormed and smashed the furniture, and the girl had to take refuge from him in the cellar. Placken-Klos in revenge carried off her clothes. The mother complained to Schinderhannes, and he and another went after Placken-Klos, found him in a cottage, threw him on to the fire, and stabbed him to death. After that Schinderhannes secured Buzelise as his own mistress.

The gang had begun operations with horse-lifting, but found that the money raised by this means did not meet their expectations and requirements, and they extended them to highway robbery, and to 'Brandschätzungen.' Schinderhannes would send a letter signed with his assumed name 'Durch den Wald' to a farmer, demanding a contribution of so many hundred dollars, by the hand of one of the band. The man either paid at once, or by instalments, to escape having his house broken into, himself and family beaten and wounded, and his cattle carried off. None ventured to disobey.

When the gang had resolved on burglary, they sent a man to hamper the lock of the church tower, to prevent the sexton ringing the alarm-bell; then they burst in the door of the house marked out, by means of a beam rammed against it. If the inmates raised an alarm, and the village was roused, they discharged their guns, and so effectually scared the villagers that they made no

attempt to prevent the spoliation of the proprietor of the house that had been invaded.

On one occasion at Waldbeklem, Schinderhannes and a couple of comrades sat watching the road, when they observed thirty Jews and five peasants on their way to market, travelling together for mutual protection. At a point on the road where a rock narrowed it on one side, and a rushing torrent was on the other, two robbers suddenly confronted the party, with guns levelled, and one secured the rear, to prevent their running away. The peasants were not molested, but the Israelites were required to empty their purses, turn out their pockets, and take off stockings and boots, all which John Bückler examined. Whilst so doing he had the audacity to give his loaded gun to one of the Jews to hold for him.

One example of an audacious burglary will suffice. In the year 1801, it was resolved among the robbers to ransack the house of the Jew Mendel Löw, at Södern. Five of the gang and the leader were deemed sufficient for this. They went first to a farm, where they demanded wax, and made for themselves candles, then at 11 P.M. went on to Södern. They got a pole to ram the door, but found the latter too strong for them; accordingly they burst open the window shutters of a sitting-room on the ground-floor. Mendel Löw, roused by the noise, armed himself with an axe, stood at the window, and aimed a blow at the housebreaker who first attempted to enter, but missed, whereupon he was shot dead. The brother of Mendel, named Mosel Löw, screamed for help from an upstairs window; but though villagers assembled, none would help. The schoolmaster even shouted to him that the alarm-bell should not be rung for a miserable Jew.

By the light of the candles they had brought with

them, the robbers cleared the house of its valuables to the amount of two hundred pounds.

After Schinderhannes had tired of Buzelise he passed her on to another of the band and took up with Julie Blasius, a girl aged seventeen, and to her continued attached. Julie was a resolute character, and she occasionally dressed in man's garments, and worked with the gang in robbing travellers, or breaking into houses. She had been a street singer. She bore him two children, one of whom survived him.

One of the gang, named Kreuzel, was captured in 1800. He gave the following account of his relations to John Bückler: 'My first burglary consisted in breaking into a stall and stealing a couple of sheep. I was taken, but by means of lies got my discharge, and then I went to Schinderhannes at Katzenloch. He gladly welcomed me and conducted me to his party, numbering about twenty, who were lying about a fire and baking potatoes. At first a shudder ran through me at the sight of so many strange, savage faces; but when I recognised an acquaintance among them, I soon felt myself at home, and was the most jovial of all. They were armed with guns and axes, but one had a sword and another a cudgel. I was given a cudgel. On the following night we entered the house of the miller Herbach, ate and drank there, and then, before leaving, smashed all his windows. Then we went on to Otsweiler, as we had learned that the farmer Biegel had received money the day before. I with about a dozen others remained outside to keep watch, the rest broke in. Biegel attempted to escape in his shirt, but was shot down. When the house had been well cleared, we retreated into the wood and shared the plunder. On that occasion I received nothing. The band then dispersed; but I accompanied

Schinderhannes and four others to the Soonwald. On the way we met two farmers, who were taking contribution-money that had been levied to the government receiver. We robbed them, and I as my share got seven louis d'or; but Bückler took them from me on the following day on the plea that he would not retain me in the band. I then crossed the Rhine and enlisted in the Landsturm, but deserted after six week and returned to Schinderhannes. He had me reclothed, but gave me no money. A few days later we robbed a Jew on the highway. As Bückler saw that he was pursuing us on horseback he shot him dead.'

Schinderhannes was twice captured, and twice broke out of prison. The second time was in 1799, when he was taken to Simmern and confined with another, named Arnold, in an old tower. During the night they were let down by a rope into a dungeon twenty feet deep; but were hauled up by day and placed in the room above, through the floor of which access could alone be had to the dungeon.

One day Bückler got hold of a knife and managed to cut through the partition dividing the room from the kitchen. He closed up the marks made by the knife with chewed bread. Arnold, pretending to be ill, obtained permission to spend the following night in the upper chamber. He occupied himself with plaiting a rope out of the straw of his mattress, and with this he hauled up Schinderhannes from the dungeon. Then the latter broke away the partition, reached the kitchen, and through the window leaped into the moat. He dislocated his ankle, but managed to get away before an alarm was raised.

High up the Hohnenbach Thal that opens into the Nahe valley at Kirns stand the ruins of Schmidtburg, on

a hill that falls precipitously on all sides. The view from it along the pleasant dale with its green pastures, enclosed by forest-clad heights, is idyllic and peaceful. The old walls, now overgrown by bushes crowning the rock above the crystal stream, were not so ruinous at the beginning of the nineteenth century as they are now. Then portions were habitable. This castle served as a retreat for Schinderhannes and his crew. The chapel especially was habitable; and in this the robbers lived and caroused. There are several villages near; not a peasant in them was prepared to run the risk of betraying the resort of the gang. But it was too far from main roads for Schinderhannes to make of this more than a retreat in time of peril. When engaged on his rounds of depredation he lived in the Kallenfelser Hof, on the top of a sheer precipice above Kirns, and commanding a view of the road. This was a place where a couple of gendarmes might have caught him and his gang, for it is accessible on one side only by a single door. Moreover it could easily be approached by a path from Kirns, not commanded by the windows. But Bückler knew the people of the hamlets and villages round, and knew that they would warn him of the approach of the police.

He was there at one time for eleven days in succession, along with some of his party and their womankind. The farmer who occupied it was on good terms with him, and had borrowed money from him. Thence he could look down and watch the gendarmes patrolling the highway at his feet. Whilst there three tailors were employed in making new outfits for the robbers, and silk gowns for their females. The young men of the villages near came there to drink and play cards and dance; and Schinderhannes gave a public ball in the village of Griebelschied, to which he invited all the girls of the countryside.

Moreover, the wife of the police agent bought of the robbers some of the cloth that they had stolen a short while before. Then Schinderhannes shifted his quarters to operate in a fresh field at Meddersheim. There he spent a week without disguise, and openly summoned the Jews to a conference, in which he informed them what the sums were that he demanded of them, and what they must expect unless his demand were promptly complied with.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the robberies and burglaries committed by these men. Schinderhannes was in the end convicted of fifty-three.

The condition of insecurity had become so intolerable, that at length the torpid and inefficient governments of Wied, Nassau, and Hesse consented to act in concert with the French authorities of the Rhine province, and to allow them a free hand, to arrest these miscreants wherever they could be caught.

In the early spring of 1802, pursuit was so hot, that Schinderhannes crossed the Rhine, and, thinking he might escape if he enlisted, entered a regiment of Imperialist soldiers under an assumed name; but, unable to endure restraint, deserted. Soon after he was caught and taken to Limburg, where he was recognised by another deserter as the terrible Schinderhannes. He entreated to be tried in a German court on the right bank of the Rhine, but his petition was disregarded, and he was transferred to the French authorities at Mainz. He does not seem to have been seriously alarmed when taken. 'At the worst, it means only a few years in the galleys,' he said to one of his comrades. Actually, he calculated on again effecting his escape. But the French authorities were not disposed to allow the man to have another chance. They had swept together as many as sixty-five,

either belonging to the band as active members, or as receivers of stolen goods, and accomplices in other ways.

On October 24, 1803, these were brought to trial in the great Assembly Hall of the old Electoral Palace at Mainz. Three had died in prison, so that the number was reduced to sixty-two. They were conducted from prison in pairs handcuffed together, and all connected by one long chain. Only some of the women and the sick were brought in carts. Four brigades of gendarmes attended them, as well as a company of infantry. The trial lasted for four weeks of six hours a day. One hundred and twenty-seven witnesses were heard.

Finally Schinderhannes and nineteen others were condemned to death; twenty were sentenced to longer or shorter imprisonment in chains, seven of these to twenty-four years, four to twenty-two years; Julie Blasius to two years. Two were banished, and twenty acquitted—among these last certainly some who had been hand-in-glove with the robber band.

On November 21 the execution by guillotine took place. The head of Schinderhannes was the first to fall. The sight of twenty coffins ranged to receive the bodies, and the knife dripping with blood, so overcame several of those sentenced that they could not mount the scaffold unassisted. Those executed knelt on a trap-door, and the moment the head was severed the door fell, and let the body drop into a chamber below.

The seven-year-old boy of Bückler was sent away to be reared by a woman in France, who was told nothing relating to his parentage, that the child might grow up in ignorance of the character and fate of his father.

Julie Blasius, after leaving prison, married a man called Nebel; and when he died she married a kinsman, Peter Blasius, and had by him seven daughters. In her old

JULIA BLASIUS

THE BRIDGE, KREUZNACH

age she became very degraded and drunken, was extremely proud of having been the 'wife' of the famous Schinderhannes, and died in 1851. The son of John Bückler entered the Austrian service, and died as non-commissioned officer.

Kreuznach is a considerable town, flourishing on its salt springs. From the railway bridge it has a picturesque appearance, but has not much to interest a passing traveller. It is divided into two portions, the Old Town and the New Town; and the Altstadt is entirely new, whereas the Neuestadt does contain some relics of antiquity, amongst others the Parish Church (1266). The south aisle is in two stories, with double ranges of windows. On the north side is a quaint, half-slated turret. Over the high altar is a gilt and carved German sixteenth-century reredos.

The Wörth Kirche was part burned by the French in 1689, but the choir escaped the flames, and is now used as an English chapel. It was built between 1310 and 1332. In the chancel were buried Lord Talbot and Lord Craven, who fell in the storming of the town by Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes. The body of the church used by Protestants was rebuilt in the most hideous of styles, or rather in no style at all.

The very picturesque Nahe Bridge, with houses on it, was erected in 1332. The Church of S. Wolfgang was formerly the chapel to a Franciscan convent, and was erected between 1471 and 1476.

Kreuznach owes its prosperity to the salt springs, whereof one rises in the bed of the river, and another at the extreme point of the island formed by the two arms of the Nahe. The brine is employed both for baths and for the manufacture of salt. The brine is first pumped into a great reservoir by a water-wheel, and the water is

carried over long stacks of thorns, and allowed to trickle through them, so as to evaporate the moisture. It is repumped up over the stacks seven times, and then passes away to the boiling-houses, where it is evaporated by fires under the tanks. This takes from seven to eight days, so that the total procedure occupies about ten. During the evaporation salt crystals form on the surface, and then sink to the bottom of the pans, where they grow by additional deposits. These are removed by means of long-handled ladles. This is cooking-salt. When no more salt-crystals form, what remains is an oily, yellowish-brown liquid, which is used partly for the baths, and partly for the production of bromine.

A far more beautiful and attractive place than Kreuznach is Münster am Stein, a little further up the valley, where shoots up a magnificent red porphyry crag above the river, crowned with the ruins of the Castle Rheingrafenstein. The little church of Münster has a dainty south porch of late Gothic work, interrupted circles, and within is a gallery of flamboyant sculpture.

Nothing is known of the date when the castle was built. It belonged to the Counts of the Rhine. In 1279, after the battle of Sprendlingen, the Count Siegfried lost his Rhenish territories, and retreated to this fortress. The Counts of the Rhine were much crippled, but the marriage of Count John in 1310 with the heiress of the Wildgraves gave them the Castle of Dhaun and all the estates of the Wildgrave family. Still later, by the marriage of Count John V. to the heiress of Salen, they became again important, and thenceforth called themselves Counts of Salen. Three branches of the family still exist, now princely, and have been indemnified in Westphalia for the loss of their estates elsewhere.

To the south of Münster the road crosses the Nahe,

and we pass from black and white into white and blue, for we enter the Bavarian Palatinate. Before us rises the Ebernburg, on an isolated hill, with walls and half-ruined towers and a modern house. On the way up stands a monument to Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen. Ulrich is pointing with a roll of manuscripts in his hand, and Franz is drawing his sword. Both portraits are idealised. We possess the original likenesses of these men, and they are vastly different from the faces given to them by the sculptor.

The castle, judging by the style of its architectural decorators, was built by Franz or by his father. Franz, the possessor of considerable domains, may almost be regarded as the last of the robber chiefs of the Middle Ages, loving war for its own sake, delighting in harrying the lands of his neighbours, in firing villages, and butchering peasants, hating the German princes who were his superiors in power and position; the lawyers who had introduced Roman law into the land; and the clergy, and thriving cities. Those inveterate foes, Francis I. and Charles V., each sought to gain this powerful chief, and to profit by his military talents. Sometimes he sided with Francis, sometimes with Charles, as suited his private ends. Now he was under the ban of the Empire, then at the head of the troops of the Emperor. On the most frivolous pretext he made war on the Duke of Lorraine, and then for the sum of three hundred gold florins he passed into the service of the duke, and ravaged the territories of the Landgrave of Hesse and of the city of Frankfort.

At first Franz took no interest in the opinions of Luther, but when Hutten showed him that they would serve as a pretext for crushing the enemies he hated, a chord was touched in his bosom.

Ulrich von Hutten was born at Stechelberg on the Main in 1488. When aged eleven he was sent by his parents to the monastic school of Fulda. There he studied with enthusiasm the classic authors, and took a fancy to pagan vices. In 1508 the Archbishop of Mainz assisted to send him to Italy.

Ulrich passed no creditable youth; being gifted with a bitter tongue, he made many enemies, and was feared by all. His morals were conformed to the classic model of licence, and he got into scrapes occasionally, and escaped only with a cudgelling. The burgomaster Lossius of Greifswald received him into his house, and there he resided for a while, till something transpired which obliged him to run away. His benefactor went after him, dragged him out of bed, and administered such a hiding that in after years he was wont to show his bed-fellows the marks left on his back by the burgomaster's stick. After having joined the army he deserted, and took to writing in Latin and in German. Franz von Sickingen received him into his castle at Ebernburg, and thence he poured forth pamphlets and appeals and lampoons.

John Pfefferkorn, a convert from Judaism, attacked his former co-religionists with an asperity according little with charity. The Talmud was, said he, a tissue of blasphemous, ridiculous, and gross fables, undeserving of study by Christian people. There can be no doubt entertained by any one who has read the Talmud that there is a good deal of truth in this criticism. Reuchlin took up the cudgels in behalf of Hebrew literature. The subject attracted general attention. The Universities of Cologne, Paris, Erfurt, and Mainz condemned Reuchlin's pamphlet. James of Hochstraten, Prior of the Dominicans at Cologne, went to Mainz in the character of Inquisitor to pass

sentence upon Reuchlin (1513). But the decision of the Bishop of Speyer, who was Papal Commissary, was in favour of Reuchlin. However, the Dominicans, who had taken up the cause of Pfefferkorn, appealed to Rome. Leo X. was a patron of learning, and he left the matter undecided.

Hutten now threw himself into the controversy. Unquestionably Reuchlin was right; and Hebrew literature deserves study. Talmudic Hebrew literature may not be very savoury, it is at least amusing, and here and there instructive. The Dominicans and the professors of the universities condemned what they knew nothing about. They were content with the old curriculum of studies which the new learning was bound to upset. Hutten considered that the best way to obtain victory for his side was to cover his opponents with ridicule.

For this purpose, with the assistance of a few congenial spirits, he published in 1516 the first book of the famous *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; the second book was issued in 1517; the third considerably later.

Pfefferkorn had been championed by one Ortwein Gratz, a name Latinised to Ortuinus Gratius. Hutten devised the scheme of publishing a series of letters to Ortwein from friends, professors, and monks, congratulating him and Pfefferkorn on having confuted and conquered Reuchlin. These letters were, of course, forgeries, written by Hutten and his friend Crotus Rubianus for the purpose of making the professors, the monks, the clergy ridiculous in the eyes of all. By means of these letters, Hutten designed to lift the veil that hung over the private life of the clergy, students, and professors of Germany; to exhibit them as hoggish livers, addicted to every vice, and utterly ignorant. With such brutality was this scheme carried out, that Hutten did not spare

the mothers and wives of those about whom he wrote, hinting, nay more, proclaiming the foulest charges against them, not as an adversary openly, but under cover of confidential communications among friends.

That the book is a marvel of wit is unquestionable, but quite as unquestionable is the fact that this was a gross abuse of literary power.

Where there is a will to be duped, men easily fall into a snare, and Protestant controversialists unhesitatingly referred to these letters as genuine compositions of Catholic divines, men of scholarship, and monks, and flourished them in the face of the ignorant as evidence of what these men were, as exposed by themselves. It was in vain for Gratius and Pfefferkorn to remonstrate and protest; nobody read their protests, and every one revelled in the *Letters of Obscure Men*. They were so clever, and so indescribably nasty that they delighted most readers, and shook their confidence in the intelligence and morality of their teachers.

That Hutten attacked with pungent satire real abuses is undoubted. Among others was the quibble about the relative nature of sins—some venial, some mortal. Some sins could be absolved by a priest, others were reserved for the bishop, others to the Pope; and it cost a heavy sum to the penitent who had to travel to Rome to obtain pardon for a sin over which neither priest nor bishop was suffered to exercise the power of the keys.

Here is a specimen of Hutten's satire. It is in a letter pretended to be written from Rome by one Heinrich Schaffenühl to Ortwein Gratz.

'What does your honour think of this: One Friday, which is a fast day, a certain person ate an egg with a little chick in it. We were in an inn here in Rome, and having a collation, and we were eating eggs, when I,

opening an egg, saw a chick in it, and I showed it to my companion. Then he said, "Eat it quick before the host sees you, or he will charge for a fowl in his bill." So I hastily drank the egg, and the chick in it; but when I had done so then I thought that — goodness! it was Friday, so I said to my comrade, "You have done it, that I have fallen into mortal sin, by eating meat on a fast day." But he said, "It is not a mortal sin, it is not even a venial sin, for the poult is only reckoned an egg till it is born, just as cheese in which there are hoppers, and cherries and peas with maggots in them, which may be eaten on Fridays, yea, even on the vigils of the Apostles!" Then I went away and thought about it. But by Heaven, Master Ortuinus, I am terribly troubled in conscience, and I do not know how to guide my conduct. If I go and ask counsel of one of these courtiers here, why I know they have easy-going consciences. But it seems to me that a chick in an egg is meat, for the matter is formed and shaped into members, and an animal body, and it has a vital soul; but it is otherwise with the maggots in cheese and so on, for worms are counted as fish, at least so a doctor told me who was a good physician. I pray you instantly satisfy my mind on this point, for if this is a mortal sin, I will relieve my soul of it in confession before I go into Germany.'

Hutten and Sickingen had formed a scheme to destroy the power of the Elector of Trèves. This was to be the first step that was to lead to a general onslaught on the Episcopal Electors, and to the ruin of the Church in Germany. The Electors were an anomaly. The institution of archbishops as political magnates and princes had been mischievous. Their spiritual office had been disregarded, and they had throughout been as bad as the most unprincipled secular princes. They had been worse,

for they had betrayed the Empire and all Germany to play the Pope's game of disintegration. Hutten in 1520 urged Sickingen to begin the war, but the latter judged the season unpropitious. In the meantime his castle of Ebernburg served as an asylum for the preachers of the new religion. Aquilla, Bucer, Œcolampadius, and sometimes Melanchthon were gathered within its walls. These modest reformers were not content with their common patronymics. Hausschein figured as Œcolampadius, and Schwarzerde as Melanchthon. Ulrich von Hutten declared that Ebernburg was a 'Refuge of Righteousness.' Late explorations have thrown some doubts on this. In the dungeons have been found many human bones, and the skeleton of a poor wretch who was chained to the wall of his prison by an iron collar about his throat, fastened at both sides, so that he could neither turn to one side nor another, nor lie down, and thus he had been left to perish.

As Ebernburg was built, either by Franz or by his father, and was destroyed after his death, it is rendered probable that this was one of his victims dying a horrible death, whilst the Reformers were wrangling over Free Justification and Predestination overhead.

The plans of a campaign were again arrested by the offer made to Sickingen by the Emperor Charles V. of a command in the war against France, which ended in the fatal siege of Mézières. Hutten was also hired to fight in this war; he received two hundred gold florins from the Emperor in advance as pay for his services, but remained complacently at Ebernburg, spent the money, and did nothing for it.

In 1522 Sickingen had got together a number of needy adventurers and mercenaries to the number of 10,000 infantry and 5000 horse soldiers. He pretended that this

army was collected against France by orders of the Emperor; and he did not throw aside the mask till he was ready to open the campaign. Then, on S. Bartholomew's Day, he proclaimed war against Archbishop Richard of Trèves, and entered his territory, ravaging it with fire and sword.

The proclamation of the knight, piously interspersed with texts of Scripture, audaciously avowed that the struggle was to be one of religion, and that his object was to put an end to the authority of the bishops and clergy.

The Reformers of Wittenberg were delighted. 'Sickingen has begun the war to open the door to the Word of God,' wrote Spalatin on the 16th of September. Luther issued a furious manifesto, published in Latin for the learned, and in German for the ignorant, entitled 'Manifesto against what is falsely called the Episcopal Order,' which was, in fact, a plagiarism upon Hutten, for it was one of his pamphlets, a little altered, issued now under the name of the apostle of Germany; to Hutten's amenities he added a tirade of abuse from his own pen. In this pamphlet he established the necessity of the utter destruction of bishops, chapters, and colleges of clergy, to save souls from ruin. 'If a violent insurrection,' says he, 'shall annihilate them all, they will be treated as they deserve, and we must laugh over their downfall. . . . Do you want me to say in a word what bishops are? They are wolves, tyrants, traitors, monsters, a burden upon the earth, apostles of Antichrist, made to ruin the world and choke the Gospel.' Then the doctor continues in the same style to exhort the children of God and all good Christians to rise against this order, which he says is established by the devil, and to fight against the Episcopate as against Satan himself, in person. He finishes with a promise of divine blessing and eternal rewards to all those who should obey

his instructions. This outrageous tract[1] is as bad as anything Beza ever wrote. It is a ferocious incitement of knights and peasants against bishops and clergy. He says plainly that the temporal power, being ordained of God, is to be spared, but that the spiritual power, not being of God's ordinance, is to be utterly rooted out. And this is what he calls his Bull against the bishops, wherewith he inaugurates the crusade: 'And this devil's order man must overthrow or loathe above everything. Now hearken, ye followers of the bishop, yea, of the devil himself. Doctor Luther will read you his Bull and Reformation which won't be quite to your palate. THE BULL: All ye who set yourselves, in body, or by your means, or your credit, to overthrow the bishopric, and to destroy the government of the bishop, ye are all the dear children of God and true Christians, ye are obeying God's commandment, and are fighting against the devil's order, whether ye be able to succeed in doing so, or that ye only damn and avoid the same government. Wherefore, all those who cling to the same Episcopal government and are obedient thereto are the devil's own servants, and fight against God's order and commandment.'

But this filibustering expedition alarmed even the princes most favourable to Luther and Reformation.

They not unreasonably dreaded lest the people, incited to pull down spiritual princedoms, should proceed to the demolition of temporal sovereignties afterwards, lest the popular mind should fail to draw the nice distinction urged by Luther, and should revolt against all authority, especially as the object of Sickingen's crusade was really the destruction of the temporal authority of the Prince of Trèves, his spiritual character being a mere excuse for the onslaught.

[1] Luther's *Sampt. Werke*, Wittenb., t. vii. (1561), fol. 304-321. Fol. 306, a.

Sickingen marched through the principality, firing every village and house upon his way, and laid siege to Trèves, in full confidence of speedily taking the city. But the auxiliaries promised by his confederates did not arrive. On October 10, he was placed under the ban of the Empire, and hearing that the Elector Palatine and the Landgrave of Hesse were speeding to the relief of Trèves, he hastily withdrew into his own territories. The Elector and the landgrave cut off various companies of soldiers marching to his assistance; then attacked the confederates one by one, defeated them, and took possession of their castles. The pursuit of Sickingen himself was postponed till the following spring.

He sought in vain to profit by this respite of two or three months, so as to escape out of his desperate position. Most of his lanzknechts and his allies, alarmed at the sentence of outlawry pronounced against him by the Imperial Diet, quitted his service. He called together his confederates once more. They met at Schweinfürth, but could promise no further assistance. Abandoned by all, the knight had the temerity to declare war against the Elector Palatine, who had executed the sentence of the ban against the knight Hartmuth von Kronberg, his ally. Francis of Sickingen, obliged to remain on the defensive, prepared several of his castles to stand a siege. He dismissed from Ebernburg the troop of Lutheran Reformers who had found in it an asylum; he also dismissed his evil genius, Ulrich von Hutten, who had led him into this ill-omened war, and had therefore brought him to the brink of destruction, as he was now unable to conceal from himself. At Easter, 1523, he shut himself up in his strongest fortress of Landstuhl, and awaited his enemies. The Prince-bishop, Richard of Trèves, the Elector Palatine, and the Landgrave of

Hesse laid siege to the castle shortly after. Their artillery battered a breach in the walls. Sickingen was directing the repairs, when a ball struck a beam, which, falling on him, wounded him mortally. He was at once carried down into a little cell cut in the rock, in which he generally slept. He ordered the garrison to surrender at once to prevent unnecessary effusion of blood. The Strassburg chronicler Trausch relates that 'he saluted with courtesy Ludwig the Palatine and the Landgrave of Hesse, but when Richard of Trèves approached his bed he retained on his head his velvet cap, and cast on him gloomy looks. And when he was asked the reason of this lack of courtesy, he replied proudly, "I am of as high lineage as he."' However, the Elector said to him, with gentleness, 'Francis, why did you attack me and my poor subjects with such want of pity?' 'There are many reasons,' answered Sickingen, 'nothing happens without cause.' Then exhausted by his efforts to speak, he fell back on the bed, and it was evident that he was dying, and, in fact, he soon after expired. The castle was then destroyed.

Hutten, dreading punishment for having stirred up this revolt, took refuge in Basel, but was expelled by the magistrates, and was assigned the house of the curé of the island of Uffenau in the lake of Zürich as his place of banishment; and there he died of an infamous disease, brought on by his licentious conduct, in spite of his having thought to have discovered a cure for it, and published his discovery. These two men are constantly held up to admiration as heroes of the Reformation. Heroes they were not, but in verity it would be hard to find a hero on either side in that most miserable period, out of which in the end good came, but which produced no man of noble character and high aims on either side.

MAINZ

CHAPTER XIX

MAINZ

Mainz 'the Golden'—What Mainz was and what it is—Willigis the Wheelwright's Son—The Baker's Son—The Man Devil, Christian I.—Rival Archbishops—City Taken and Ruined—Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg—Tetzel—John Philip von Schönborn—At Table—Witch-burning—Frederick Spee—Frederick Charles Joseph von Erthal—A Scandalous Court—Refugees from France—Flight from Mainz—Revolutionary Movement—Förster—The Cathedral—Threatened Destruction—Monuments—Henry Frauenlob—Fastrada—The Ring.

MAINZ 'the Golden,' as she was once termed, is now but Mainz the Dross. This great city reminds one of the woman with the issue of blood, who 'had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.' Add to this that she was of great ancestry, and of great expectations, but is now reduced to shabbiness. How this came about shall be told presently. Moguntiacum, the most ancient and most important city on the Rhine, older than Cologne and Strassburg, was the radiating centre of many roads—a place of primary importance from a military and a commercial point of view. The great wall or barrier against the barbarians described a huge loop opposite it, to include the baths of Aquæ Mattiacæ (Wiesbaden) and the basin of the Main. Not less prosperous under the German Emperors than under the Roman conquerors, it grew to be an emporium of commerce. It was the seat of the Primate of all Germany, and hard by, at Ingelheim, was the palace of Charles the Great.

One of the few noble, public-spirited prelates who sat on the throne of Mainz was Willigis (975-1011); he was not only a strength to the Empire, but he did also much for the city. He was of humble origin, a wheelwright's son. The people of Mainz were wrath at his appointment. They had been accustomed to have men of high birth and great possessions set over them, and they scorned the newly nominated Willigis. When he entered the city for his instalment:—

Willigis, the wheelwright's son,
Chosen for the vacant throne,
  In episcopal array,
Paced beneath an awning spread,
Borne by deacons, o'er his head,
  And with flaunting feathers gay.

Whilst proceeding, he could trace
Mockery on every face
  That was turned to Willigis.
And there fell upon his ear
Many a cruel jibe and jeer,
  And occasionally a hiss.

All the way, on either side,
Bishop Willigis descried
  On each shoring, plank, and balk,
To the people's great delight,
By some jester—cartwheels white,
  Rudely drawn in common chalk.

When Willigis was enthroned it was needful that he should assume a coat-of-arms. He summoned to him a painter.

Fetch thy brush and paint, my son,
When the installation done,
  Decorate for me the shield;
That I ever bear in sight
My achievement—cartwheel white,
  Figured on a ruby field.

Paint it over porch and door
Where my predecessor bore
  Haughty blazon. That among
Those I meet of noble birth—
Princes, mighty of the earth—
  I forget not whence I sprung?

If you visit aged Mayence,
Then, I pray you, give a glance
  At the blazon that it bears.
You will find that it has borne
The white cartwheel it did scorn
  Proudly for nine hundred years.

Willigis's cartwheel is now the city arms, but it does not appear on seals earlier than the reign of the Elector Werner (1259-1284). The successor of this Werner was also a man of humble origin, a baker's son, John II. Of him the contemptuous Mainz folk said:

'Nudipes antistes! non curat Clerus ubi stes,
Si non in cœlis, stes uticunque velis.'

The city grew in wealth and importance. It acquired franchise and privileges from the Emperors, and charters that were wrung from the Electors, and had almost attained to the position of a free imperial city, when the crash came which brought it down to the dust, and transferred its splendour and supremacy to Frankfort, of which presently.

One of the early and remarkable Archbishops of Mainz was Christian I. (1165-1183). He had been Chancellor of the Empire, and was much occupied in Italy. As Archbishop he, together with Reinald, Archbishop of Cologne, warred for Frederick I., and staunchly upheld the anti-Pope Paschal III. against Pope Alexander III. The Popes were in a difficult position. Determining at whatever cost to obtain a dominant power and large

territories in Italy, they had to struggle against three enemies: the Emperor, the Dukes of Apulia and Kings of Sicily, and the citizens of Rome. To gain their own ends they were constrained to ally themselves now with one then with another of these powers, only to throw it over and turn against it next moment.

The citizens of Rome had striven desperately to obtain municipal rights and independence after the example of the great towns of North Italy. To crush them, the Pope called in the Emperor to his aid. Then, so as to weaken and humiliate the Emperor, the Pope entered into league with the free cities of Tuscany. These cities united against Frederick, and the two archbishops were despatched before the main army of the Red Beard to subjugate them, 1166. Gregorovius says:—

'The Chancellor, Rainald, on May 18, 1167, advanced with his vassals of Cologne to Tusculum, where he was besieged by the Romans.

'The city militia of Rome and all the vassals in Etruria or Latium who remained faithful to the Senate or the Pope were summoned to rise in arms. Rainald sent to request help from the camp at Ancona, and Christian of Mainz collected 1300 Germans and Brabantine mercenaries and hastened to the relief of his friend and brother Archbishop. Christian was one of Frederick's best generals. He prudently encamped beside Monte Porzio in the neighbourhood of Tusculum to allow his soldiers a day's rest, and sent envoys to the Romans. They replied with scorn, and advanced with all their troops and attacked the enemy on Whitsun Monday with a force estimated at 40,000 strong. Although their numbers compared with those of the Romans were one to twenty the Germans did not despair; the battle song beginning "Christ, thou wast born,' encouraged their insignificant forces; Chris-

tian unfolded the imperial banner and the unequal contest began. The Brabantines were speedily repulsed, but the troops from Cologne, a close serried body of cavalry, issued from Tusculum at the right time. One of Christian's companies assailed the enemy on the flank, an overpowering charge divided the Roman ranks in the centre; the cavalry fled, the infantry dispersed, and the Brabantines fell upon the Roman camp. The swords of the pursuers mowed down the fugitives; scarcely a third reached the terrified city, whose strong walls and the approach of night alone forced the pursuers to desist. The fields and roads were covered with weapons and corpses; thousands were taken prisoners to Viterbo. This memorable battle was fought between Monte Porzio and Tusculum on May 29, 1167. The victors over such overwhelming odds, in the Pope's very presence, were two German archbishops, men ennobled by birth, by intellectual gifts, and courage.

'That fatal day may be called the Cannæ of the Middle Ages. The consternation was indeed as great as in older days after Hannibal's victory. Old men and matrons wailed in the streets. The Pope wept for grief, and fled for shelter to the Frangipani in the Colosseum.'

In time the situation changed. Three Popes who succeeded Alexander had to live in exile because they refused to tolerate the municipal privileges and self-government of Rome, and Lucius III. was obliged to appeal for aid to the Emperor against his own diocesans. Christian of Mainz marched to his aid, but when he had reached Tusculum, at the close of August 1183, the heat and fever carried him off.

Christian was a prelate who loved war rather than peace, and to command soldiers rather than to feed the flock of Christ. He rode with a gilded helmet on his

head, with shield and a blue tabard; in his hand, like Neptune, he bore a trident with which he boasted that he had killed nine men in one battle. On account of his cruelty towards the unfortunate inhabitants of the district, which was the scene of warfare, and his pitilessness in victory, he was nicknamed the Man-Devil. Gregorovius says of him:—

'Christian, who was one of the greatest princes of his age, was also a living satire on every pious effort made to divest the bishop of the offensive character of worldliness, since he, the Archbishop of Mainz, remained a jovial knight until his death, kept a harem of beautiful girls, and clad in glittering armour rode a splendid horse, swaying the battle-axe with which he shattered the helmet and head of many an enemy.' His death was a severe blow to the Pope.'

Christian was not much in his diocese; when he was, he proved a harsh ruler. The Archbishop of Cologne, Rainer, was a man of superior character; though a warrior he was respectable in his life and fired with noble aims. He entirely repudiated the extravagant claims of the Papacy to sovereign lordship over all Christian princes, and he opposed Pope Alexander III. strenuously and successfully. That he was excommunicated by Alexander did not hurt him a pin's-prick, as he tendered allegiance to the anti-Pope.

In the year 1459 there was a double election to the vacant chair, but Diether of Isenburg was successful by a majority of one vote; and his appointment was confirmed by Pope Pius II., who conferred on him the pall. Presently Pius exacted of Diether certain things to which the archbishop refused to submit. The Council of Basle had required that appeals should be made to a general council every ten years and not to the Papal Curia.

The Popes had no love for councils, and Pius required Diether to make appeals direct to Rome, to swear to hold no electoral diet without first obtaining consent thereto from Rome and not to allow the summoning of another council. Further, he demanded that the *annates* or yearly contribution from the archbishop to the Holy See should be increased from 10,000 florins to 20,601. Diether felt that this was not merely an unjustifiable interference with the affairs of the Empire, but was also an intolerable exaction on his finances. When he refused, Pius II. declared him to be deposed and excommunicated, and elevated his rival, Adolphus of Nassau, to the throne of Mainz.

This was the signal for war. Adolf collected troops and attempted to drive Diether from Mainz, but he was met and defeated by the Elector Frederick of the Palatinate, and Frederick and Diether met in Mainz to take measures to completely cut the wings of the Papal nominee. Adolf had retreated, and he also took measures to get possession of the throne. He had with him a man, Henry of Hechtsheim, who had married the sister of the city accountant of Mainz. By means of him he was able to enter into communication with some of the citizens who were almost to a man for Diether; but by promises and bribes he managed to secure a few, and to form a plot for the capture of the city.

The betrayal of Mainz took place on October 28, 1462. The plan agreed on was that those in the plot should make drunk the guards of one of the gates, the Gauthor, and should open it at the dead of night. Accordingly the troops of Adolf crossed the Rhine in the dark and crept up to the walls. They were, however, scared by a great owl on the battlements, which flapped its wings; and they were about to retire in alarm, supposing

that the plot had been betrayed and that the watchmen were on the alert, when the owl spread its wings and sailed away. Ashamed of their fears, they now divided into two companies, one for the Gauthor, another for the Rhine gate. As had been arranged, the confederates within had unbarred the Gauthor and the troops of Adolf entered and silently formed barricades in the streets. But this could not be effected without arousing some of the sleepers, and speedily the cry was raised that the enemy was in the town. The alarm-bells pealed, the citizens armed and rallied about their captains, and a desperate fight ensued in the streets. The partisans of Adolf were driven back, but before effecting their exit they set fire to the houses in that quarter of the town. The citizens were distracted, some rushing off to take means to prevent the spread of the conflagration. At the same moment the second body of Adolf's men was attacking the other gate, and managed to break in. The townsfolk were taken on flank, but continued the fight. Diether and Frederick of the Palatinate hastily escaped to rally some troops in the neighbourhood to come to the aid of the citizens, but could collect only a few hundred men, insufficient to turn the tide of conflict; they were driven back, and had again to escape. In the morning, the Papal archbishop rode into his episcopal city over the corpses of its citizens and among burning houses. He went at once to the great square, and had all the chief citizens summoned before him, whilst he surrendered their houses to general plunder, and their wives and daughters to outrage by his hirelings.

Adolf banished for ever all the chief citizens, and confiscated their goods. He broke open the city chest in the town hall and took the money, wherewith to gratify

his mercenaries. Then he called for all the charters and privileges granted to the city by Emperors and archbishops, tore them up, and threw them into the fire.

Thus fell Mainz—the glory of the Rhine. Fire and sword had done their worst for the noble city, fire and sword applied to it by its chief pastor. A hundred and forty houses had been burned. Fust the burgomaster, brother of the printer, had been mortally wounded in the fray; the other burgomaster and the captain of the town and five hundred citizens had fallen in defence of their freedom. The prosperity of Mainz was at an end. The merchants and manufacturers expelled the city took refuge in Frankfort, and contributed vastly to making it what it became, the leading commercial city of Germany. Mainz had possessed, first of all, a printing-press. The secret of the process had been well kept. The printers, driven away by Adolf, carried their secret and their process to the Netherlands, and assisted mightily in the diffusion of a new life, knowledge, and love of freedom throughout Europe.

As for Adolf, some sense of shame must have been felt by him, for he left Mainz, that he had ravaged and wrecked, and retired to Eltville, where he died in 1475.

And Pope Pius II., who died in 1464, was fain to admit that he had secured his rights at a too heavy price. What fills the mind with wonder is, that for many centuries the German people should have been so blind as to bear with the meddlesomeness of the Popes, which not only brought the Empire, but their cities to ruin.

At the time of the Reformation, Albert of Brandenburg was archbishop and Elector, 'the Devil of Mainz,' as Luther termed him. He was at the same time Archbishop of Magdeburg, and resided accordingly much at

Halle, wherefore Luther also spoke of him as the 'Antichrist of Halle.' He was likewise cardinal, and bishop of Halberstadt. He showed himself at first ready enough to put down abuses. He was a good-natured, shrewd man, tolerant in religious matters, without any convictions himself, and of easy morals. He was heavily burdened by the charge to Rome of three thousand gold gulden for the pall granted him; and as he did not know how else to pay for it, he got the Pope to allow the money raised by the sale of indulgences for eight years, to go half towards the building of S. Peter's, the other half for the paying off of the fees for his pall. He accordingly authorised Tetzel to preach the sale in his dioceses. This man had been convicted of adultery, and would have been drowned by the Emperor Maximilian, but that he was too serviceable a creature of Rome to be dealt with thus summarily.

Cardinal Albert was a luxurious, splendour-loving prelate. He always drank the Bacharach wine, then considered the best on the Rhine, and associated openly with his two concubines, Käthe Stolzenfels, an armourer's daughter, and Ernestine Mehandel, a baker's daughter. Albert Dürer painted both as Lot's daughters; Grünwald painted Käthe as S. Catherine, a picture set up in the palace chapel at Mainz. Lucas Kranach painted Ernestine as S. Ursula, and the Elector as S. Martin. Luther was right when he urged on the archbishop that it was his duty to be decently married, as he had not the gift of continency.

In the north aisle of the cathedral at Mainz may be seen the stately monument of Cardinal Albert, with his statue in marble, a notable likeness of this splendid but disreputable Elector.

A very different man was John Philip von Schönborn,

who occupied the see from 1647 to 1673. Though not coming up to our ideas as to what a bishop should be, we must remember that he, like the rest, exercised a double office: he was a sovereign prince, and as such had to maintain state and entertain foreign guests as well as officials of the Electorate. Most of the prelates sank their sacred character, and ruled simply as sovereigns. But John Philip did not do this. He maintained a stately court, but he discharged his spiritual duties, and lived a blameless life. He tried hard to effect a reconciliation between the Roman Church and the Protestants. This was attempting an impossibility so long as the Papacy would abate none of its pretensions; moreover, the wrong it had done to the Empire and nation through these claims was too fresh in the memory of Germans for the Protestants to admit one of them again, based as they now knew they were on the Forged Decretals.

John Philip was one in whom the gravity of a Catholic prelate remained unshaken by the waft of frivolity that blew from France. De Grammont was a witness of the dignity which the Elector maintained. The custom of the time required him to abide at table from noon till six o'clock, and to allow of deep potations, but he never himself exceeded, and 'the Elector only takes a draught of three fingers' breadth from his glass. He drinks first to the health of his guests, and then to those who are absent, which of course entails some forty sips at his glass. But when he rises he has not in the least lost his grave comportment, and without showing any token of conduct unsuitable to the dignity of an archbishop.'

He put a stop to the burning of witches. The fanatical dean of the collegiate church of S. Peter had been the official charged with investigation of witchcraft, and in

two years had put to death over three hundred persons, and had confiscated their estates to the good of his collegiate church. Friedrich von Spee, a Jesuit of Mainz, wrote a book on witchcraft, in which he denounced these executions, and asserted that those who suffered were wholly guiltless of the charge brought against them. He did not dare to publish under his own name, for this was as much as his life was worth. The Elector read his book, was convinced, and issued stringent orders to stop the executions. Leibnitz wrote: 'The first whom I heard to praise the father [Spee] was John Philip, the Elector, who not only lauded the book, but gave me a copy, and confided to me who was the author. The Elector told me that this good father had assured him that he had attended a vast number of these pretended criminals to the stake as confessor; that he had used his utmost endeavours to get at the truth, but that he had never been able to find a single case in which he could say that the victim was a genuine sorcerer.'

John Philip had the good sense to put a check upon pilgrimages to Rome and to Compostella, 'which not only,' said he, 'draw people away from their work and give them a distaste for it, but also encourage loafing and begging, and turn the pious pilgrim into a public nuisance.' He had the Bible translated into German under his own eyes; he not only gave freedom of worship to Protestants, but received several into his own service. He was strongly in favour of the maintenance of the liberties of the Gallican Church, and against unconditional acceptance of the decrees of the Council of Trent.

He was a pluralist, for he was also Bishop of Worms. But it was worse with a successor, Franz Ludwig von Neuburg (1729-1732). At the age of nineteen, Bishop

of Breslau, then he was elected Bishop of Worms, next Archbishop of Mainz, and immediately after Archbishop of Trèves, and he held these as well as several minor benefices simultaneously.

The last Elector but one was Frederick Charles Joseph von Erthal (1774-1802) who lived through the French Revolution. He was simultaneously Bishop of Worms and Archbishop of Mainz. He revived the traditions of the Electorate of Albert of Brandenburg. After having had a succession of reputable prelates, before the final extinction of the Archbishopric and Electorate, the Court of Frederick Charles Joseph became once more scandalous.

Women formed the principal surrounding of the Elector. 'I saw,' said the author of *Letters of a Travelling Emigrant*, that were published in 1798—'I saw the Elector of Mainz in his lodge at the theatre encircled by highly dressed ladies, and heard that these were the ladies of his Court. Ladies of Court to an Archbishop! Eight years before, this Archshepherd of Catholic Germany had been to the Coronation of the last Emperor but one, and he had gone followed by a train of fifteen hundred men, and also, as the Ritter von Dang assured us — and he was eyewitness — in his *Memoirs*—attended by a wet-nurse.'

Erthal was under the government of his niece, Frau von Coudenhoven, by birth a Countess of Hatzfeld. She had led a somewhat disorderly life when young, but had sobered into a keen, clever woman, with a masculine intellect, but she was hampered by her husband, who was a gambler. Another niece was Mme. de Ferret. A third favourite was Frau von Strauss. There were others, but their names are not given.

However, it must be remembered that Frederick Charles

Joseph was well advanced in years, and it is charitable to suppose that this circle of ladies was to him no more than a ring of admirers and flatterers; creatures with whom he could crack a joke, at whom he could grumble, with more ease than with his stiff courtiers. Eickenmeyer in his *Memoirs* says: 'Every week was a great entertainment (at the Electoral palace) at which superfluity, display, and extravagance rivalled each other. But nothing surpassed in taste and refined luxury the daily suppers, to which kinsfolk, favourites, and the favoured—poets, painters, musicians, and wits were admitted. Such evening meals usually lasted till late in the night.

'The interior fittings of the palace and the pleasure houses by no means met the taste and the love of splendour of the Elector and his minister. Radical alterations were accordingly undertaken. Halls for Court festivals and concerts, throne and ante-rooms, were erected in grandiose architectural style, gorgeously decorated, and were only surpassed by the Elector's own private apartments, for the adornment of which famous foreign artists were summoned; and from Paris and London furniture was ordered. Here in the interior reigned the God of Pleasure, and at the door Secrecy kept guard.'

The Elector of Mainz was the richest prelate in Germany, and the Mainz clergy were also the best paid. The Cathedral chapter consisted of twenty-two canons and fifteen prebendaries, all of whom must be able to prove their nobility through sixteen descents. A canon had to be in residence for one month in the year only. Besides the cathedral, there were in Mainz four collegiate churches, each richly endowed.

At the time of the Revolution, the emigrants swarmed

at Mainz, and were well received by the Elector. Eickenmeyer wrote: 'The disturbances in France opened a boundless field to the vanity and love of display of the Elector. The French princes and a host of emigrants found protection in his territory, and free entertainment at his Court. The cunning and thankless guests flattered his vanity and called him to his face "Père et protecteur," but behind his back "l'abbé de Mayence," or "le gentilhomme parvenu."' So also wrote Rebmann: "The old sensuous Elector, to whom the French ladies say imbecilities on account of his affected air of petit-maître, which he holds to be compliments, considered himself to be playing the part of restorer of the throne of the Bourbons, and as such hoped to be repaid in heavy sums of gold by such wretched creatures as Provence and Artois—gold to be squandered on his unworthy extravagances; whilst half his lands is now in pawn, and the poor people are sucked dry in the most cruel manner and can no more supply his needs from sheer exhaustion —and this to satisfy his silly pride. His two mistresses, the scamp Albini, and other as contemptible creatures deceive him with their chatter into the conviction that he is playing a political part.'

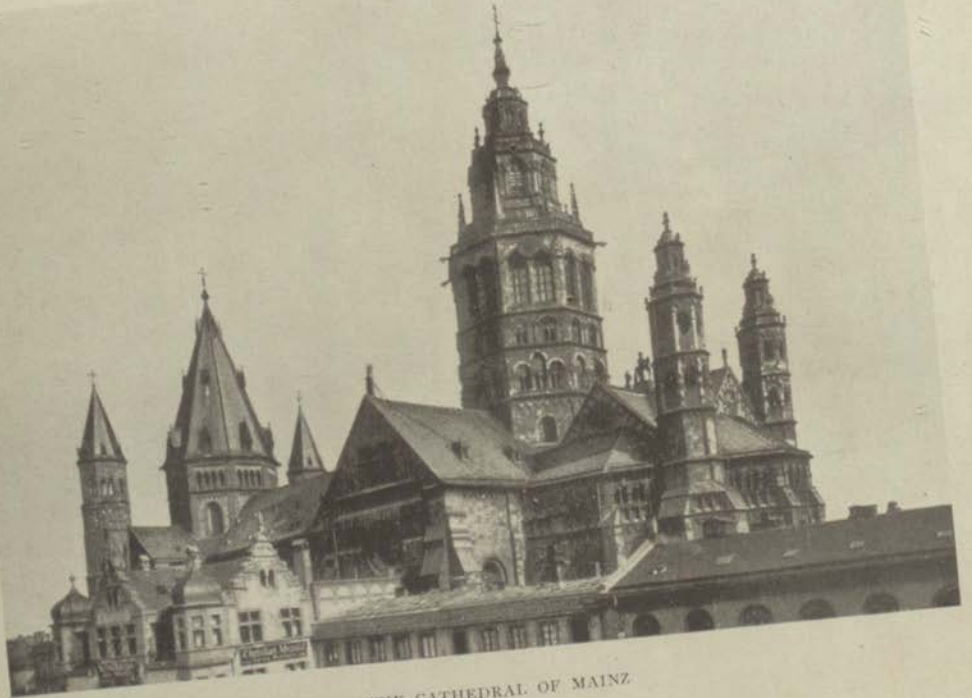
On September 29, 1792, the French occupied Speyer. Shortly after they were in Worms and advancing towards Mainz. Away went the Elector, away went the sixteen-ancestored canons and prebendaries, away went the town councillors to find safety in Aschaffenburg and Erfurt. Förster, who was eyewitness of the flight that took place during the night of October 4, says that the Elector had painted out his armorial bearings on the carriage for greater security. 'But,' he says, 'the finest touch in this picture is still missing. Scarcely had the nobility and the upper clergy carried off their treasures,

before a strict order was issued that all the rest of the inhabitants were not to imitate the example of their superiors under severe penalties. The whole was a mixture of cowardice, meanness, and despotism. Probably by an oversight, the Elector carried off with him all the money he could find in the treasury of the Orphanage.'

On October 21, Custine with the French troops entered Mainz, and some of the rabble broke out into orgies of Republican enthusiasm, constituted a Jacobin Club, and set up a Tree of Liberty, about which they danced. The town watch, instead of calling as he had been wont, 'Hear ye, Sirs, and let me tell,' shouted the hours beginning 'Hear ye, Citizens,' and wound up with 'Praised be Citizen God.'

Custine's conduct at Mainz disgusted the sober citizens, and they held aloof. However, deputies to the National Assembly had to be elected, but only three hundred and seventy citizens voted. The deputies were Forster, Adam Lux, and Potocki. Förster was a traveller and a man of letters; he was an enthusiast for the Republic. His letters to his wife from Paris are a German classic. His eyes were opened to what Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity meant in French mouths. Then he learned that the friend to whom he had intrusted his wife for protection whilst he was absent in Paris had betrayed his trust; and sickened to find his ideal of a Republic broken, and his wife unfaithful, he poisoned himself. Lux was guillotined because he had expressed his opinion that Charlotte Corday had done the right thing in assassinating Marat.

Erthal died in 1802, and was succeeded by Theodore von Dalberg, the last Elector. When the Rheinbund was formed, in 1806, he was named, by the grace of Napoleon, Prince-Primate and Grand-Duke of Frankfort.



THE CATHEDRAL OF MAINZ

He lost his land in 1815 after the fall of Napoleon. He had been extravagant and had been given to wine and women, and he died regretted by none in 1817.

Mainz passed to Hesse, ceased to be the seat of an archbishopric, and came to be that of a modest bishop only.

Knowing what the past has been, one wonders that on the Rhine the people should be still such staunch and enthusiastic Catholics. This was not due to archbishop-electors and to high-born canons, but to the patient, unrecognised work of the lowly parish priests, who, unable to prove their sixteen ancestors, could look for no prebendal stalls, but worked faithfully for their Master, instructing their flocks in the fear of God and in the Catholic faith, in expectation of a reward where sixteen ancestors are of no account.

The cathedral that has stood for nine centuries, has been six times consumed by fire, has undergone seven sieges and two serious bombardments, is very different from Cologne and Strassburg. With its six towers, its two apses, one at each end, it is an impressive building, and the red sandstone of which it is built adds greatly to this impressiveness. Unhappily it is crowded externally with domestic buildings, that hide the proportions and disfigure the sides. The Strassburg minster has a west front and a single tower, in their kind, unapproachable. The Cologne cathedral has its two towers and is complete, as the finest specimen of mechanical French Gothic of the middle pointed period. The Mainzer Dom had no Erwein von Steinbach, nor did it aim at an ideal it could not reach ; but it is noble, stately, and intrinsically German, dignified and sober. When viewed with the setting sun on it, the vast mass of red sandstone, its huge bulk, with purple shadows, is most impressive. The

effect within is sombre and dignified. In Cologne one's thoughts are taken up with the cleverness of the architect who designed it; at Mainz one thinks only of God to whom the church is dedicated.

Archbishop Willigis laid the foundation-stone in 978, and dedicated it in 1009. It caught fire the night after, and was burnt down. Possibly the south-eastern walls of grey-black stone, and the two pillars with capitals of acanthus leaves and lions, and the narrow windows may belong to this church of Willigis. Undiscouraged by the destruction of a building on which he had been engaged for over thirty years, Willigis set to work to rebuild the ruined Dom; but did not live to see its completion, which took place in 1037. This second minster stood for forty-four years, and in 1081 was again a prey to fire. It was rebuilt; the date of its completion is not known, but in 1137 it was for a third time a prey to flames, as well as a portion of the city. It rose once more from its ashes; but met with the same fate in 1140. Again it was rebuilt and rededicated, and in 1190 was again burnt along with the library and charters. At once attempts were made to rebuild; but in 1196 a furious tempest carried away the rafters and scaffolding. It was, however, proceeded with, and rededicated in 1239, and the present church in its main features dates from this reconstruction. Thus stood the church for five hundred and twenty-eight years. In 1767 it was struck by lightning, and almost wholly consumed. Again it was restored; but in the siege of 1793 once more became a prey to the flames. The German batteries made it their aim in the siege. The deanery first caught fire, the cathedral kindled, and fifty cannon and mortars continued to pour shot and shell upon the burning structure. The flames roared up through the towers, the bells melted and ran

like a stream of lava through the portals. The cloisters were enveloped in floods of flame, and when the heavens were reddened with the fire, calmly and pale rose the moon over the scene of destruction.

For ten years the cathedral remained a wreck. The French Republican soldiery tore away all the bronze tablets and monuments, even broke open the graves to get at the leaden coffins to melt them into bullets. A temporary roof was put over the nave to make it serve as a hay-store for horses. The monuments were frightfully mutilated out of mere wantonness. The prefect Jeanbon S. André wanted to pull the cathedral down, but the Bishop, Joseph Ludwig Colmar, saved it by urgent appeals to the first consul Bonaparte. Eventually this excellent bishop obtained the restoration of the building from secular uses to its original purpose, and laboured in a time of the utmost difficulty and discouragement to refit it for divine worship. Of all the bishops of Mainz since Willigis, no man deserves to be so well remembered for his services as this bishop, with scanty means, and of no noble and heraldic honours. In 1804 Napoleon was in Mainz, and by the urgency of this admirable prelate was induced to apportion certain lands for furnishing a fund which could be applied to the restoration of the wrecked church.

Of late years, over the crossing of the eastern transepts, a great tower has been raised from the designs of a Dutch architect. At the same time some interesting features have been destroyed. Formerly a pillar stood, it may have been awkwardly, in the midst of the apse, upholding the arch of the eastern crossing. This has now been removed. It is possible that the Dutchman's lantern tower may become a pleasant object after centuries have weathered it.

We must not leave the cathedral without noticing some of the monuments that crowd it. One of these is the tomb of Archbishop Peter Eichspalter who consecrated three Kings for Germany. He is represented as a standing figure with his hand blessing three figures, smaller in size than himself, Henry VII. of Luxemburg, John of Bohemia, and Ludwig of Bavaria.

Less interesting is that, very similar, of Archbishop Siegfried who crowned two Kings—Papal Kings against the legitimate monarch—these were Henry Raspe and William of Holland.

In the cloisters is the tomb of Henry Frauenlob. Henry von Meissen was a minnesinger, and he obtained the name of Frauenlob because of the charming verses in which he sang the praises of women. In his time a controversy arose as to which was the more honourable designation for woman, *Frau* or *Weib*, and many of his extant poems turn on this controversy. It is thought that Heinrich advocated the honourable title of Frau for a woman. Be that as it may, Henry's whole thought was how to glorify the frail sex. In consequence he was the darling of the women of his time, who are, or were, too often treated contemptuously by men. When Frauenlob died (in 1318) the women of Mainz attended him to his grave. The twelve loveliest bore his coffin, and when he was laid in the cloister they strewed his grave with flowers, and poured into it so much good Rhenish wine that it overflowed and floated the floor of the whole cloister.

The tombstone of Frauenlob was unfortunately removed in 1774, when a door was broken through the wall, but in 1783 a new monument was erected in his honour, but the old tomb has been recovered.

But there is another and far earlier tomb that should

attract our attention. It is that of Fastrada, the wife of Charles the Great. The story goes that she exercised such a fascination on the great Emperor that, after she was dead, he could not be parted from the body till it was discovered that the fascination lay in a ring that was concealed under her tongue. This was removed and cast into the Rhine. After that, all Charlemagne's love was devoted to this great stream, and he exclaimed:—

O Rhein, O Rhein, du Liebster mein,
Hier will ich leben, begraben sein,
O Abend, O Abend,
Die müden Arme ruhn!

The ring—it is the Nibelungen Ring—is indeed in the Rhine, and to it are drawn all German hearts; and not German hearts only, but those of all such as have once sought and studied, and grown to know, and, knowing, to love, the unsurpassed beauties of the Rhine.

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Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

00056648

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020